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February 27, 1937

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

CASTLE KEY

A MYSTERY ROMANCE

By Dwight Mitchell

LAWSON WOOD

B.27, 1937

★

PATIENCE...
never to hurry

★

OVER seventy years ago we learned that fine whiskey is one thing that can't be hurried in the making . . . and we believe that even more firmly today.

That's why we have never departed from the slow, time-honored distilling method we have always used in making Paul Jones whiskey. True, the old-fashioned way is more costly and takes a third longer, but we think you'll agree it's the *only* way to achieve the hearty, yet mellow flavor that makes Paul Jones a *truly* great American whi

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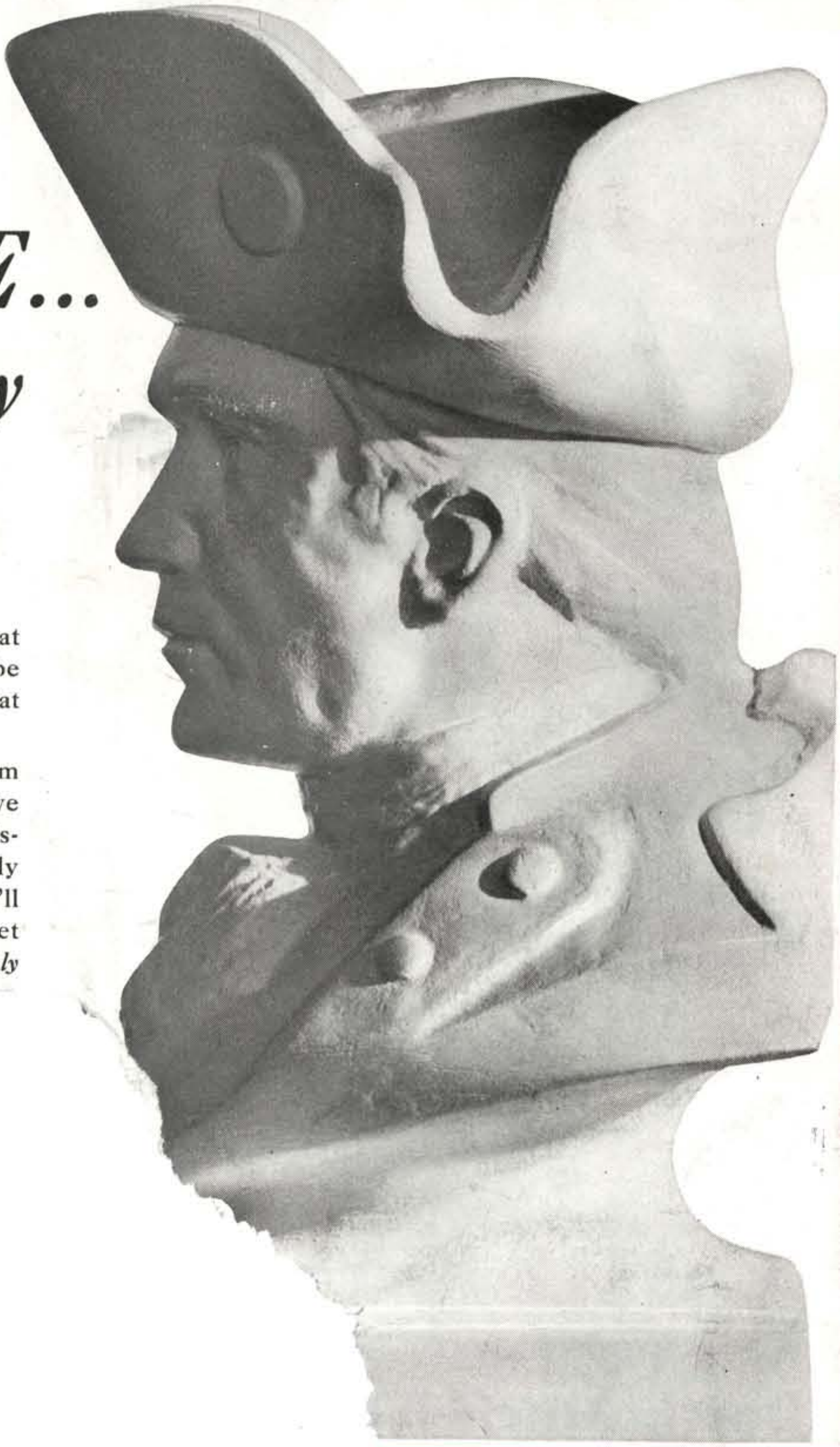

Jones

WHISKEY

5

"YES, HIS FACE TURNED RED *and I felt like a fool* WHEN MY PEN RAN DRY ON THE DOTTED LINE!"

Why millions have tossed aside their old-time pens—why they now carry Parker's revolutionary invention

Full Television ink supply
Holds 102% more ink than old-style
(Less than actual size)
Scratch-Proof Point of Platinum & Solid Gold
THROW OLD PENS HERE

The Miracle Pen With TELEVISION Ink Supply

—you can SEE days ahead if it needs refilling—hence it can't go dead against your will!

And its Scratch-Proof Point is as gentle as a zephyr

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Moreover this revolutionary pen holds 102% MORE ink than old-style, *without increase in size!* And it's GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

That's because this sacless marvel contains no piston pump, no lever filler, no rubber ink sac. It's the pen that the All America Board of Football awarded last season to the 90 outstanding players—the pen that won the Style and Beauty Contest by 2 to 1—the pen that wrote a 12,000-word book on a single filling—the pen that is favored in more than 91 countries.

Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T.M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT
Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10
$7.50
Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

Its smart laminated Pearl and Jet style is wholly exclusive. Its swank ARROW clip holds it low and SAFE in the pocket. Its Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and Solid Gold contains 33⅓% more gold than formerly—yet at no higher price to you.

If you want to keep on your toes—to keep coming along with these fast-moving times—don't dunk an old-fashioned pen in an ink-splattered inkwell—don't carry a fountain pen that's about as modern as a model "T."

Go today to any good store selling pens, and see and try this miracle writer. You can tell the genuine by the smart ARROW clip. Please look for it. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

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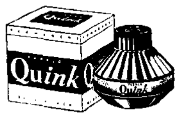
This Ink Makes A Pen A Self-Cleaner

This utterly different writing ink—called Parker Qu*ink*—cleanses your pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. It dissolves sediment left by ordinary pen-clogging inks. Get Qu*ink* today at any store selling ink and you'll pour your old ink down the drain. 15c, 25c and up.



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

WHAT'S to become of China? The answer lies under a black slouch hat, the hat of Chiang Kai-shek. For five years he has been the government of China, the one unifying force in a country of four hundred million. Japan dares China to fight; Chiang says, "Not yet," and the nation waits—or rather the four hundred million wait while Chiang labors to weld them into a nation.

An amazing man, determined, ruthless, intent, fighting a battle with time, counting the minutes and the bombs that will prepare China for war. The future of the Orient lies "Under Chiang's Hat." From the scene of Chiang's triumphs Jim Marshall sends a picture of the generalissimo.

EDIE was sixteen and should have known better. The very idea of going swimming in the Chicago River without a bathing suit even at night was crazy. But Edie was a wild kid and didn't care. If a cop got her, all the better. If she got arrested they'd see how much of a child she was. Now nobody took her seriously. But that's where Edie was mistaken. In "Invitation to Dance," Libbie Block tells her story.

"WHO Taught You to Drive?" We are not being arbitrarily impertinent; it's an important question. If your instructor wasn't letter-perfect, the chances are you are repeating his mistakes. Professor Neyhart of Pennsylvania State College got the idea that this might account for a good many accidents. He set out to see that people were taught right. T. R. Carskadon shows his system.

TOMI, quite by accident, got blasted and washed into Eden. Eden's name was the atoll of Opahiki, undiscovered and unrecorded. On Opahiki, though nowhere else in the world, Tomi was a white man, *the* white man. Which is to say, the boss. But the serpent, in the shape of a trading schooner, glided into Eden, and Tomi had to act—for Tehina. The story is by Will F. Jenkins.

JOE ACKERMAN was an expert with cars, but with women not so hot. Joe realized this himself. For instance, he'd never get anywhere with Kitty; he might just as well give up. But not before he had made one gesture in "The Grand Manner." He chose exactly the right moment, as Frederick Nebel relates.

FRANK CONDON, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox, Henry F. Pringle, Alec Rackowe, Betty Thornley Stuart, Octavus Roy Cohen, Dwight Mitchell Wiley and others contribute stories and articles. All trumps.

This Week

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February 27, 1937

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●

Any Week

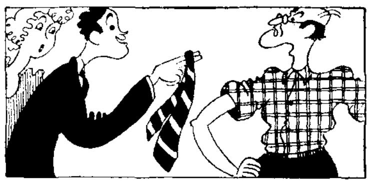
WE'VE just had a call from an English actor who's been doing his best to catch on in Hollywood. The best he's done so far was a bit part. It was just one scene and one line. All he had to do was enter and say, "Hello. Bill," to another actor whom he would discover sitting disconsolately at a table. But the director wasn't pleased. "No, no," cried the director. "Not like that. Put more feeling into it." So our friend put more feeling into it: "Why, helllooo, Bill." But the director insisted upon more feeling. Again: "HELLooo, Biiiill." Still the director wasn't satisfied. After four or five more attempts, the director threw down his megaphone and wearily said: "No no, you don't get the idea. Maybe I'd better explain. You see, this fellow you're greeting has just caught leprosy. See?"

AND probably he felt just as bad as a dismal gentleman we saw yesterday morning. We were having breakfast in a lunchroom. He bore every possible evidence of having been out all night and that he hadn't frittered away his time in cultural pursuits. To be quite blunt about it, the fellow was still cockeyed and horribly tired. It is wholly possible that somebody reading this will understand. We of course wouldn't know. But he sat down glaring uncertain and unfocused defiance at all us freshly scrubbed respectables and presently a pert and disdainful waitress awaited his order. He glared at her too in wavering belligerence. Finally he gathered himself together and in a badly rusted voice shouted: "Sure. Bring me the regular dinner."

MR. GEORGE L. MUNROE of Baltimore, Maryland, says that he met a St. Louis acquaintance on his way to the inauguration. "Hardly expected to see you going down, Sam." said Mr. Munroe. "Didn't think a bitter-end Republican like you could get much pleasure out of this show." Sam replied: "I don't expect to. I'm just coming down to sit in my hotel room and hiss."

TROUBLE has moved in on Major Fred Sullen's Uncle Sam Emerson, too. From Jackson, Mississippi, the major informs us that Mr. Emerson, motivated by patriotism, switched for the first time in his long, long life from corn likker to bonded stuff and is living to regret it. "As you probably know," writes the major, "Uncle Sam Emerson has one blind eye and the other one isn't all it might be. It's got so lately that he couldn't hit a squirrel in the head with a rifle bullet at more than a hundred yards. Down in Hattiesburg he bought a bottle of genuine store rye. After the fourth swig he found that he could see out of his blind eye but that the other one had gone dead on him. The doctors say it couldn't happen but it did. And now, just because he got patriotic like that, he's got to learn to shoot all over again from the off side and that's tough on a man of his age, specially with a passel of mean neighbors and all this crime going on in the country."

HOWEVER, we can't squander all our space in ribaldry. Here's a nice cultural difference of opinion about the short stories of Damon Runyon. Mrs. Josephine French McAlister of Chicago, Illinois, feels sure that "Mr. Runyon must have saturated himself in the modern French classics from which he has drawn his style—particularly his use of the present tense." Mr. Runyon somewhat indignantly assures us that he hasn't been saturated for years. He says too that if the modern French classicists are stealing his stuff he'll speak to his lawyer. But Mr. John W. Lyman of Spearfish, South Dakota, doesn't hold with "narratives in the present tense" at all. Says he: "Runyon's 'Lonely Heart' is good entertainment but that it is entirely in the present tense does a great disservice to the correct use of English."



MR. JOE CARRUTHERS of Wenatchee, Washington, says that the Upward and Onward movement now sweeping the country has not stampeded his father, who has successfully resisted every attempt to make him wear a necktie even to church. "Us children clubbed together Christmas and bought the old man a necktie," says Mr. Carruthers, "but darned if we could hook him up. He said: 'When anybody gits a noose around my neck it's goin' to be the sheriff and I'm goin' to do somethin' to deserve the same before he does it too.' "

CARRYING an umbrella, for instance.

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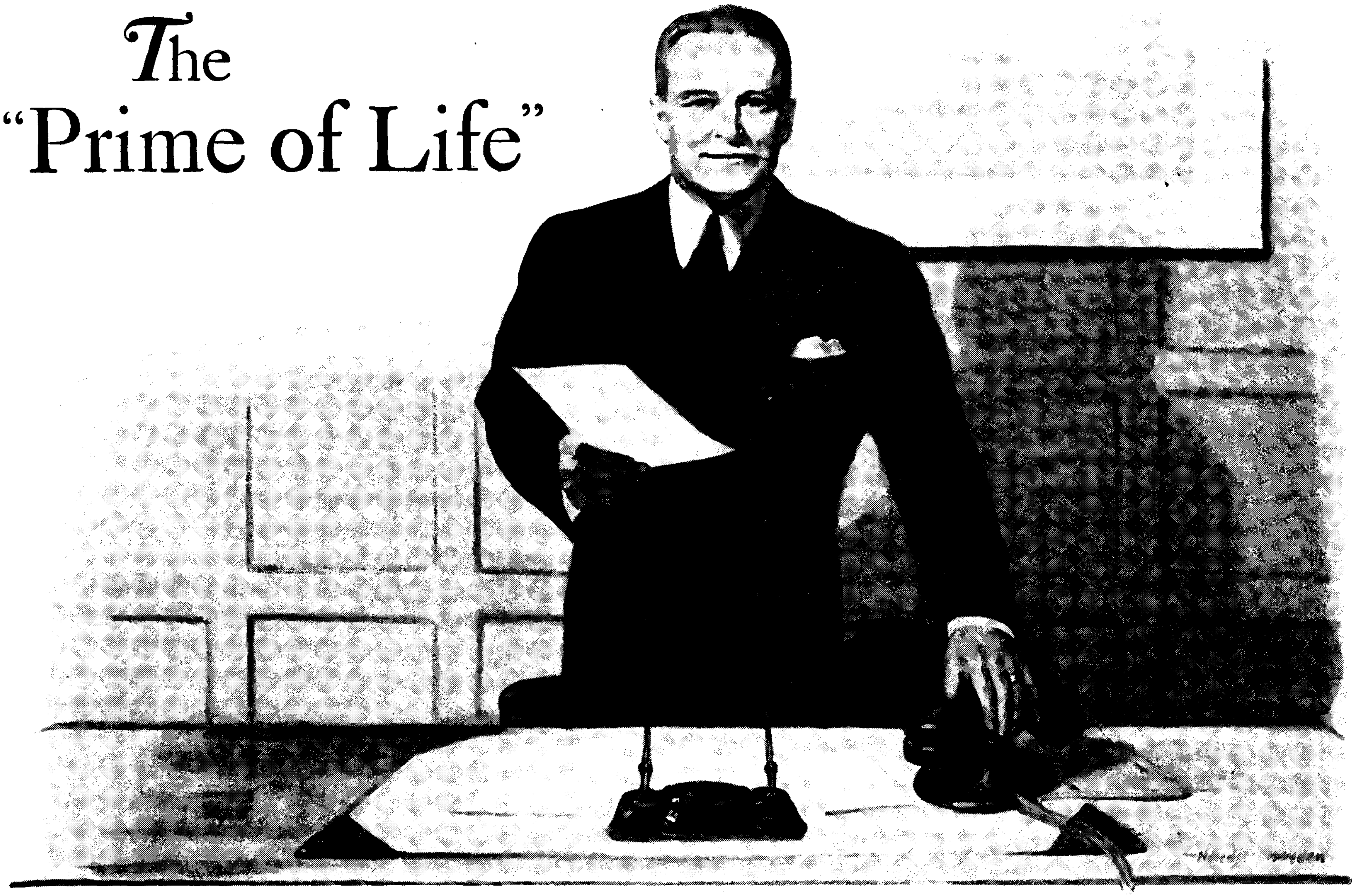
The "Prime of Life"



YOU may have read that the average length of life has risen from 49 to more than 60 years since the beginning of the century. You may not know that the greater part of this extension in the length of life from birth is due to gains in mortality at the younger ages. For those who have passed 40, conditions are much the same as they were.

The period from 40 to 60 years should be the "prime of life" when mental powers are high. The majority of the deaths which occur in this period are caused by chronic diseases of the heart and arteries, Bright's disease, cerebral hemorrhage, cancer or diabetes. Of these, heart disease is responsible for more deaths than any other cause.

While your doctor will not offer any medicine to soften arteries that are becoming brittle, or to rebuild your heart, he can do a great deal to help you to lengthen your own life. He can do what you can't—he can, almost literally, look inside your body. With the fluoroscope and X-ray, with chemical and other function tests he can observe your vital organs in action and can tell you their strength or weakness.

Unselfish men and women who try to give all they can to their families or their work, and people who are ambitious to reach a certain goal often neglect their health. Chronic invalids are more likely to seek medical advice and to follow it faithfully than are vigorous men and women who scoff at being coddled, and who often race past physical danger signs.

A great scientist said recently, "We know how to lengthen the lives of our children. We must learn how to persuade men and women past 40 to get the benefit of what modern science can do for people of their age."

To everyone interested in prolonging life, the Metropolitan will gladly send its booklet, "Taking Your Bearings." Address Booklet Dept. 337-C.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board — ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. — **LEROY A. LINCOLN, President**

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Now shave—without scraping skin with razor

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WON'T CLOG RAZOR
NO BRUSH NEEDED

New-type shave cream forms a thin film between razor edge and face... allows blade to shave closer *without scraping the skin...*

THE "OUTER SKIN" on your face is made up of tiny scales—like the scales on a fish.

Unless these scales are thoroughly softened by a rich, heavy cream, your razor's sharp edge catches and scrapes. This often causes pimples, sore spots and ingrown hairs.

A new-type shave cream has now been developed that forms a thin film between your razor and your face. Over this protective film your blade edge glides—swiftly, smoothly—never scrapes or irritates the tender skin. This new shave cream is called GLIDER. You spread it on with your fingers—never use a brush!

GLIDER softens the scaly "outer skin"—allows the blade to cut off whiskers at the base—*without scraping or tearing.*

Try GLIDER today. Its soothing action leaves your face soft and fresh—not greasy or sticky. It won't clog your razor. On sale at all drugstores.

Aqua Velva for after shaving

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Williams famous after-shaving preparation—closes skin pores—fights off pimples, sore spots—gives your face that clean, cool, "air-conditioned" feeling.

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Generous introductory tube of Glider

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A. Please send me a tube of Glider—Williams new "No-Brush" Shave Cream.

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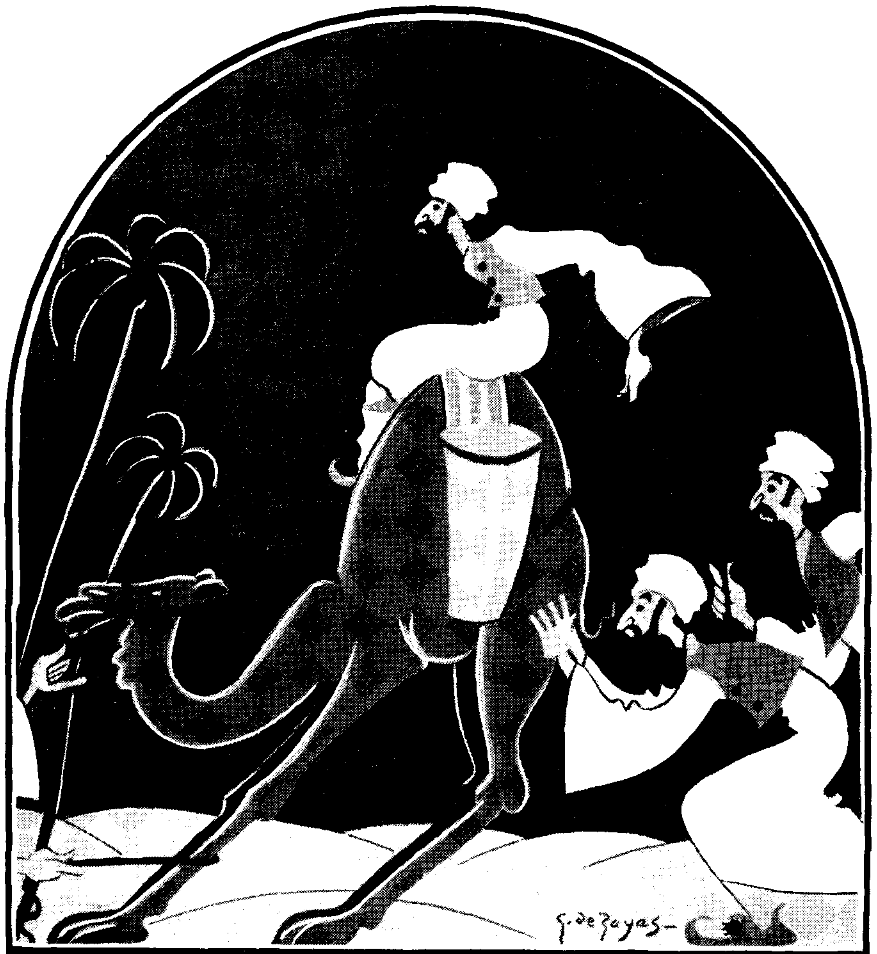

★Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Camels are so gregarious that, if not trained when young, they seldom can be made to start on a journey unless accompanied by at least one other camel. In fact many of these animals, when facing such a trip, will not move, even if beaten for hours by their irate drivers.—*By I. Philippe, d'Arzew, Algeria.*

Many Japanese families still follow the age-old custom of maintaining their intelligence, prestige and influence by having their own sons superseded, through adoption, by brighter and more promising youths. The country even has completely "artificial houses," such as the famous Saionji family, whose membership for centuries has consisted entirely of those who have been selected from the flower of Japanese manhood.

The lure of circus life is exemplified by a certain American millionaire who, despite his wealth, position and family, has driven a team of work horses in the largest circus in the United States for the past 25 years.—*By Ralph Millett, Jr., Memphis, Tennessee.*

In 17th-century New York, fashion demanded that a "comforter," as well as a physician, be called when a person was very sick. Invariably dressed in black, he "comforted" the patient throughout the long hours of the night by singing mournful hymns, reading sad parts of the Scriptures and discussing such subjects as death and the devil.

One day in 1899 the Paris edition of the New York Herald published an inquiry and its answer on the difference between Centigrade and Fahrenheit thermometers and then, inadvertently, printed it again on the following day. The mistake so infuriated the owner of the paper that he ordered the letter published in every edition during the rest of his life. And so it appeared daily for the following nineteen years.

Except in a few nations, pawnbroking is wholly, or in part, a state or municipal monopoly. In some countries these shops have a charitable and religious atmosphere and are known by such names as Mount of Pity, Mount of Mercy and Mount of Compassion.

The little toe is passing through one of the most pronounced alterations now going on in the human body. In these digits today, a joint is missing in one out of every three individuals.

Of the 16,000,000 soldiers and sailors who died or disappeared as a result of the World War, the fate of more than 7,000,000 is still unknown.—*By Fred G. Taylor, Jr., Ogden, Utah.*

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HAS DRIVEN PLYMOUTH 102,000 MILES: STILL LOVES TO DRIVE IT

The Car that Stands Up Best— ***Look at this record of Oscar Hurless' 1929 Plymouth... never relined brakes—only work on engine was having valves ground once—6 years on same battery—uses original tire as spare!***

Your 1937 Plymouth will Cost You Less to Run than Any other Full-powered Car!

THIS WAS THE FIRST Plymouth in Hastings, Mich. And it has made a record for *reliability* and *over-all economy!*

"Still got two of the original spark-plugs," says owner Oscar E. Hurless, "and I've had only one job on the engine—valves ground—in eight years!

"I'm sure no one ever got off easier on cost, or had more satisfaction with a car than I've had with this Plymouth!"

BECAUSE IT STANDS UP BEST, Plymouth has always had highest resale value of "All Three" low-priced cars.

It's truer than ever of the 1937 Plymouth. This big, all-steel body *stays* quiet. The double-acting hydraulic brakes are self-equalizing...sure, smooth, *safe.*

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Owners say they get 18-24 miles per gallon of gas...save on oil and *all* upkeep.

Drive a 1937 Plymouth...ride in it... compare *"All Three" low-priced cars!* You'll learn that Plymouth's comfort and performance are just as outstanding as its amazing ability to stand up...and save money. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

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OSCAR E. HURLESS, Hastings, Mich., says he "never saw Plymouth's equal for standing up and saving money!"

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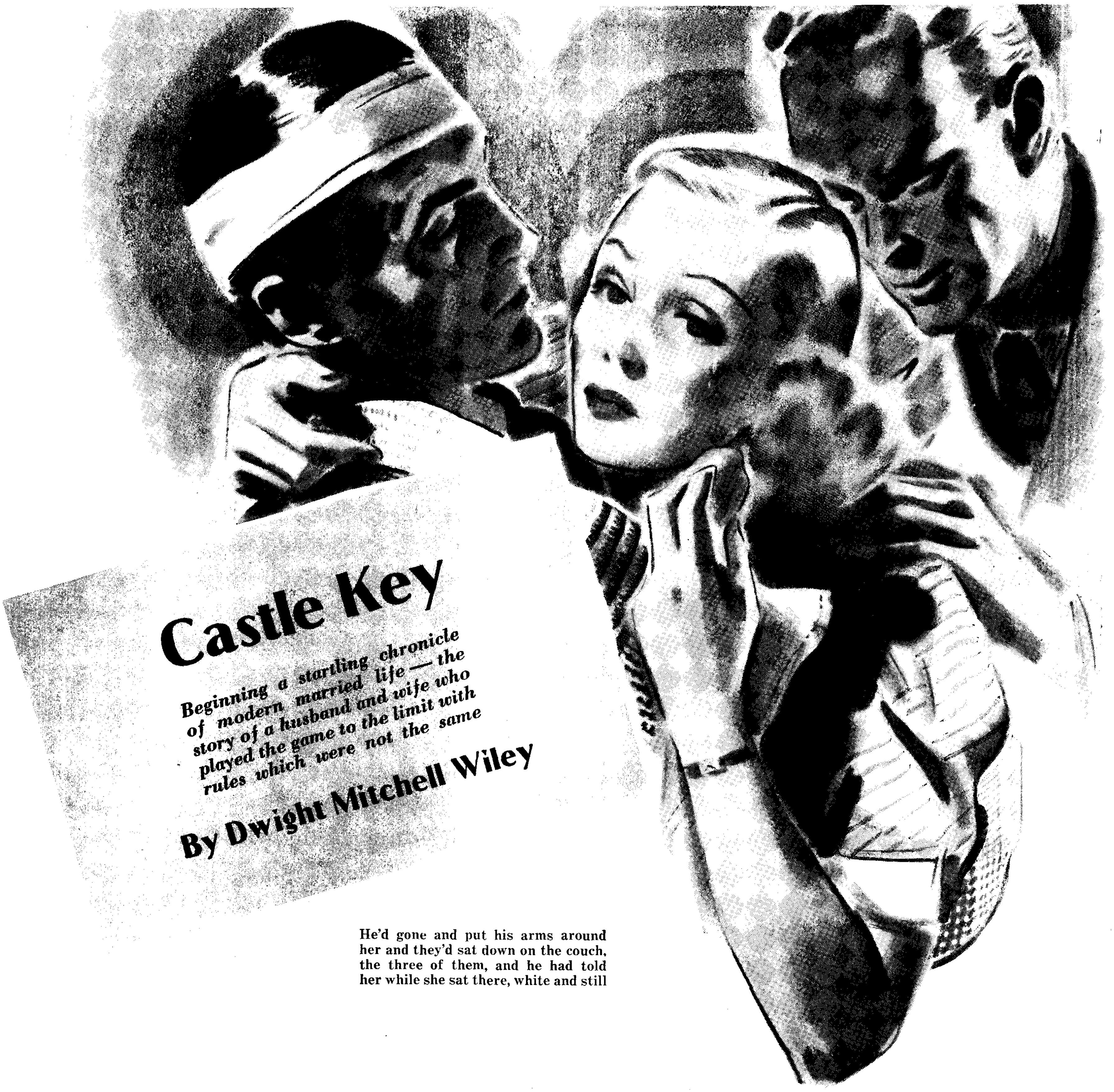


Castle Key

Beginning a startling chronicle of modern married life — the story of a husband and wife who played the game to the limit with rules which were not the same

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

He'd gone and put his arms around her and they'd sat down on the couch, the three of them, and he had told her while she sat there, white and still

IT WAS deep dusk when they turned into the drive, between the big old trees; deep dusk and quiet, and so peaceful and familiar it was hard, for just a second, to believe that anything had happened. The house was brightly lighted and the shades were up and when they stopped Greg could see people moving inside and hear voices sounding loud above the thud-thud of a radio. It sounded almost like a party and a sudden anger went all through Greg and he thought, A party now. At my house. Now. He could feel Bill, beside him in the back seat, looking at him as he reached out for the handle of the car door.

Bill said: "Wait a minute, you don't want to see a lot of people. Let's go in the back way. Go on, Rusty."

Rusty drove around in back and jumped out, opening the door. His broad black face, beneath his chauffeur's cap, was serious, concerned, and he reached in to help Greg out and Greg said: "I'm all right. I seem to have to keep on telling you that I'm all right."

He was not though; his shoulder throbbed with pain; his face, where it had dragged along the ground, was smarting underneath the bandage; he felt sick inside too, but he knew that wasn't physical.

He went on up the kitchen steps, with Rusty muttering and pawing at him; and old Delia said: "Lawd, Mista Greg!" and started for him with her eyes rolled back. Greg waved her off and started up the back stairs; he could hear somebody in the butler's pantry, and the clink of ice, and then somebody must have come in through the swing door from the dining room because there was a wave of sound, a high-pitched laugh.

Greg stopped and Bill, behind him, said: "Keep going, fellow. I know how you feel; but people would be bound to rush on over when they heard."

Sure, Greg thought, signal for a party. Everybody call up everybody!—"Have you heard about it? Awful, awful, awful! Wasn't it too awful? Yes; we're going right on over; everybody's going right on over to the Adamses and hear about it and get drunk and yell and play the radio because it's all too awful"— Signal for a party.

"But it isn't Rita's fault," Greg told himself. "She couldn't help it. It's the lousy friends we have."

GREG stretched out on the bed. Bill told him: "Rusty's coming with a drink."

"I keep on hearing him yell, 'Jump!'" Greg said. "As plain as if—"

"Stop going round and round," Bill told him.

"Sure. Just turn my thoughts off like a faucet; sure. Bill, if he'd jumped two seconds sooner he'd have been all right. His 'chute was nearly open as it was, they said. You saw it, Bill. Just—click—click—and old Hugh would be here with us now and we would all be drinking to a close one. But he thought he had to think of me."

"He had the stick," Bill said. "You were his passenger."

"He could have jumped when he yelled jump."

"Not Hugh— I wish they'd get here with that drink."

"I thought he was spinning her on purpose all the time," Greg said. "I wish I knew— You saw him, Bill, before they picked him up?"

"Old Rusty got that car across the field before the ambulance," Bill said.

Greg's ankles ached. He took his shoes off and lay back again. Bill handed him a cigarette.

“And Rita didn't see it?” Greg asked.

“No. She'd walked on off with Perry somewhere. It's a darn' good thing. We didn't know whose 'chute had opened first. We didn't know which one of you had made it.”

Rusty came in with the drinks. He said: “You better drink yours right up, Mista Greg; I had to sneak these drinks out through the dining room and up the front steps, way it was, account of Delia.” He chuckled. “Yassa. Delia got an idea what you needs is tea an' milk toast an' she down there makin' it. She be right up.”

Greg said: “You tell old Delia if she comes up here with any milk toast that I'll pour it on her and she'll turn white. Hear?”

“She be right up though.” Rusty grinned. He brought another pillow over, lifted Greg with one big hand, and put it underneath Greg's head. He said: “An' then I comin' back an' bake that shoulder, like the doctor sayed. An' you ain't goin' say a word.”

Bill smiled as Rusty closed the door. He said: “Those darkies manage you around just like they did when we were kids.”

Greg said: “I guess it's pretty rough on Rita having them around, though. Rita says they're neither of them any good, except to fuss with me.”

GREG drank his drink and Bill got up and took his glass and mixed them both another. Last night Hugh and June and Bill had dropped in from a movie for a nightcap and they'd had one and said: “Happy Landings.” Bill was thinking of that too, Greg knew. He lay back on his pillows, sipping at his drink. The thing came back to him in sharp etched pictures; vivid, without sequence; like dramatic flashes in the preview of a film. Hugh standing up and pulling at him, yelling: “Jump!” The way you fell; not with a wild half-conscious rush, but slowly, almost slowly; turning, turning, with a slow and horrible and dizzy rhythm. Then the 'chute had jerked and then he must have hit, right then, almost. He must have barely made it for there was a blank and then the doctor fussing over him and people crowding in the field infirmary. The first clear words were Bill's: “Look, Greg; if you're all right, I've got to go. I've got to go tell June.”

That meant that Hugh was killed. He'd said: “Wait, Bill.” And he'd got up off the cot and brushed the doctor and a lot of people off him and gone outside. Then he remembered Rita running up with Perry Crane and everything was still confused and all that he could think of was that he must be the one to tell Hugh's sister. He remembered saying: “I have got to tell her, Rita.” He remembered Perry saying: “I'll take Rita home, Greg. She'll be all right.” Then he'd got into the car with Bill and they had gone to tell June. That was something that he'd not forget.

“Another?” Bill asked.

“No,” Greg said.

SHE'D known the minute they walked in; she'd known the minute she had seen his bandages. You wouldn't think that anyone could go so white and still. She'd stood there and he'd gone and put his arms around her and they'd sat down on the couch, the three of them, and he had told her while she sat there white and still. June; Hugh's kid sister; only now she wasn't anybody's sister. And she'd never be a kid again. . . .

There were voices in the hall outside.

“What's that stuff?” It was Rita.

“Yas'm,” he heard Delia answer. “It's fo' Mista Greg.”

“You should have told me Mr. Adams had come home; at once! Did Mr. Adams order that stuff?—No; I thought not. Take it back downstairs. And you were told to make some canapés.”

Rita stood there in the doorway. She looked poised and beautiful and as she always did. She'd changed into a dinner dress, a crisp red taffeta that made her dark and vivid beauty glow. Greg told himself: “But there's no reason she should not have dressed.”

“I suppose you would have stayed up here indefinitely?” Rita said. “And never even let me know that you were home. With everybody asking for you.”

Everybody call up everybody—everybody rush on over to the Adamses and drink and yell and hear about the accident. Sounds came up from downstairs through the open door, and Bill went over and abruptly closed it.

“I didn't feel like seeing people,” Greg said, “like a party.” Now the word was out and he regretted it; it wasn't Rita's fault.

“A party?” Rita asked. “A party?”

Bill said: “I'll go after more ice, fellow,” and went out.

“Bill's subtle criticism!” Rita said. “Don't you suppose your friends would want to see you when they heard that you were nearly killed? Is that what you're alluding to? A party!”

Friends. Greg knew who the friends downstairs would be: the Warrens—Thirsty Warren—and the Vails and Perry and the Templetons. Not friends of Hugh or June or Bill but all this new crowd they had somehow got mixed up with lately. Party people; people who would even make a thing like this a signal for a party.

“Listen, honey,” Greg said slowly. “You know how I feel about this. Hugh and June are nearly family; and I wish you'd try to make them understand. And get them out of here.”

“Oh, splendid!” Rita said. “Oh, fine! Just 'get them out of here!' Just simply go downstairs and tell our friends they'll have to leave. Or possibly you'd rather have your Rusty bounce them.”

“I THINK they would understand,” Greg said.

“Oh, yes; they'd understand, all right. Enough to leave and not come back again.”

“Well,” Greg said, “we could stand that too, I guess.”

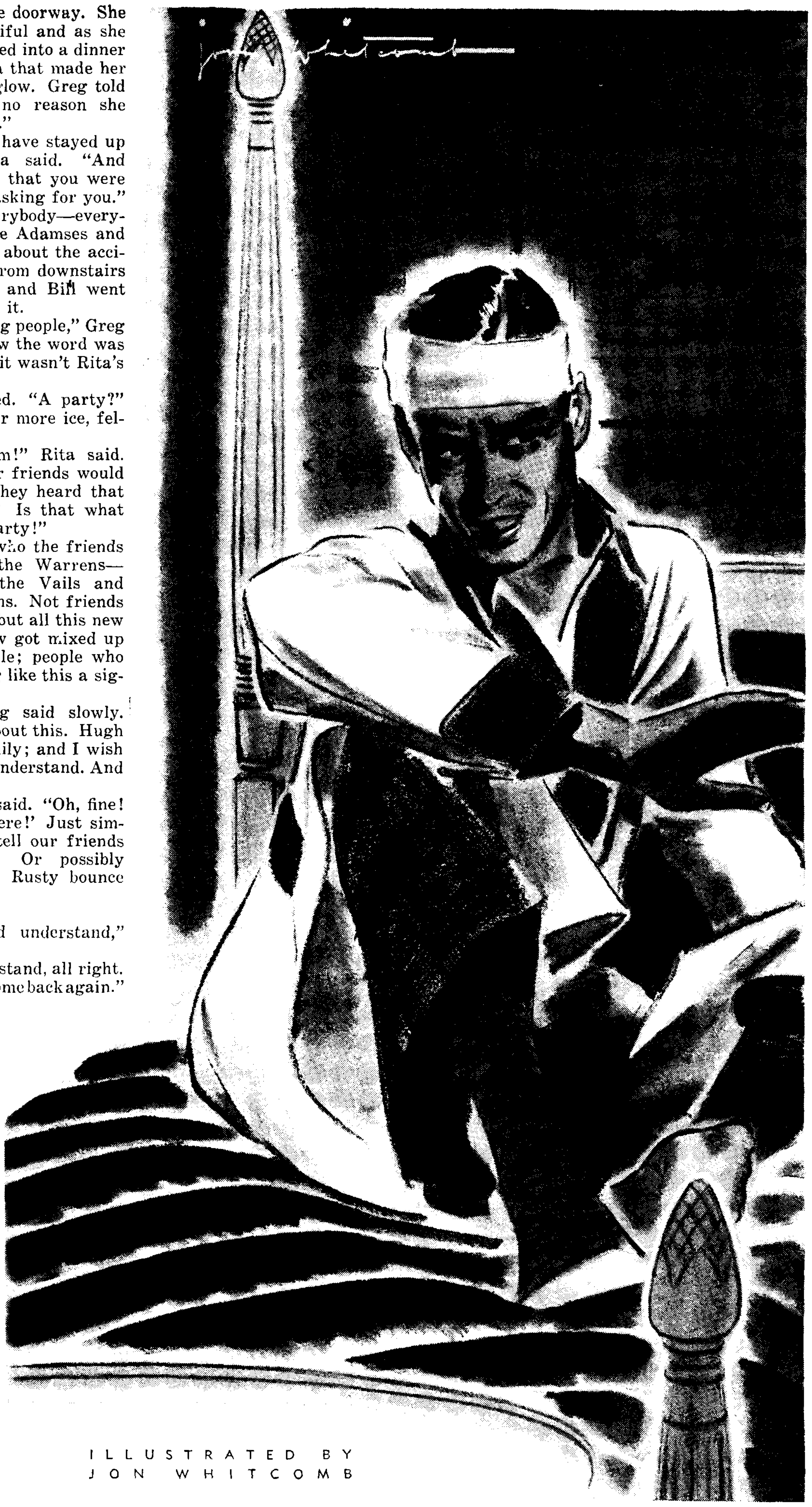
“*We?* You, you mean. You'd love it! You'd love getting rid of all the friends we've got who have a bit of pep; the only people we have known since we've been married who are any fun! And I'm supposed to go downstairs and throw them out because—”

“Because I've lost my best friend,” Greg said, “and I don't want any party here tonight.”

“You've said that twice. A party! Well, what if it is? Do you expect that everybody's going into mourning for somebody that they scarcely knew? Do you expect that I am? Hugh Carlisle wasn't any friend of mine. And neither is his little big-eyed sissy sister you've been moaning with all afternoon. Or were you moaning?”

Hold it, Greg thought; hold it, guy; hold everything. You're both upset. What happened was an awful scare and shock to Rita too. She doesn't know what she is saying; maybe you don't either. Hold it. This is only nerves with both of you.

She said, with sudden vehemence: “And if you want our guests insulted, why not tend to it yourself?”

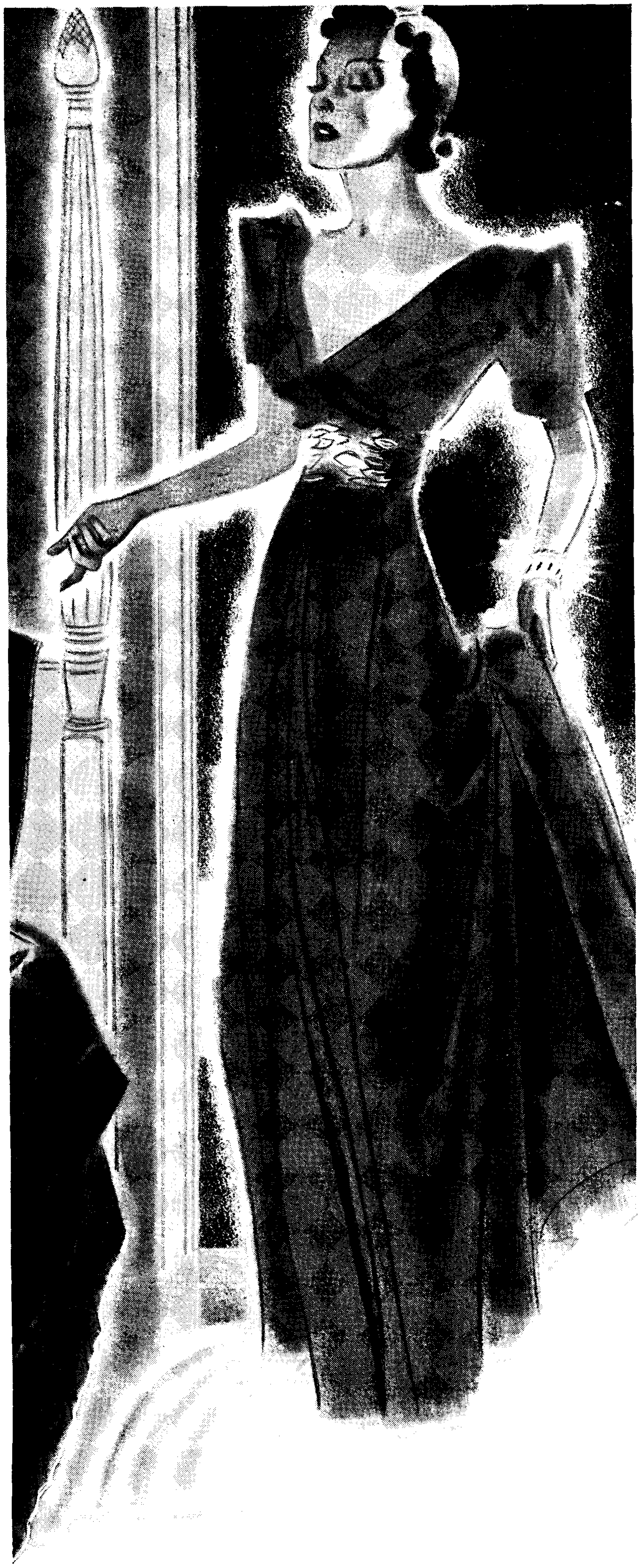

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Greg got up from the bed. He said: “It won't be that bad, honey. I'll go downstairs and explain.”

“The master's voice,” she said. “All right! I'll get them out of here. And go myself!”

Greg didn't try to stop her. That would only lead to more words; words they'd both regret tomorrow. Lately, when you thought of it, there'd been a lot of words like that; too many. Not important words, or serious or lasting; just too many of the kind you wished you hadn't said. Nerves, Greg supposed, with both of them. They ought to get away awhile, together; cut the parties out and roll off somewhere where they didn't know a soul and loaf around a week or so and shoot some golf or fish or something, like they'd used to do. They'd go tomorrow or the next day. Traverse Island. Rita would be thrilled.

Bill came in with the ice and put a drink together and sat down. He'd sit there, sprawled out, all night, if he thought you wanted him, and if you didn't want to talk he'd never say a word; but if you did, you could say any-



She said, with sudden vehemence: "And if you want our guests insulted, why not tend to it yourself?"

thing and it would be all right. You rolled along and met a lot of people and a lot of them were swell but just the same it came right down, with everybody probably, to only one or two who added up to anything. With everybody else you kept your left out and your chin tucked in and sparred around upon the surface. Well, there had been Bill and Hugh; now there was Bill.

A voice outside the door said: "Hi." Greg saw Bill shrug and said: "Come on in, Perry."

Perry said: "You feeling all right now, Greg?"

"Fine," Greg said.

"It scared us half to death, old man."

BILL grunted and Greg looked at him. Bill never had liked Perry Crane and when Bill didn't like somebody it was all the way and he made certain everybody knew it. Well, Perry might be just a bit ornate, perhaps, but he was smart; the smartest broker in the town, and that was all Greg cared about.

"I brought the evening papers," Perry said. "And Greg, the crowd knows how you feel about tonight, of course. They just swarmed in to find out how you were. It wasn't meant to be a brawl. But you know how it is."

"I thought you'd understand," Greg said.

"Of course. But Rita's pretty much upset about your giving them the heave-ho. Nerves, of course; and she insists on going out to Shadow Inn. Best thing at that, I guess. You have to work off shocks the way you want to. So I'll trail along and see that she gets back all right."

"All right." Greg said. He added, slowly: "And say, Perry; something's come up and I need some cash; tomorrow; and I guess the quickest way is tapping my account with you. Will it stand twenty thousand dollars?"

Perry hesitated. He said: "I would have to sell some stuff for you we ought to hang on to. We'd have to take a little licking. And besides, I've had some news—" He paused and looked at Bill; and Greg said: "Florida? Bill knows about the Florida affair."

"Some good news," Perry said; "it means, I think, that we can open for next season; but we'll have to dig up quite a lot of money, Greg. I wanted to have lunch with you tomorrow, if you're up to it."

"I'll come down to your office," Greg said. "Twelve?"

"I'll call up Rita's father, then. I'll hold off selling anything until we've talked?"

"No," Greg said, "I must have that cash tomorrow. Let that bunch of Traction go, perhaps."

"All right," said Perry. "I'll get busy when the market opens. See you; see you, Bill."

The door closed. Bill said: "He's just manicured his hair again. I'd rather see him from the last row of a movie."

FROM the hall downstairs they could hear voices, people leaving and the slam of car doors and roar of motors. Rita's clear voice: "No, you all go on. I'll come with Perry. Last ones at the inn are sissies."

Well, that was all right. Perry had been right: you had to work off shocks the way you wanted to. And maybe he'd been rotten, making Rita go home from the airport, feeling like she had, alone. But all he'd thought of at the time was that he had to be the one to tell June. Well, tomorrow this would be all right; it would be good, because he'd get things squared away so they could take a trip. That's all that he and Rita needed. Marriage couldn't be all shortcake, even when you loved each other. Lately things had seemed to line up into "sides," but they were little things and it was silly, and whenever there were "sides" you could be sure that there were things on both of them. The idea was to get back where they were a little while ago, when there was only one side they were both on, close together, and a trip would do that. Rita would be thrilled.

"It's nice to have it," Bill said. "Twenty thousand dollars; just like that."

"I've let a lot of things slide," Greg said, "till they've mounted up. I'll have to have a new plane, too, and I've been thinking of a trip, and—"

"Oh, hell, Greg," Bill said. He got up and wandered over to the window. Standing with his back to Greg, he said: "I wish I could do something, too."

"Come on back and sit down," Greg said. "I guess it sounded pretty asinine for me to try to bull you, Bill; about the money."

Bill said, slowly: "You can't work it, Greg."

"I've got an idea, anyway. Look, Bill; go on across the street, and see if you can get Judge Tremble. Maybe he'd come over now." He grinned and added: "And tell Delia she can bring that milk toast up."

Greg got up and got the paper. There were headlines, pictures; Hugh's, a good one taken in a yachting cap; his, with the Tri-State Cup, the summer he was married, 1933; the smashed-up plane. Looking at these pictures, reading: "FATAL PLANE CRASH" made the whole thing, somehow, seem unreal, impersonal. This was the sort of thing you read about somebody else; these names, these pictures, must be other people's. "Hugh Carlisle, son of the late Senator John B. Carlisle"; but in print it wasn't Hugh at all. And "Gregory S. Adams, 27, wealthy socialite and sportsman"; that was someone whom you barely knew. Greg's eyes went down the column: "At the Adams' home this afternoon, reporters were informed by Perry Crane, a family friend, that Mrs. Adams, an eyewitness to the crash, had suffered a complete collapse."

HER clear, excited voice came to him: "I'll come with Perry. Last ones at the inn are sissies—"

Come on, Greg thought. Come on; whip out of it. She's doing just what you deserve. You should have understood what this thing did to her, and petted her, and had some sense.

Greg ate his milk toast and let Rusty fool with an electric pad, and pretty soon the judge and Bill came in.

The judge said: "We can only thank God that you weren't killed too, my boy. Poor Hugh. Poor June. My wife's persuaded her to stay with us; at least until she makes her plans. There isn't anyone, you know, except some very distant relatives. There isn't any money, either."

"Then Hugh hadn't told you?" Greg said.

"Told me what, my boy?"

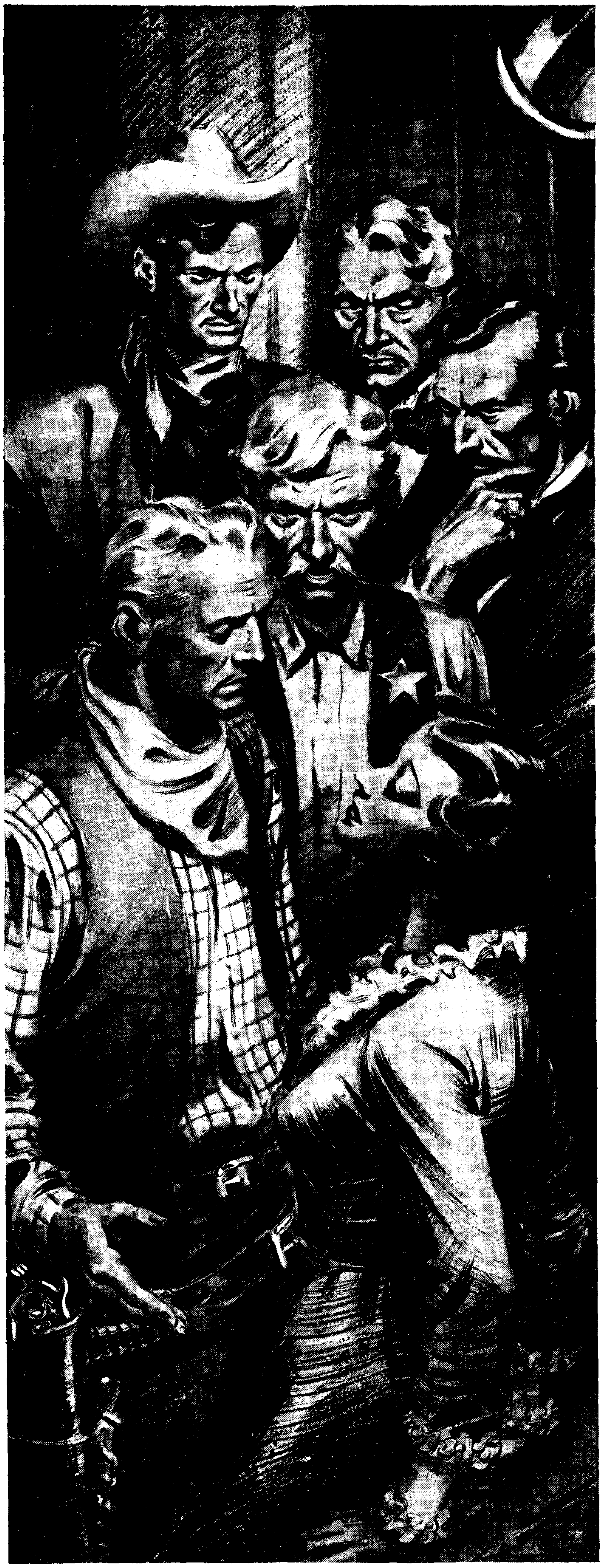
"That we'd been in some deals together," Greg said. "Stocks. A joint account we started with a little money years ago. We bought some stuff in 1931 that's come back pretty strong; just lately. June can pull out twenty thousand as a starter. I've arranged it with our broker, for I thought she'd need some cash at once."

The judge bit off the end of a cigar and Bill got up and held a match for him. The glow accentuated his white hair and ruddy cheeks. Greg thought: "A swell old citizen."

The judge said, slowly: "Gregory, are you informing me of this as the Carlisle family lawyer, and prepared to render a complete accounting; or"—he paused—"or are you simply telling something to a friend."

Greg said: "Well, which is best?"

(Continued on page 43)



"Spain died two days ago," he said. It was a sudden blow, cruelly administered

Woman Hungry

By Ernest Haycox

The story of a girl who waited too long and of a man who refused to run from his enemies

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND

AFTER the train moved away, leaving behind its ribbon of smoke in the hot and motionless air, Laura Gale remained beside her bag on the station platform, her presence there like the strong beat of a gong to all the men loitering by the faded depot.

She was that arresting to a woman-hungry land—a tall, straight girl in a Prussian-blue traveling dress that lost its fullness at her hips and held her shoulders snugly within the fashionable severity of its blouse. She wore a low, flat hat forward on a mass of hair brushed up from her forehead and lying in jet black waves against the white nape of her neck and her eyes searched the men rather carefully, as if seeking to identify one of them. When her glance reached Gordon Robards he could see disappointment in those blue surfaces.

It was natural that her attention should linger on him a moment. For in the nondescript crowd he made a contrast, his yellow hair strong against a smooth wind-darkened skin. His chest lay flat and wide against a checked cotton shirt and though he wasn't smiling his restless eyes gave that impression. A gun's butt showed its black curve above the top of a holster, hanging at his flank. There was that interval of an attention given and received between them, as though the pause was meant for something to follow silence. Before he could do anything about it she had lifted her bag and had gone up Prairie's street.

Mark Wales, who was the town's recorder, always regretted that lost opportunity—that first golden chance to impress himself upon her mind. He often said: "I was there at the depot when she came in. We were all ready to jump forward. It was something in her eyes that held us back, and I'm not a shy man either. You have no idea how she looked to us. Like water to a bunch half dead for thirst."

PRAIRIE CITY'S street was a silver strip of dust, with board awnings sheltering the walks on either side and all the town's angular buildings cramped together. Dust rose beneath the churning wheels of freight wagons passing by, creating an iridescent fog against the hot sun. There was activity in this town, with the hitch racks well filled and men with bleached brows and sun-blackened faces suddenly turning to see her pass. A sign at the far end of the street said: "Prairie City House."

She went in and crossed a barren lobby and signed, "Laura Gale—Omaha," and waited while Clark Meloney, who ran this place, had his look at the signature. When he lifted his glance she saw the strong interest there, as she had seen it in the eyes of all those other men. He came round the desk and took her bag, saying with a genuine apology, "It's a pity I can't give you a cool room," and led her up the stairs. At the second floor's landing she turned a moment, observing a group come into the lobby. One of them was the blond man.

In her room, she stopped and waited while Clark Meloney crossed to the window and closed out the brassy sun-flash with a sudden pull of the shade. He started to leave the room, and was stopped by her sudden question:

"Do you know a Jack Spain?"

She spoke reluctantly, as though it was a thing she hated to ask. Clark Meloney understood that, but it was the name she mentioned that turned him in the doorway and held him there. He was big and gray and shabby but he had a fine head of iron-brown hair and eyes that could be expressive and at once cease to be expressive.

"You know Jack Spain?"

"He was to have met me."

A thought made a faint change on his features, and then the change faded. He looked toward the floor, the heavy hair shifting across his forehead. And said softly, "I'll find out for you."

She murmured, "Thank you." After he had closed the door she walked as far as the middle of this sorry room and stood there, hearing Clark Meloney's step groan down the stairs, with heat pressing physically against her. There was the smell of cooked boards and musty carpet dust along the stale air. She didn't stir.

FOUR men stood in the lobby when Clark Meloney came down, all of them dissembling their sharp interest. Mark Wales was here, with Emerett Bulow, who was the town's marshal, and with Giles Overton, who had made himself money in real estate since the homesteaders had started to pour into this Silver Bow country. These three were together. Gordon Robards stood back by the wall, listening to their talk.

Meloney said, without much expression: "She expected Jack Spain to meet her at the depot."

Mark Wales ran the edge of a hand along the well-trained edges of his mustache. He was almost as well dressed as a gambler, wearing a white shirt with his broadcloth suit. A square diamond set in a heavy gold ring splintered the hot, low light of the room. He said: "What'd you tell her, Clark?"

"I said I'd see if I could find him."

"No," said Emerett Bulow, "that won't do."

"Well—"

That was all. Laura Gale appeared at the second floor's landing and hesitated, watching their sober faces swing and rise toward her. She came down into an absolute silence, one hand gracefully crooked to lift the trail of her dress on the stairs. Heat had deepened the color of her cheeks but the self-possessed blue of her eyes was a constant thing. She had a straight carriage. She said to Clark Meloney: "Did you find him?"

Clark Meloney said, "No," in a doubtful voice, and afterward those four men grouped so closely together became tongue-tied. It went on like this, embarrassment turning them wooden. Laura Gale's voice dropped a gentle tone across the room: "Would he be out of town?"

(Continued on page 62)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HURRELL

Triple Hysterics

By Frank Condon

It's no trick to be crazy, but the Ritz Brothers make it pay. They're the three most popular maniacs still at large

ANYBODY can be wildly and enthusiastically insane and all he ever gets out of it is a quiet rear room in the county institution with the high wall—but not in Hollywood. There they have recently unveiled three new and unpredictable maniacs, and the first time Darryl Zanuck laid eyes on them he said: "Get in touch with their manager, have them out to the studio tomorrow and we'll give them a contract." This happened at the Mayfair Ball.

"Yes, Mr. Zanuck," said the conservative gentlemen who was sitting beside the boss, "but we ought to take a few tests and see what else they can do."

"I've seen enough," replied Mr. Z., and before noon the next day the Ritz Brothers had in their pocket a movie contract with the 20th Century-Fox corporation, and there they are at this very minute, driving everybody frantic. It would be a Cinderella story if that lassie had been triplets and madder than a March hare.

Al is the oldest, then comes Jimmy and then Harry and they're all in their thirties, have light brown hair, thinnish, eager faces, blue eyes, and not one of them can sit still for five minutes. They can all three sing, dance, cavort, gambol and submit to painful physical indignities with never a grimace.

As soon as Zanuck signed them on, they bounded into a picture with Adolphe Menjou, a special satire called Sing, Baby, Sing, and they went at the new job with the confidence of an old-time robin working on a worm. That was their first sortie into the cinema, and the instant the picture was released fan mail began flowing in for the Ritz Brothers, and the studio handed them a formal contract to make three pictures a year.

The second was One in a Million, with Sonja Henie, the beautiful Norwegian ice-cutter, and the one after that is to be Irving Berlin's On the Avenue.

It may be all true about the contemplated three pictures a year, but in the studio today there are at least a dozen pictures scheduled and the dozen experts in charge have said with great earnestness: "Save a spot somewhere in our next for those Ritzes." This being the situation, the strangers are riding high and handsome and all they have to do is keep on being daffy, which is like water off a duck's back.

Discovered only lately by the movies—and to the movies' profound amazement—the three harlequins have been batting around the country for ten years, being comical in night clubs, vaudeville, musical plays, on private yachts, in the homes of the offensively rich, and wherever a person can be funny for money. It is the proud boast that they never had a dancing or singing lesson, and as for the clowning, their old man used to cut capers in the Ritz cottage in Newark. The old gentleman must have been a card. The growing lads watched him a long time and then decided to imitate and even improve upon him. It was in those early efforts at eccentricity that the electric wires came out of the wall and the house started to burn down.

New Notes on the Studio Bassoon

They were born in Newark, educated in Brooklyn, cut their eyeteeth in New York clubs, and now Hollywood has them. They are fascinated by the movies and interested in the queer things that happen to three men trying to be funny in front of machinery.

If a person had to say which was the most insane, Harry would probably win. He is always the middle one in the line-up, the tall fellow, and can apparently think of four hundred things nobody ever thought of before; he not only thinks of them, but carries out the projects, tearing around the studio, paying no attention to precedent, ignoring the sacred regulations by which studios preserve peace and discipline, and getting away with it all on the grounds that you can't hold a maniac responsible.

It is stated at the Fox lot that the arrival of these blithe spirits has brought new life into the place—not that it was altogether dead before, but here there are three new notes heretofore missing on the studio bassoon. They fear nobody and cannot understand why anybody should fear anybody. They have already observed that when a small group of studio executives stroll into a building there is instant spiritual change, a straightening of mental neckties, a better minding of p's and q's, and to the Ritz Brothers this here-comes-the-boss complex is incredible and calls for action.

They are taking direction in their new motion-picture jobs, being well aware that they require direction, the same as a man playing his first game of billiards needs a bit of advice on English and angles. But no matter what the director says they have to do it their way, and they can't do it any other way, and that's that.

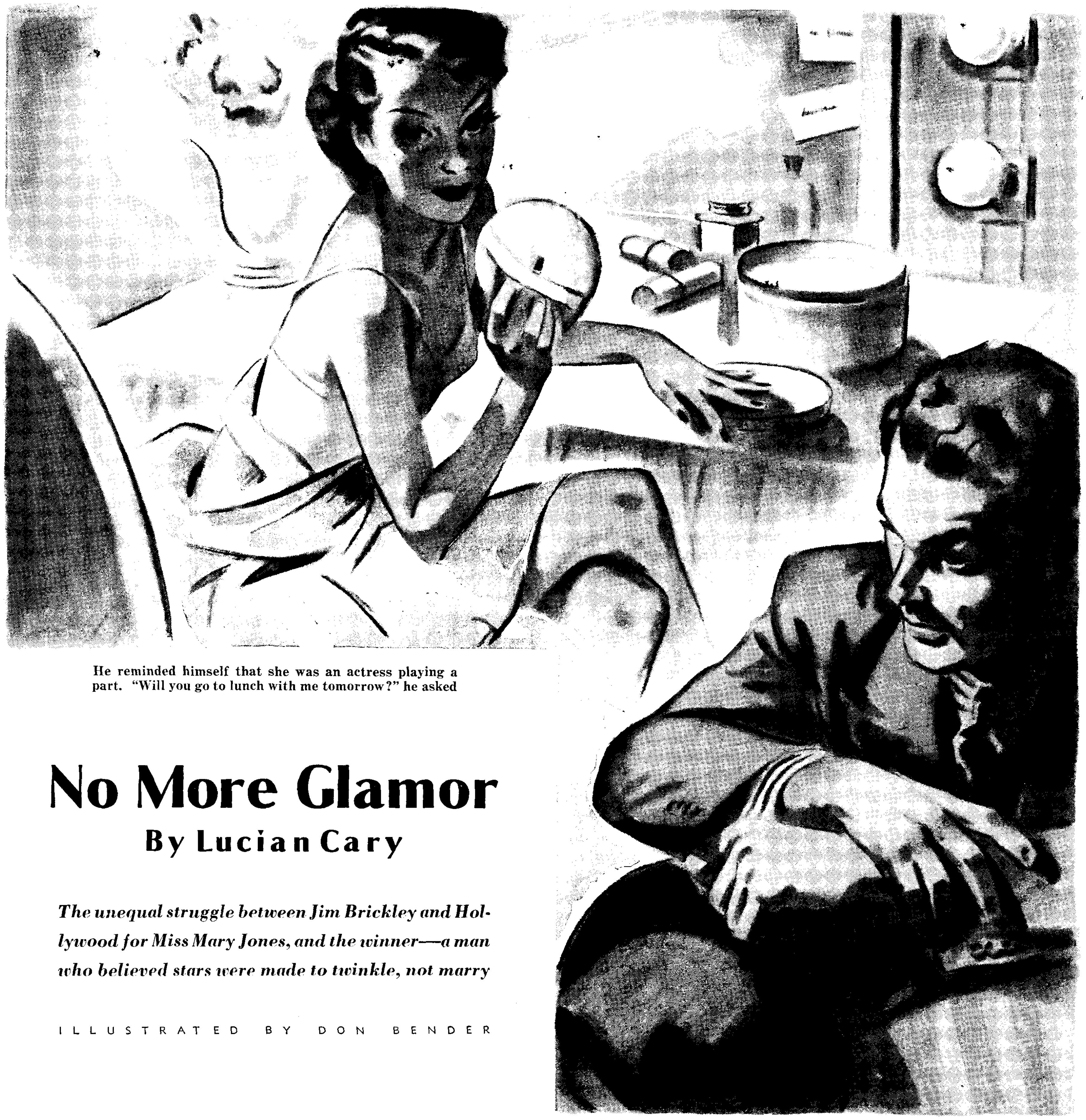
If, in the pictures to come, their stuff doesn't seem to be in harmony with the sweet story being told, then they frankly would like to get the hell out of the picture and into something else. So far they haven't hit any stone walls.

Sidney Lanfield directed Sing, Baby, Sing and One in a Million and the peaceful and gentle relations between him and the boys is something to stand back and admire. They think Mr. Lanfield is aces and he thinks they're crazy. How do I know? I asked him.

With only two pictures under their belts, their fan mail is amazing and hard to answer. Incoming letters from all over the commonwealth are addressed simply to the Ritz Brothers, special attention of the tall one, or the one on the right end, or the one on the left, and the writers ask such questions as: "What will you wear in your next picture and what is it? What new gags have you got? What songs are you going to sing and is there any chance of your doing such and such an aria from such and such an opera?"

(*Continued on page 46*)

Hollywood's latest lunatic trio, the Ritz Brothers, can sing, dance, cavort, gambol and submit to painful physical indignity without a grimace



He reminded himself that she was an actress playing a part. "Will you go to lunch with me tomorrow?" he asked

No More Glamor

By Lucian Cary

The unequal struggle between Jim Brickley and Hollywood for Miss Mary Jones, and the winner—a man who believed stars were made to twinkle, not marry

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

JIMMY BRICKLEY grew up in Richmond Center, which is almost as far from Broadway as it is from Hollywood; he never saw actors and actresses in a real play, but still he had a passion for the theater.

He went straight to New York from the state university and was often glad it was a hot summer and really more comfortable to sleep in Bryant Park than in a bed. Five years later he was doing himself well as talent scout for Blumgart, the big boss of Super-Art Films, and losing his shirt, and pieces of other people's shirts, producing plays on Broadway.

And nobody not a close friend who saw Jimmy Brickley in the offices of Super-Art with a telephone in his hand, or gossiping between the acts at a first night with ladies in startling evening dresses, or saying hello to everybody afterward, would have guessed that he was still a small-town boy at heart who was not amused by girls who called him darling and left lip rouge on his face because they thought he could do something for them at Super-Art.

Once, in the beginning, he had been taken for a terrible ride. Blumgart thought it was funny. But Jimmy Brickley didn't think it was funny. Nowadays he sometimes felt awfully sorry for girls who thought the way to make Super-Art was to make him. Sometimes he was good and sore. And sometimes he was bored.

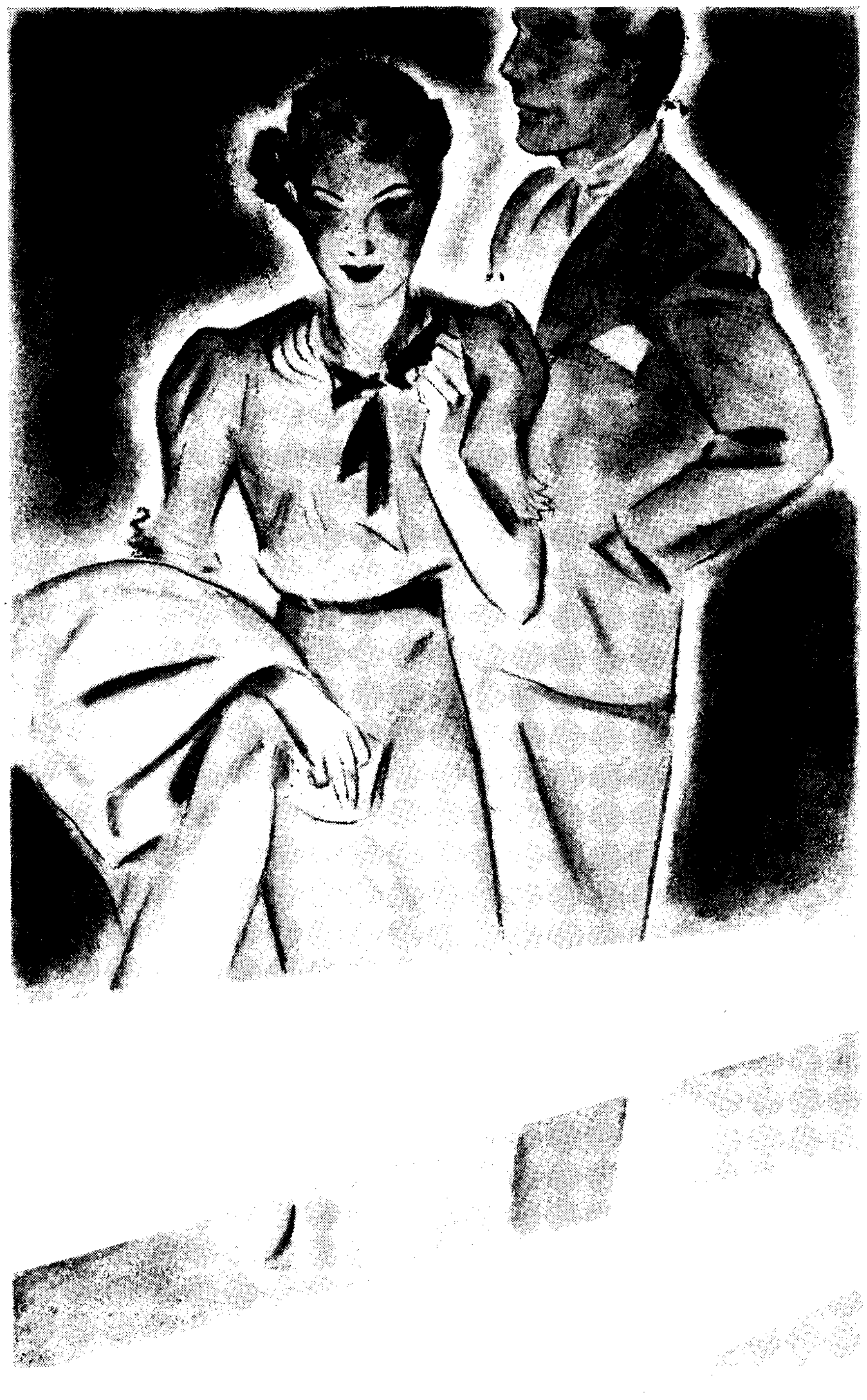
Jimmy Brickley found two telegrams from Blumgart when he got down to his desk promptly at half past eleven that morning. They ordered him to go at once to Barchester in Connecticut to catch a girl who was acting in a summer theater there. Jimmy knew there was no wild rush about going up into the wilds of Connecticut as long as he had no more than two telegrams. If Blumgart was serious he would remember the girl in Barchester and every time he remembered her he would send another telegram. So far Blumgart didn't know the girl's name. Or if he did he hadn't bothered to mention it.

JIMMY did not want to go to Connecticut. He wanted to find another five thousand dollars so he could produce a play that his friend Thurston had written. It was tough because the two plays he had produced had flopped so hard that Blumgart hadn't exercised his options on the movie rights. But Jimmy believed in this play. He had worked on Thurston almost every day while Thurston was writing it. The girl in it was Jimmy's idea of a girl—a girl who dared to say what she meant and to mean what she said. Jimmy had got five thousand from the proprietor of a restaurant in the Fifties who wanted to make some money and another five thousand from a banker who wanted to meet actresses.

Jimmy thought the banker was a sap. He was disillusioned about actresses himself. But other women were no better. They wanted to be actresses. They thought that all they needed was a break and Jimmy Brickley could give them a break if he wanted to, so the trick was to make him want to.

Jimmy picked up the telephone and

"Yes," she said. "I liked you. I thought you were a nice college boy. I thought you were honest. I didn't know you—then"



sat there trying to think of somebody who had money. A boy brought in another telegram from Blumgart. Jimmy guessed that he would have to go to Barchester. He knew what he would find. He would find a blond ingénue of twenty-eight who said she was eighteen, had most of the tricks of the trade, and would try to get him tight. Jimmy called up Thurston and told him it was up to him to get another five grand. He had friends, hadn't he? He knew people who would like to make a lot of money, didn't he?

Jimmy could picture Thurston at the other end of the wire. He was a shy young man from Iowa and his legs were so long that he wrapped them around the leg of his chair twice to save other people from tripping over them. Thurston's idea of selling a piece of a show was to begin by telling the prospective victim that it was as much of a gamble as roulette. But Jimmy had to quit riding Thurston. A boy came in with another telegram from Blumgart. Jimmy read:

WIRE ME FROM BARCHESTER STOP OUR TIP IS RED HOT STOP EXPECT TO HEAR FROM YOU BY MIDNIGHT BLUMGART

Jimmy sent Blumgart a wire saying he was leaving for Barchester and was the girl's name a secret? He stuck a copy of Thurston's play in his brief case, had lunch, stopped at his apartment in East Fiftieth Street for a suitcase, left a note under Thurston's door across the hall, and drove toward Connecticut.

HE TIMED his arrival at the Barchester Red Barn so he took his seat a minute after the curtain went up. There was no use trying to conceal his business from the cast of a summer theater. Somebody would recognize him and tell the others that Super-Art's talent scout was out in front. But he could put off being besieged by beauty on the make until after the show.

He was surprised to find Ethel Knight playing the lead. He hadn't known that Ethel Knight was back from her triumphant tour round the world.

Jimmy was glad, watching Ethel Knight, that he had Thurston's play with him. If she liked it his troubles were over. She ought to like it because it was built round a beautiful woman who said the things other people were afraid to say and did the things other people were afraid to do. Jimmy knew the moment he saw the blond ingénue that she was the girl Blumgart had been tipped off to. She was so precisely what Jimmy expected. Her name in the program was Florence Meacham. Jimmy thought she was nothing to send a flock of telegrams about. But Super-Art could use her.

And then a girl came on that Jimmy wanted to meet. She wasn't Hollywood. She wasn't Broadway. She wasn't blond. She had dark hair and blue eyes under straight brows, and a lovely line from breast to ankle. She was a knockout and she acted as if she didn't know it, without a trace of affectation. Jimmy waited for her to speak and when she spoke he sighed. Her voice was so exactly right.

The audience liked her, too. The audience applauded wildly when the curtain came down on that scene. Her name was Mary Jones.

Jimmy went backstage. Miss Meacham was waiting for him.

"Oh, Mr. Brickley," she said, "I know you won't remember me—but I met you once last winter—"

"No," Jimmy said, "I don't remember."

"You wouldn't—you meet so many actresses." By this time she was standing close beside him, her shoulder touching his, while she looked up at him under lashes dark with mascara. "I hope you liked me a little."

It was old, old stuff to Jimmy. He wished she wouldn't try so hard. He wished she wouldn't promise so much. He knew enough to say to himself, "After all, the world is like this and who am I to change it?" He knew enough to smile and make a date with her if he wanted to; or not. He knew enough to be amused.

"SOME of us are having a party tonight," Miss Meacham said. "We'd be delighted if you'd come. Or—" she paused significantly—"you and I could go on a party."

"Listen," Jimmy said. "Do you want to go out to Super-Art?"

"Do I?" she said. She gave him another sidewise glance.

"All right," Jimmy said. "I'll wire Blumgart tonight."

She put her hands on his shoulders. "Are you kidding me?" she asked.

"No," Jimmy said.

"You'll wire him tonight about me—honest?"

"I will," Jimmy said.

She threw both arms around his neck and kissed him. "You darling!" she cried, and, still clinging to Jimmy's neck, she turned and yelled so everybody backstage would hear, "I'm going to Hollywood."

Jimmy got away from her and paid his compliments to Ethel Knight and gave her the copy of Thurston's play and then he waited for a chance to speak to Mary Jones alone. It was a summer theater and a lot of local people rated the privilege of going backstage. He had to wait a long time. But the moment came.

He knew this was going to be important. He reminded himself that she was an actress playing a part.

"Will you go to lunch with me tomorrow?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Where do I find you?"

"I'm living with my aunt," she said. "But I'll be here at the theater tomorrow morning. I could meet you in the lobby of the Barchester House."

Jimmy wired Blumgart that he had seen Florence Meacham and thought she was good enough to send on. He sat in the lobby of the Barchester House from eleven o'clock on the next morning waiting for Mary Jones and remembering how she looked and moved and spoke. She had seemed wholly without pretense, without any need to impress him. He still believed she was the girl he had dreamed of finding.

When she came he found a table in a far corner of the dining room. He sat there gazing at her and knowing it was all true and reminding himself that he couldn't begin by telling her that and having nothing else to say. She talked easily enough and hearing her say "Chicago" he was suddenly free. No one who wasn't born in the Middle West could pronounce Chicago as she pronounced it.

"Yes," she said, when he asked her, "Janesville, Illinois."

They were off, then, discovering how much they had in common. He had gone to Wisconsin. She had gone to Illinois for two years and then to a dramatic school in New York. Ethel Knight had seen her and taken her on tour round the world.

A boy brought Jimmy a telegram. Jimmy stuck the telegram in his pocket and went on telling Mary Jones what he thought was so marvelous about her acting. He told her she had the gift of being utterly, completely, devastatingly natural.

"YOU couldn't say anything I'd rather hear," Mary Jones said. "But you're in the business. You ought to know that being natural on the stage isn't a gift. It's the thing I've worked hardest on. And Ethel Knight has never let up on me—not for a single performance—all the time I've been in her company."

"I know you've worked," Jimmy said. "But you wouldn't have succeeded if you hadn't been a certain sort of person."

The boy came in and gave Jimmy another telegram. Jimmy gave the boy a dollar not to disturb him again and went on telling Mary Jones about Thurston's play, and the girl in it who defeated everyone by being forthright, and Super-Art, and Blumgart—who was the most violent, unreasonable boss he had ever known or heard of, and the kindest.

They talked for two hours, telling each other about themselves, and Jimmy Brickley was in a glow of happiness until she asked him a question that he would have had to admit was natural and forthright if he hadn't been so astonished.

"Just what," Mary Jones asked, "is Super-Art's offer?"

Jimmy looked at her. It was plain she took it for granted he had asked her to lunch in order to engage her for Super-Art. He had never once thought of her in connection with Super-Art. And now, looking at the lovely flat curve of her cheek, he didn't want her to go to Hollywood. He couldn't let her go three thousand miles away. He would never see her again.

"Why," he said. "Why—don't you know you're much too good for Hollywood?"

All the friendliness went out of her face, and her voice, which had been full of warmth, was suddenly cutting.

"What a nice way," she said, "of telling me that you think I couldn't make the grade."

Jimmy leaned farther across the table toward her and looked into her eyes to show her how much in earnest he was and all the time he knew that he was sunk.

"Mary," he said, "the trouble is that you would make good—"

"Then why aren't you asking me to go to Super-Art?"

"I don't want you to go to Hollywood. Whatever you do you mustn't go into the movies."

"Why not?"

"You'd become a glamor girl. I can't bear to think of your going out there and letting Hollywood destroy the lovely, simple thing that you are."

"Do you really think I'm simple?" Mary Jones asked.

"I don't mean simple-minded," Jimmy said. "I mean simple-hearted."

"That sounds brighter than it is," Mary Jones said cuttingly.

"Mary, I'm telling you—" Jimmy said earnestly.

"Shush," she interrupted. "Here comes Ethel Knight."

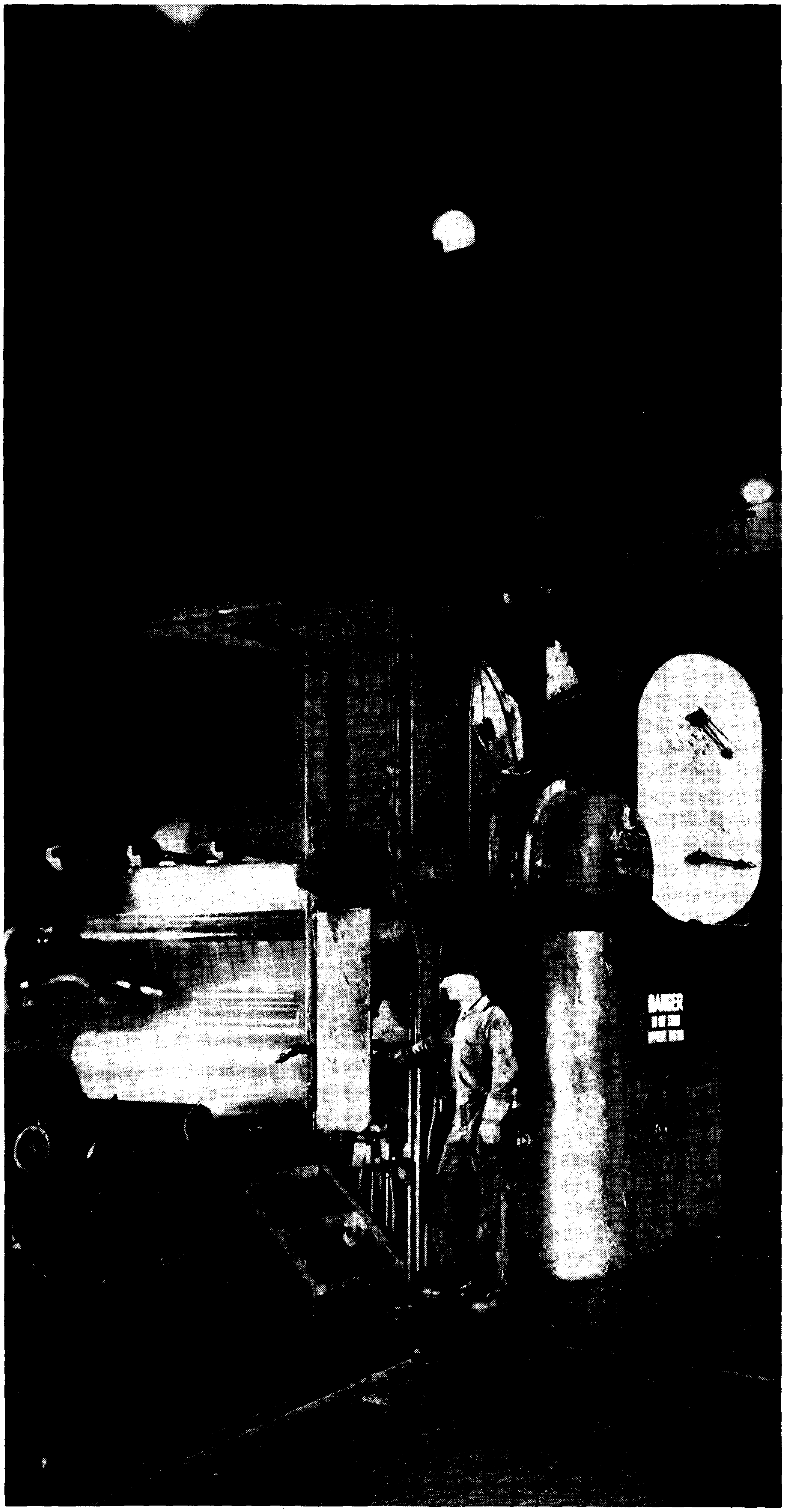
Jimmy jumped up. Mary Jones jumped

(Continued on page 71)

STEEL IS

It's not a pretty sight—unless you stop to think what it means. The Smoky City is smokier than ever, and the night skies of Pennsylvania are red with the blazes from furnace chimneys. Out of the mills shoot white-hot ribbons of steel. It all spells prosperity, and prosperity is exactly what the steel regions of Pennsylvania can use

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE



Steel is abandoning its old ways. New continuous-strip sheet mills like this make steel cheaper, and make it so much better that it is finding many new uses

AROUND Pittsburgh there's a product which ranks high in those parts. It's called smog. It is compounded of variable parts of fog and smoke. The Pittsburgher is dubiously proud of it and speaks of it with a certain affectionate annoyance. I mention it because it is interesting to observe what the New Deal or something has done to the smog.

I was in Pittsburgh in 1931—and many times since. In 1931 the smog was pretty thin. I watched it grow thinner and weaker and, at times, almost transparent. It could kick up your sinuses but would hardly stain your cuffs. There was too much water and not enough smoke in it. But this year the smog is magnificent—thick, soupy, almost black. It is prosperity smog as distinguished from depression smog. And the reason, of course, is that smog manufacture is a partnership between nature and the steel masters and this year the steel masters are supplying their share of the smoke ingredient on a three-shift day.

Here in Pittsburgh you may see the capitalist system literally coming to life, stretching its bones and, in fact, building new bones for 1937 America. For the great steel industry really makes the bones for the steel age and the heart of the heavy steel industry is here at the confluence of those three potent rivers—the Ohio, the Monongahela and the Allegheny.

Of course all the steel for America is not made here. There is a tremendous steel province out near Chicago with Gary as its capital. There is another steel province in the South with Birmingham as its heart. You will find mills in New England and at Bethlehem making steel rope. But Bethlehem is really a part of the Pittsburgh province—the empire province of steel. Here in this small area half of all our steel is made. But more important, here are located the heavy steel industries—the making of those monstrous and forbidding billets and blooms and shapes and rails and beams and other delicate little things.

In fact, one of the things that awe the mind here is the vastness, the size, the "heaviness" of this industry. Out here the people speak of tons as we speak of grams in the East. Everything seems to need a huge crane to lift it around. I asked a steelworker how much he made and he answered that he was paid by tonnage. I asked him how much he got in that sort of piecework and he said he was paid $1.25 a hundred tons.

But one becomes aware of this immense activity in steel long before reaching Pittsburgh. Arriving at Connellsville at night you can see against the sky the garish glare of the beehive coke ovens—the old beehives shooting flames to heaven like a burning town on the heels of a retreating army.

Of course, the beehive ovens belong to the horse-and-buggy years. Newer methods cooled their fires. Now coke is a by-product of plants which make coal-tar dyes and other commercial commodities. Only a few years ago I was in Connellsville and saw the long lines of beehive ovens, black, cold, empty, abandoned. I talked with an old vagabond, ragged and unkempt, who confessed to me that he had drifted into the neighborhood and gotten himself on relief by establishing a residence there. He invited me to his newly established residence. It proved to be in a beehive oven in Uniontown.

There were other drifters and outcasts like himself quartered in neighboring ovens. Some had been long out of use, overgrown with vines, half hidden by weeds; some were tumbling down. Once there were about 40,000 of these beehives making coke for the Pittsburgh area, for coke is as necessary to steel as iron. Indeed, it is because coal is found in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh that the steel industry has settled there. But these old beehive ovens were supposed to have made their way to Time's technological boneyard. They would never come back, I was told. But now they are spouting flame again, because the regular coke industry cannot supply coke enough for the newly steamed-up steel industry. And from time to time you see the glare of the Uniontown ovens until you arrive in Pittsburgh, where the spirit and rush and movement of returning business and the homecoming dollars is in the air. When I got to Pittsburgh around dinnertime, a bit tired and weary, and lumbered into the hotel dining room, the hotel orchestra was playing with brio and dash the same tune the old beehives played—Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town. From then on in every restaurant, to which the musicians have returned with the better times, I heard Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town played to smiling audiences until I came to feel it was true.

This is important, for here is the last province of industry to set its fires burning. Steel perked up briskly after a fashion in 1935, but it was in the sections making lighter steel. But now the huge mills which turn out the heavier products—steel plate, beams, huge bars, railroad rails—have come into production. Once upon a time steel led all other industries out of depressions. This time steel has lagged behind the others and for interesting reasons which set this depression and recovery apart from all others.

I was in Homestead and Duquesne and Clairton and other steel towns in 1931 and 1932. Great mills, like the American Iron and Steel Works, the Edgar Thompson plants of the Steel Corporation, stood silent, their men getting food baskets which were charged to them to be paid for if and when work revived. A feeling of despair brooded over the whole district. There was no protest, no radical movement, no mass meetings, hardly even any anger—just apathy, men standing around in groups, wondering if the mills would ever start again. The main business streets of these towns were full of unoccupied stores, hollow black holes where once merchants did business. The Salvation Army was overburdened with its efforts to feed hungry families; the relief problem had gotten utterly beyond the reach of the local and private agencies which wrestled with it in those days.

But now, how different. I went to No. 902 Eighth Avenue in Homestead—the Relief Office—to ask what reviving business had done to relief rolls. I found it closed. I found the relief offices closed in McKeesport, Braddock, Duquesne, East Pittsburgh, because relief rolls had decreased so heavily. All the relief problem in that district was being handled out of a single office now in one central town. (But hold your gasps! This is not the whole story of relief in the steel districts. We'll get around to that later.)

What Mills Make Besides Steel

The mills are not only working but they are working at a rate not exceeded since 1930 and in places at a rate as great as 1929. They are rolling and grinding and blasting away twenty-four hours a day—three shifts or "three turns" as the steel men say. And the workers have just gotten a ten per cent raise in wages—from 9 to 11.7 per cent—and though it is not as much as they think they ought to have, it does run into the millions. It will mean perhaps seventeen to twenty million dollars extra money in these parts.

And who gets all this money? Of course the merchant. For this is spending money—or certainly most of it is. The steel man takes it, or most of it, to his store for food, clothes, other things. And you can see them in all these towns, by the thousands, all hours of the day, in huge drives pushing and pulling and hauling to get into the stores to pass on their wages to their merchants.

For remember, these mills make more than steel. They make steel and wages, purchasing power, huge quantities of it that go into steelworkers' pockets but do not stay there long and then flow on to the stores of the steel country and then to the factories and mines and farms of every part of the nation.

The men are spending their money, not saving it. That's certain, for it does not show up in the savings accounts of the banks here. It shows up in the demand deposits of the merchants. One might think this phenomenon odd. Back in 1930 and 1931 when the depression got under way I was astonished to discover that savings accounts in the town of Braddock had increased, while wages had declined. And the president of the bank there told me that these savings were the money of workers. There weren't so many working but those who were working put much of their money in the savings banks. They were saving, not spending. Now with business mounting they are spending, not saving. Savings accounts are more or less stationary now, while they were expanding in 1931.

I say they are spending, not saving. But this is subject to the modification that they are using a lot of their money to pay old debts. I talked with a very substantial-looking man, a semiskilled worker in one of the older mills of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. He looked like a prosperous small businessman. He told me he had, save for a very little while, been out of work up to a year ago, for three years. He had used up his savings, the loan value of his insurance and his house, and had borrowed from all his relatives and friends. Now he was back at work full time, sometimes seven days a week. But it will take him another year before he can pull out of this hole. And he's doing it. "About the only extravagance I have permitted myself," he said, "is this suit and a good dress for my old lady."

Liquidating the Late Depression

Another man in Homestead told me that for three years he was out of work. I asked how he lived.

"Well," he said (he was an intelligent young Slav), "I don't know now how I did it. I did get a little work at night at intervals in one of the mills. I got a little piece of land—thrift gardens they call them (vacant land loaned to the unemployed)—about six miles from my home. And I worked it. When I got a night in the mills I had to walk five miles home, then, after breakfast, six miles to the garden and work in that most of the day and then another six miles home. I got baskets—food baskets—from the mill and when I went to work I owed $80 for these. I hocked my watch, borrowed on my insurance, got behind in the rent and behind at the grocery store. We ate 'boiling meat'—just made a big pot of soup every day when we could get the meat. And so somehow we got through. I never went on relief." The last he said a little proudly.

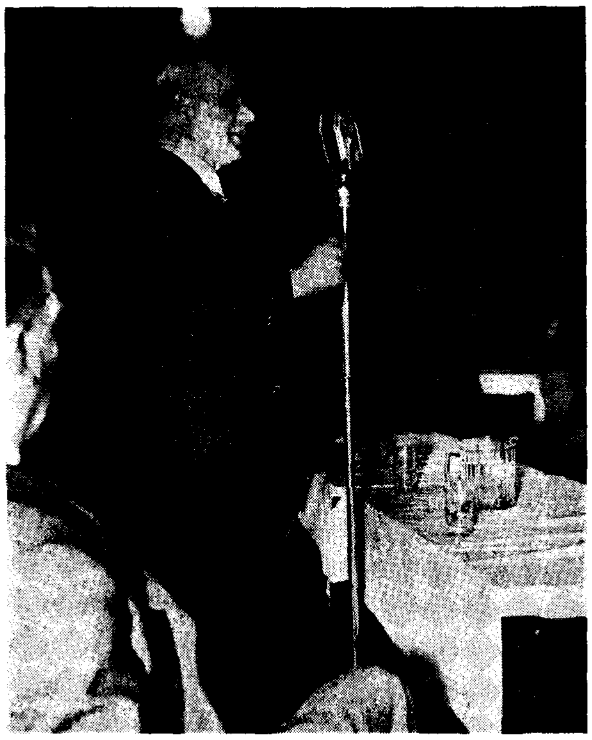
But now he has to pay about $4 a month on the baskets he got from the company; he is paying on his insurance, on his back grocery bill and his back rent bill. Naturally he will not be a big help to the merchants until he is out of the woods.

There's plenty of that. A personal finance corporation man told me the money on old debts is flowing in and very few new loans are being made. A hardware store manager told me that his business has picked up splendidly but that the old accounts are being paid up amazingly—three-year-old bills coming to life. He was standing in his store when I went in, with a letter in his hand and a big grin on his face. The letter was from the owner, saying that for the first time in four years the store had had a month out of the red.

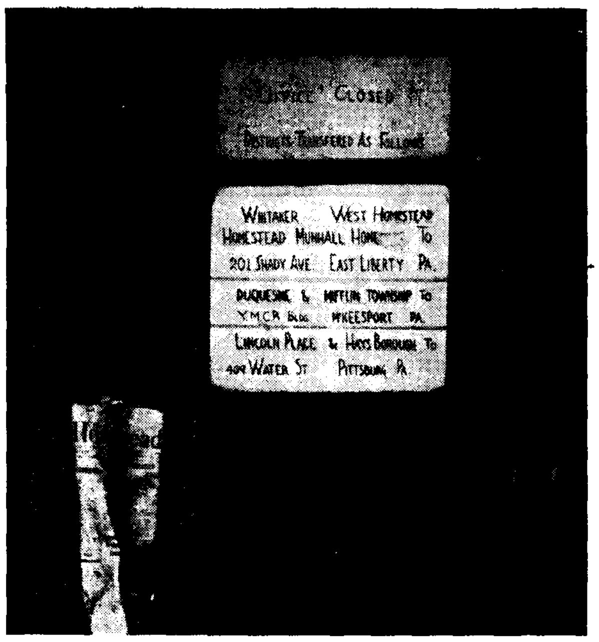
But after full allowance is made for this there are plenty of millions of wages that flow promptly to the stores. You can pick any merchant anywhere at random and ask him, "How's business?" "Wonderful!" he will say. "Best since the war." This is a little exaggeration. But he is feeling so good about it that he permits himself a little exaggeration.

But there are several features to this spending that interested me. For one thing money is not being thrown around by the steelworkers. Of course, there is the hardy gentleman, with a high percentage of iron in his blood and a throat which runs to rust, who makes heavy investments in hard liquor. These steel men—some of them—are pretty heavy drinkers. It's a business which seems to dry a man out a bit. And so when the boys come pouring from the mill gates there's always a lot of them make for Paddy Logue's or some other emporium where the quality of the spirits is right. The usual dose is a double-header—both for purposes of self-improvement and economy. For a slug of rye costs a dime, but a double-header

(Continued on page 60)



Will labor clashes halt steel's recovery? Philip Murray, C. I. O. chairman, addressing workers


Closed
Districts Transferred As Follows
Whitaker West Homestead
Homestead Munhall Home To
201 Shady Ave East Liberty Pa.
Duquesne & Mifflin Township To
Y M C A Bldg McKeesport Pa.
Lincoln Place & Hays Borough To
409 Water St Pittsburgh Pa.

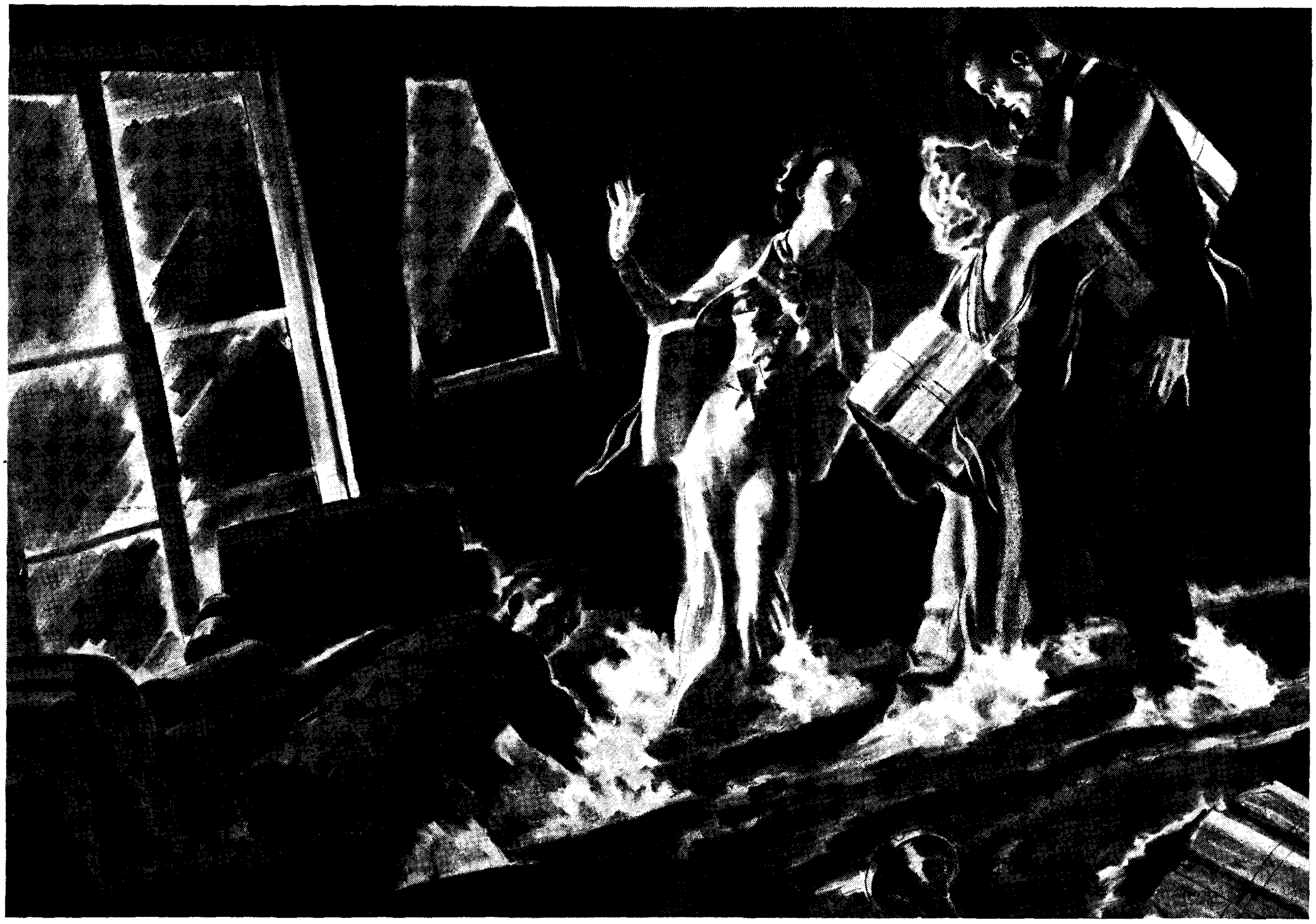
Closed relief offices are visible signs of better times in the steel communities

Movies and other luxuries are again within the reach of those who work in steel

What Every Girl Wants

By Phyllis Bottome

Miss Alice Devine and life, and how they finally got together, and what she thought of it. A modern climax for an old-fashioned upbringing



She flung herself into his arms, sobbing and screaming, and Alice put on her own belt

WHAT really seemed odd to Alice Devine was that the doctor should have called to see *her*.

Didn't he realize that her mother was dead? The end of thirty years' love, and of five years' intensive nursing was over. Nothing was left of them, except the half-filled medicine bottles on the table upstairs.

Alice gazed at Dr. Martlett with dull, sleepless eyes. She felt like an imprisoned goldfish butting its head against glass walls.

Didn't *this man know that he would* be paid? she asked herself bitterly. That was one thing there was no trouble about. She had three thousand dollars a year now, having never had a penny of her own before, and was rich for life; if there had been any life to be rich for.

"You see, Miss Devine," the doctor continued earnestly, "you must begin to think of yourself now." This seemed such a silly thing to say that Alice did not even attempt to answer it.

"You have relations, I know," Dr. Martlett went on. "Your mother told me—an aunt and cousins at Cheltenham, but you don't seem to have been on terms of great intimacy with them."

"I never had an intimate relationship," Alice told him rather dryly, "except with my mother. We knew other people, of course, but they didn't count."

"That's just it," Dr. Martlett explained. "That's just what I'm afraid of. Miss Devine, you're only thirty, and from the look of you—when you're not worn out—you might be much younger. Have you ever asked yourself what life is for?

"I've watched you for years; you've got into the habit of giving way all the time to an older person. You've lived hitherto a daughter's life—not a woman's. Oh, I know you were her only child and she was a war widow, and that you adored each other. And I know you're feeling as cold and hard as a peeled potato. But can't you see that her having died is just your chance? Go out into the world, meet people—see what there is to be seen. Find out what you're really like by knocking up against other people. Don't go and stay with your relatives after the funeral. Go on one of these cruises by yourself."

"GO ON—what?" Alice gasped. Her head went round and round. Had their good Dr. Martlett, so kind, wise and attentive, gone suddenly mad? A cruise—straight from her mother's deathbed!

The doctor, having thrown his bombshell, bustled off, without waiting to see what had been blown up in Alice.

What would her mother have thought about a cruise? Alice asked herself. They had always rather enjoyed going to the seaside together, but the seaside wasn't, of course, the same thing as the *open* sea!

Her mother had never liked the idea of Alice risking herself in a boat on the water. It was quite different sitting on the sea front, drinking up the ozone, and watching waves that wouldn't go very much farther up the beach than you had expected. Was this perhaps what Alice needed now? "A breath of ozone," her mother had often said, "is so good for us, dear, before the winter sets in." Well, the rest of her life, Alice thought, would be the winter setting in; perhaps it would be a good thing to get a breath of ozone first. A large ship—and cruises, Alice knew, were always taken on large ships—might not be so alarming after all.

Before her aunt arrived for the funeral Alice had bought a ticket for the

South Sea Islands. Naturally it hurt and shocked her aunt very much, but, having bought a ticket, Alice felt safe, for she belonged to a family that went to entertainments and to places for which tickets had been bought.

AT FIRST it seemed to Alice as if this cruise were a mistake. She felt more lonely on this strange ship than she could ever have felt at Cheltenham.

The sea, too, seemed unnecessarily big; nor, having once got on it, could you easily get off. The people on board were stranger than was the ship; they played games and laughed; ate and drank too much; danced in the evenings; and even when they weren't young behaved as if they were. Worse still, they made love. Now Alice had no real objection to love being made, provided that it was done at a safe distance from herself and respected the proprieties.

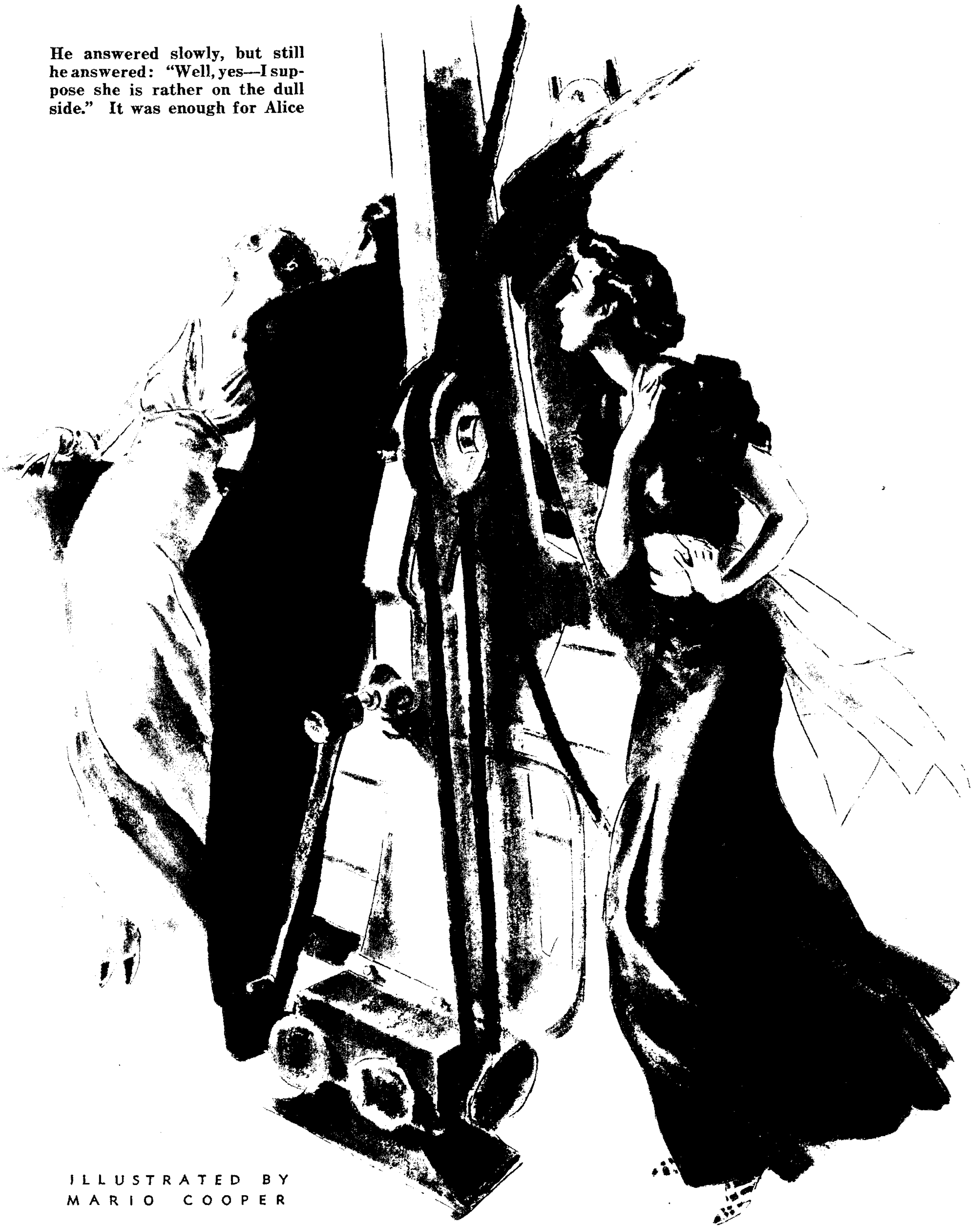
But people on cruises apparently make love all over the place; and without considering propriety.

They made it most obviously and inconsiderately in or about the swimming pool. Alice had learned to swim and swam rather well. Swimming, she told herself severely, was what swimming pools were for. Still, partly owing to the swimming pool and partly on account of Ray Vincent, Alice began to overlook lovers and to enjoy her cruise.

Ray Vincent was a tall, tidy-looking young man who swam better than Alice did, his head under water for long and apparently peaceful periods; and he helped Alice to swim harder and faster than she already did, and with far less spluttering.

He had nice gray eyes that looked straight at Alice as if they had nothing to hide, and nothing whatever to worry about. Once or twice after meeting Ray Vincent's eyes, a strange feeling came over Alice, as if there *were* really very little to worry about. Her grief still possessed her, but, after all, you had to take your mind off grief while arranging your deck chair and holding on to things that slid about.

The first few days of the voyage were rough, and Alice, who turned out to be an unexpectedly good sailor, saw a good deal of Ray Vincent. She might have gone on seeing a good deal of him, even when the sea became smooth, had she been less well brought up.



He answered slowly, but still he answered: "Well, yes—I suppose she is rather on the dull side." It was enough for Alice

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

DIRECTLY the weather calmed down, however, a peachlike predatory blonde, with letter-box lips, called Milly Carter, appeared and made short work of Alice.

Alice was not bad-looking herself. She would have had a particularly good figure if she had not crouched; her upper lip was short and her nose had a certain finish (quite denied to Milly Carter, who simply carried her nose off); Alice's eyes were dark and velvety, but unfortunately she had not learned how to use them, and generally cast them down.

When Milly pounced on Ray Vincent, Alice instantly withdrew, crouched more than ever, and cast down her eyes all the time.

Milly didn't mean anything very much; all she was out for was a little fun; her eyes and lips were made for cruises. Ray Vincent liked fun. When Alice withdrew, disapproving obviously of Milly, and disapproving all over, Ray thought she was rather a spoil sport and felt disappointed in her.

Alice hadn't told Ray that she had just lost her mother, or he might have understood her withdrawal.

She dressed in black but not conspicuous black, with a little white here and there. She had had a feeling that if she didn't tell Ray about her mother, she could bear it better.

They had had plenty of other things to talk about—swimming, books, movies, and whether one had to be a Nazi or a Bolshevik; and if not—why not?

Now they didn't talk at all, because Alice always went somewhere else the moment she saw Ray coming; and at table Milly sat next to Ray and Alice opposite them; so that Alice spoke only to an elderly clergyman on one side of her—whom she didn't like—and to a maiden lady on the other—who didn't like her. Few people can talk well to those who dislike them, or whom they themselves dislike; and Alice was not one of the few.

Unfortunately the less you talk, the more you have to listen.

Alice had to listen to a good deal that Ray and Milly were saying to each other; and she liked none of it.

Once she even overheard them by accident, when they had no idea she was on the other side of a lifeboat. Ray Vincent said: "Let's ask Miss Devine to play deck tennis with us—I'm sure she could, she's as active as a fish in the pool." And Milly Carter said, "And about as dull as a fish too, isn't she?"

Ray Vincent answered slowly, but still he answered:

"Well, yes—I suppose she is rather on the dull side." He only supposed it; but it was enough for Alice. She went to her small, neat stateroom, and cried herself sick.

While everybody was thinking what an exceptionally calm, hot, reliable day it was—quite the kind of day agents for cruises hawk about as chronic certainties and expect once in a lifetime—the crew began to tie up everything loose on deck and put it away.

THINGS were said about the barometer that meant nothing at all to Alice, but appeared to mean a good deal to the ship's officers.

The sky was an unearthly, radiant blue, pock-marked with little white balls of cloud, like cream puffs lightly frosted. These innocuous cloudlings swirled up from all directions at once, as if summoned from a witch's cauldron, until they became one immense and luminous mass. There had been very little air all day; now there was an occasional hot puff, that drew, like the claw of an invisible animal, a little puckered path across the oily blue floor of the ocean.

People who were playing bridge said for the first time what they really thought of one another's game. Even people who didn't drink wanted one; while those who did drink wanted more than one. Children behaved worse than the savages they always are; and the French chef gave the purser notice.

By sunset, the brilliant clouds had turned black. The storm broke, like the sudden rip of stout calico. Lightning leaped continuously from end to end of the black ridge of cloud. Waves heaped themselves up out of the profoundly quiet ocean, until they ceased to look like waves at all, and looked like prison walls under the impression that they had to behave like omelets.

Alice, gazing at the sea from the glass promenade, wondered what it would feel like to have to climb up and down those inverted hollows puffing themselves up

(*Continued on page 32*)

I Love You Again

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

DURING a Caribbean cruise, Larry Wilson saves the life of a fellow passenger, Jason Rountree. Unconscious after the rescue, he recovers—and discovers that, a victim of amnesia, he can remember nothing *of the past eight years!* He can recall, however, that he—George Carey, not "Larry Wilson"—was in possession of his company's pay roll when he had lost his memory. But what had he done with that pay roll? He does not know.

From some letters in his stateroom he learns that he is married; that his wife, "Kay," is to meet him in New York. Acting on Jason Rountree's advice, he reluctantly decides not to confide in her until he is sure of his past.

When the boat lands, Kay meets him; then, accompanied by the loyal Rountree, they go to Habersham, a Southern city where, it appears, Larry Wilson is a prominent businessman. There Larry finds himself in an alarming dilemma: Ted Courtney, a gay young Lothario who (if the gossips are to be believed) has been having an affair with Rita Campbell, wife of Duncan Campbell, has been murdered. There is only one suspect: Duncan Campbell, who says he was with Larry at the time of the murder.

Needless to say, Larry cannot testify. Sparring for time (while Mickey Hogan, a New York detective, is investigating his past under Rountree's direction), he pretends to be too ill to see anyone. And presently (working with great caution) he makes an interesting discovery: a bank balance in Larry Wilson's name of more than twenty-five thousand dollars—deposited eight years before, never drawn on, and the exact sum of the pay roll!

While dining with Kay one evening Larry hears the front doorbell ring. Presently Cashus, an old servitor, appears. "It's Mistuh Campbell," he announces importantly.

V

LARRY said to himself, "I suppose it had to come. There's nothing to do but take it."

He knew that his face was white under the vivid strip of adhesive which still covered his wound; he knew that his heart was pounding; he knew that Kay welcomed the impending interview and that he dreaded it. He followed her into the living room. He saw a small, erect little man with almost white hair rise from the lounge and advance with hand outstretched.

"Well, well, my boy." Mr. Campbell's voice was young and strong and hearty. "You're looking better than I expected." He twinkled at Kay. "I had thought to spend the first half hour apologizing for my intrusion. And now—look!"

Larry felt a sense of relief. The name Mr. Campbell had meant nothing to him; he had not realized that if it had been the younger man, Cashus would have said "Mistuh Duncan." And in the few seconds which had elapsed between the announcement and this moment, he had been fearful that it was Duncan. This was bad enough, but a visit from Duncan would have been worse.

Instinctively he liked this man. About sixty years old, he fancied; but there was a ruddiness of cheek and brightness of eye which belied that. Perhaps he looked older than he was because of the whiteness of his hair. He was compact; solid; genuine. Just the sort of man, reflected Larry, who would have interested himself in a likely young stranger, who would have befriended him. The sort of man who would give generously—and who would accept with equal generosity.

"You look," commented Mr. Campbell with disarming candor, "like a very hale and hearty young man."

"I will be soon." Larry touched the adhesive. "It leaves me a trifle dizzy."

"I was proud of you. I really was. Just what you would do. Jump first and think later."

"I'm afraid you've got that right, Mr. Campbell. If I'd had a moment to think—"

"You'd have jumped anyway. And I must meet this man whose life you saved. I understand that he's here with you—and a most extraordinary person."

"Most," said Kay dryly. "Larry rescues the most interesting people."

"Heroes mustn't be choosers." Mr. Campbell snipped the end from a cigar with a sharp, incisive gesture. Larry fancied that he did everything that way: knowing what he wanted—and getting it with the greatest directness and efficiency.

Mr. Campbell said, "Mind if I talk before Kay?"

"No, sir."

"Good. I was going to, anyway. And you know me, my boy: No beating about the bush."

"I understand."

BUT despite his protestations, Mr. Campbell seemed momentarily at a loss. His voice, when he spoke again, had a note which surprised Larry: a gentle, pleading note which somehow made him sound as old as Larry had first believed him to be.

He said, "What's wrong, Larry?"

"With what, sir?"

"You."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Now, now, my boy—of course you understand. No need for us to spar."

"I suppose," hazarded Larry, "that you've come to talk about Duncan."

"Naturally."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Campbell—that I can't say anything. Not right now."

"Why?"

"There are reasons . . . good reasons."

"Can't you tell me?"

"I'd rather not."

Kay interrupted. "Let's be honest with each other, Mr. Campbell. Larry hasn't even told me."

"So-o . . ." The older man puffed reflectively for a few moments. "It's a bit hard to readjust myself, Larry. From the time that thing happened, Duncan seemed satisfied that you would provide an alibi."

"Didn't he have any other alibi?"

"How could he—if his story is true? He either was with you when he says he was—or he wasn't. And we both know that the way you rate in this community would cause your statement to be accepted."

"I appreciate that . . ." Larry rose, walked across the room, and stood leaning on the mantel over the fireplace. He said, "I wish I could help—just as you want me to—right now. But I can't."

"So you said. And as I asked before: Why?"

"I can't explain."

"You're Duncan's best friend. I'm his father."

"There's something else involved . . ."

Mr. Campbell looked suddenly older. "May I guess?"

"If you wish, sir."

They linked her name with those of a half dozen men and, when a scandal actually did start, nobody suspected it for a long, long time

"I'll show how much I trust you, my boy, by telling you what you've made me fear. I'm afraid that Duncan's story is not true. I'm afraid that he killed Ted Courtney and that he was not with you when he says he was. I'm afraid he counted on your friendship and loyalty to the extent that he expected you to lie for him."

Larry did not answer immediately. Then he said, "I'm afraid you're jumping at a lot of conclusions."

"That's impossible, son. I can't believe that you could know that Duncan was innocent, and not even tell me."

"I'm only asking you to have confidence in my judgment for a week or so."

"A week or so. Don't you realize what that will mean?" He turned to Kay. "You know what I'm driving at, Kay. Explain to him."

"He means," said Kay in a low, earnest voice, "that nothing but an immediate statement of Duncan's innocence will clear him. And postponement of that statement will cause people to doubt. You see, dear—you've been away. You don't know how this thing has shaken Habersham. You don't know how much it has been taken for granted that you would return, instantly clear Duncan—and let them hunt for whoever really did kill Ted." She made a little gesture of resignation. "But we've been over all that before."

Larry felt keen sorrow for this old man who was his friend. "Things will be all right, sir—I'm sure . . ."

"No, my boy. I know you pretty well. I'm afraid you're weighing the pros and cons of lying to save Duncan."

"I didn't say anything like that."

"There'd be no other reason for your silence. But even if you did lie for him—you'd have to do it quickly, or it will be recognized as a lie." Mr. Campbell's voice suddenly hardened. "Why wouldn't you let Duncan see you today?"

"There were reasons . . ."

"I can vouch for that, Mr. Campbell," interrupted Kay.

"Do you know what the reasons are?"

"No."

Mr. Campbell said, "I don't want to remind you of obligations, Larry. It doesn't seem quite the sporting thing to do. But Duncan is my son . . . and somehow the ethics of the situation don't seem so terribly important."

"I know what I owe you, Mr. Campbell—"

"Of course you do. So why dwell on it?" The cigar had gone out and Mr. Campbell lighted it again with a hand which was not quite steady. "I don't like to discuss this angle of the affair, my boy—but I must."

"Yes, sir . . ."

"IF a man's wife has been untrue to him, Larry—and if, because of that infidelity, her husband kills someone—custom justifies his act. Isn't that true?"

"Usually. Yes, sir."

"You know something about this affair that we don't know. You can tell us definitely whether Duncan shot Ted. Let us suppose that you either know—or believe—that he did. Do you think it would be stretching your sense of ethics too far to act as judge and jury in the case?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow."

"He means this," said Kay, somewhat sharply: "That if Duncan did do it because of the affair between Rita and Ted—then why not shield them both from the publicity and scandal by simply saying that you were with him at six-twenty that afternoon?"

"I tell you," said Larry, with desperate vehemence, "that you are presuming too much. There are things that neither of you know or understand."

"Concerning Duncan?"

"I didn't say that."

The older man said, "You've most adroitly said nothing whatever, Larry."

"Listen, Mr. Campbell: You have confidence in me, haven't you?"

"I did have."

"Then why not let me handle this my own way?"

"I'm Duncan's father. I certainly can be trusted with the truth."

"But you can't. No one can!"

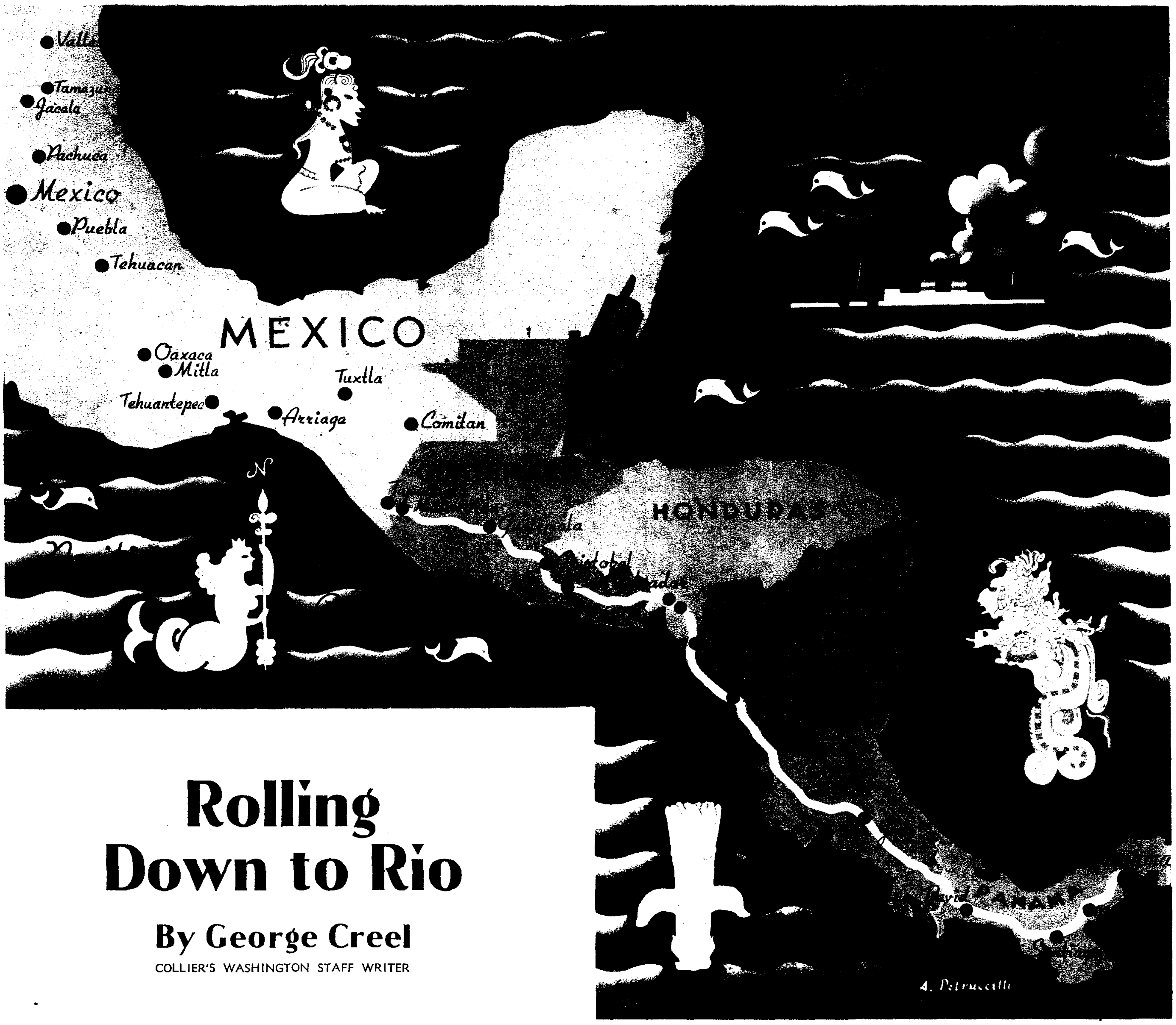
"Why? Haven't I been frank with you? Oh, listen, my boy: I know that Duncan is young and headstrong. I know that the thing which has always attracted me to you—ever since you came to Habersham—was your mania for keeping your mouth shut. But a thing like this is different. Don't be stubborn, son. Tell me what it is—or, if you won't—at least talk to Duncan."

"I'm sorry, sir . . . but I can't."

"I'm asking you a favor, Larry: The first real favor I've ever asked. You know, a peculiar thing has happened at home. This tragedy could result in something fine."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

(Continued on page 67)



ANTONIO PETRUCELLI

Rolling Down to Rio

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

The time has come to give serious thought to going abroad on your own four wheels. Already you can get as far as Mexico, D. F., and beyond. But that's just the beginning of the shining highway that will lead eventually to Rio de Janeiro. It's an investment in friendship, but the thought is that it will pay dividends in dollars

WHATEVER else may be said about Franklin D. Roosevelt, it cannot be denied that his imagination has the leap of a startled roebuck and his enthusiasm the sweep of a prairie fire. One of the principal interests of his sanguine temperament at the present moment is nothing less than road and bridge building in Central and South America, and that on such a princely scale as to make the old Romans look like children in a sand pile.

What he has in mind, openly and joyously, is a great, shining Inter-American Highway that will run from the Rio Grande to the Canal Zone, traversing Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and then across Panama into Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile, with arterial routes climbing the Andes for the swoop down to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro, Uruguay, Paraguay and points south.

All of which is not the whole of it by any means. Tied in with the plan is a Pan-American highway that will strike down from Alaska through Canada, Washington, Oregon, California and Arizona, crossing the border at Nogales, and ribboning a way via Guadalajara to the city of Mexico, where it will join the Inter-American for the roller-coaster ride to Panama and South America.

The Dominican Republic, Cuba and Haiti are also very much in the picture, for the plan includes a ferry service between Haiti and Cuba's eastern end, and a ride over 800 miles of asphalt to another ferry that will ply between the island's extreme western tip and fabled Yucatan. From Merida a broad highway will race down to join the Inter-American at some point in Tehuantepec—a short cut for our own Atlantic seaboard states, as an automobile ferry now operates between Key West and Havana.

A belated realization, in fact, of Monroe's dream of a United New World, a true fraternity of the Western Hemisphere's republics for the fullest possible development of social, economic and political relations. A partnership project, to be sure, with every country making its proper contribution to cost, but it was the engineers of the United States that made the surveys, and our financial aid that is giving impetus to the work.

In no sense, however, can the plan be attacked as a New Deal boondoggle, for it had its inception as far back as 1923, and Presidents Harding, Coolidge and Hoover are on record with unreserved endorsements. Going beyond mere approval, Mr. Hoover gained an appropriation of $50,000 in 1930 to meet the expense of reconnaissance surveys, and sent picked men from the Bureau of Public Roads into the wilds of Central America for one of the most difficult engineering jobs ever attempted. For three years they risked their lives on ancient mountain trails or hacked a way through jungles so dense that aerial photographs had to be used for study and mapping.

A Genuine Road to Romance

Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras and Guatemala were the countries covered, for Mexico's inflamed nationalism made her unwilling to accept aid from the Colossus of the North, and the president of Salvador held a grievance because we failed to grant him recognition after his revolutionary coup. Both nations, however, were as eager as the others for the Inter-American Highway, agreeing to build their sections and furnishing our engineers with maps showing routes and termini.

There matters stood until the summer

(Continued on page 55)

"Why I choose Camels...."

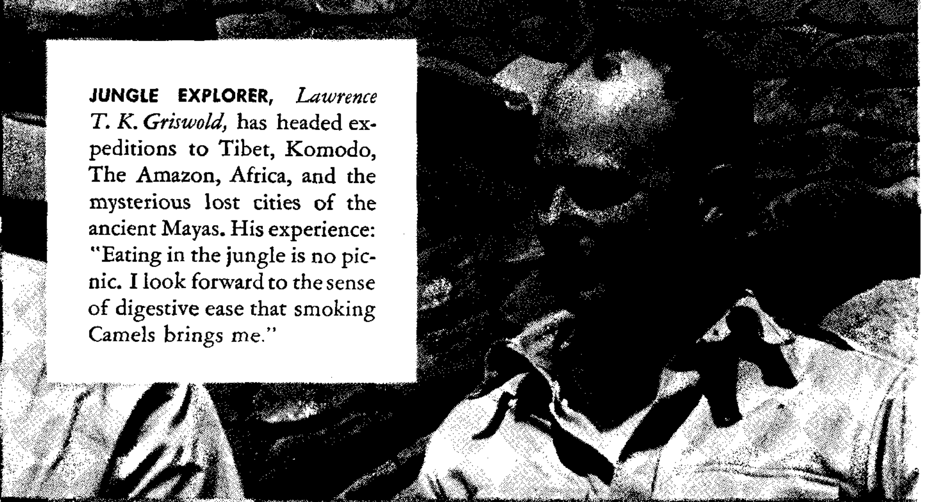
NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, record-smashing *Tony Manero,* says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease afterwards."

Take up Camels yourself

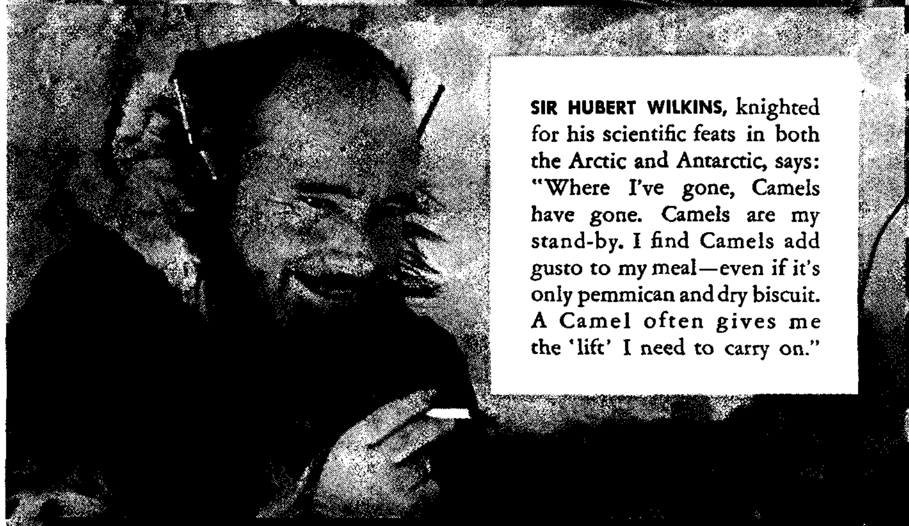
Enjoy Camel's costlier tobaccos the whole day through. At mealtime, Camels are an aid to digestion—speeding up the flow of digestive fluids—increasing alkalinity—bringing you a sense of ease and well-being. Camels set you right.

When you're tired—get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Steady smokers prefer Camels, for they don't jangle the nerves or irritate the throat.

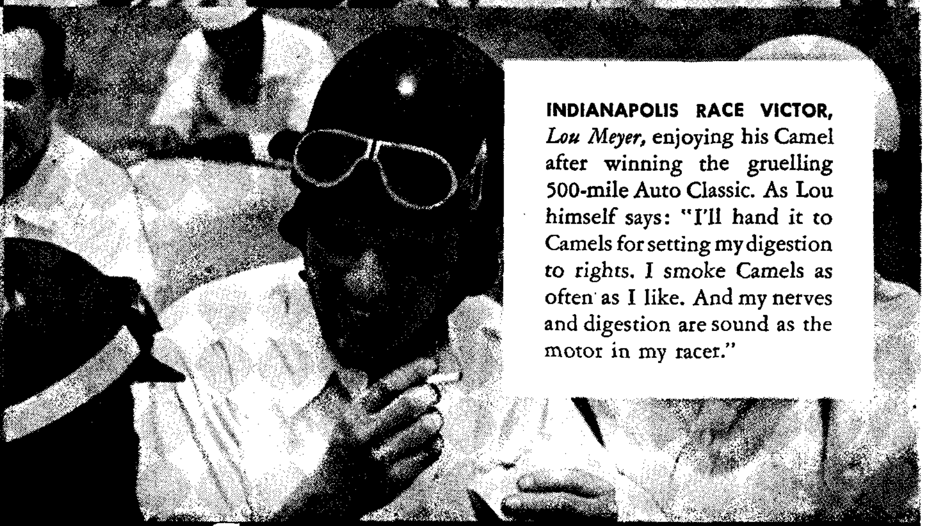
SPUNKY, GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER, *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen.* She carried Camels on her record-breaking dash around the world. "I ate all kinds of food—snatched meals anywhere," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on Camels anytime. They set me right!"



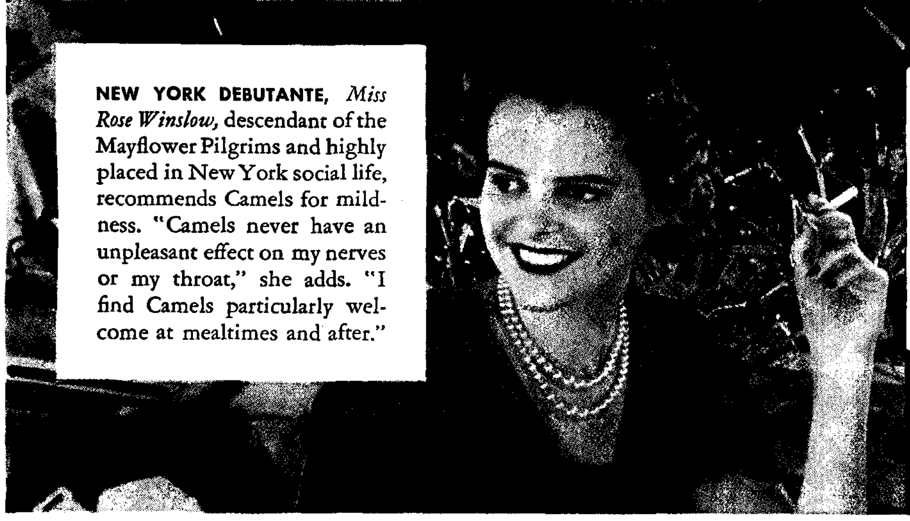
JUNGLE EXPLORER, *Lawrence T. K. Griswold,* has headed expeditions to Tibet, Komodo, The Amazon, Africa, and the mysterious lost cities of the ancient Mayas. His experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I look forward to the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



SIR HUBERT WILKINS, knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meal—even if it's only pemmican and dry biscuit. A Camel often gives me the 'lift' I need to carry on."



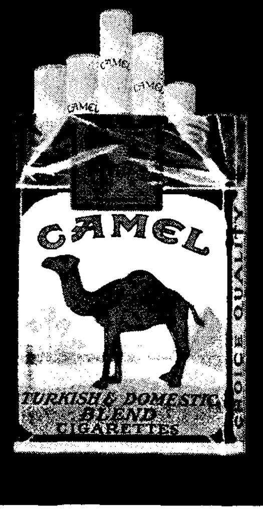
INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR, *Lou Meyer,* enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou himself says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights. I smoke Camels as often as I like. And my nerves and digestion are sound as the motor in my racer."



NEW YORK DEBUTANTE, *Miss Rose Winslow,* descendant of the Mayflower Pilgrims and highly placed in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds. "I find Camels particularly welcome at mealtimes and after."

TUNE IN EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

Hear "Jack Oakie's College"—a full hour gala show with Jack Oakie in person, Benny Goodman's "Swing" Band! George Stoll's Concert Orchestra! Hollywood comedians and singing stars. Special college talent every week! Tuesdays—9:30 pm E. S. T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., over WABC-Columbia Network.



COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"CAMELS SET ME RIGHT"—STEADY SMOKERS SAY

Mr. David Burpee, by crossing a simple nasturtium with a second variety, created an unusual varicolored hybrid. Unexpectedly, from this hybrid developed a superhybrid with forty to fifty petals. Both hybrids are shown above

Say It with Flowers

By Frank J. Taylor

The flowers that bloom in the spring (tra-la) are the result of somebody's earnest thought and effort three years ago. That person is the seed grower, who has to sense in advance the trends in flower fashions and, like a milliner, create new styles. It sounds impossible and sometimes the seed grower thinks it is. Nevertheless he goes on doing it year after year, constantly producing new beauty and fragrance

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL OUTERBRIDGE, JR.

MR. DAVID BURPEE, whose genius is stirring the sap in the veins of John Doe Gardener, rendering him a sucker for seeds, hoes and rakes, paced up and down the rows of blossoms at the Floradale Seed Farm, Lompoc, California, with ranch manager Bill Hoag. He was looking for plants whose blossoms measured up to the fullest meaning of the adjectives Bountiful and Colossal as featured in the seed catalogues.

Ordinarily, Mr. Burpee conspires against John Doe Gardener from three to five years ahead of the market, but this year he had been ill and things were behind schedule. He was more than making up for the eleventh-hour conspiring by the daring of the scheme he outlined to Mr. Hoag.

"Bill, I want to make 50,000 crosses between this new double yellow Gleam nasturtium and the old single nasturtiums of other colors, then grow three generations of nasturtiums in eleven months and have the third generation of seeds ready for our customers next May," said Mr. Burpee. "It will be the seed scoop of the year."

Mr. Hoag loaned him but a skeptical ear.

"It can't be done," he declared.

"Why can't it be done?" demanded Mr. Burpee.

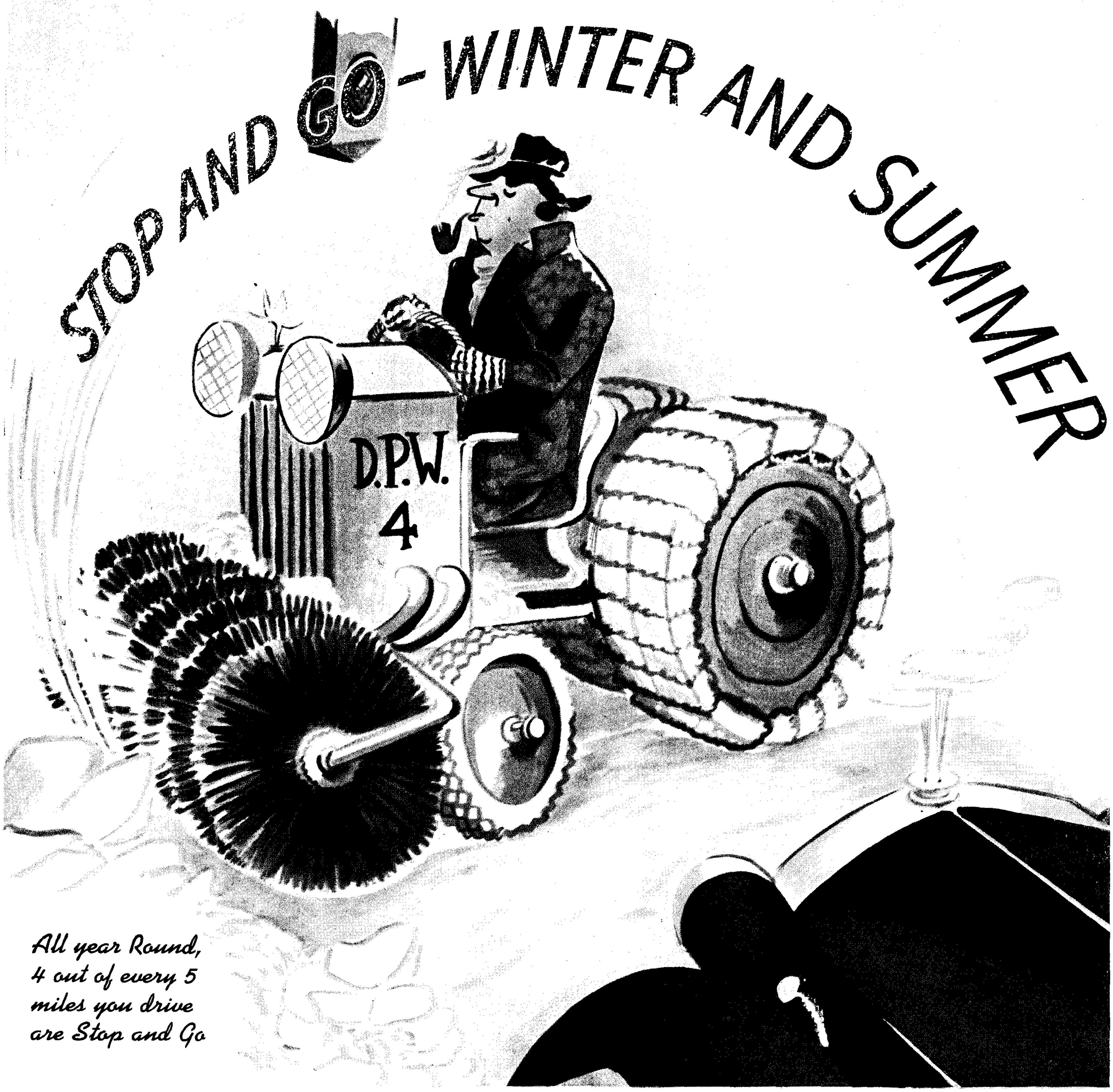
"To begin with, it would take a hundred Japanese girls," said Mr. ~~Hoag.~~

"All right, get a hundred Japanese girls," cut in Mr. Burpee. "Get two hundred if you need them."

Mr. Bill Hoag knows when he is licked. "Okay," he said. "We'll do it."

He routed out the ranch hands. That same day there were planted a dozen acres to nasturtiums, long rows of them. Every alternate row was the new Golden Gleam which a rival seedsman had introduced only that year from a garden in Mexico. It was a bright yellow flower with eight to ten ruffled petals instead of the customary five, and unique in another way, too. Golden Gleam was a sweet-scented flower! Since nasturtiums were originally named "nose twisters" because of their unpleasant odor, this new variety was something to get excited about. Unfortunately, it blossomed in but one color, yellow. Mr. Burpee proposed to fix that.

By the time the long rows of nasturtiums blossomed, Bill Hoag had an even hundred Japanese women squatting be~~tween the rows~~. Some of them fingered camel's-hair brushes with which they deftly tickled first the male blossom of an old-fashioned varicolored nasturtium, then the female blossom of the Golden Gleam. Other girls followed them and with tiny scissors snipped off the petals of the hand-pollenized flowers. That made them hideous and unattrac-


STOP AND GO-WINTER AND SUMMER
D.P.W.
4
All year Round,
4 out of every 5
miles you drive
are Stop and Go

SNOW on the road can double your stops, and you average 30 stops a day in ordinary weather.

"Starting up" from a normal traffic stop only once can waste enough gas to take you ⅓ of a mile!

To reduce the waste of stop-and-go, Shell developed a way to "balance" gasoline. This balancing process completely rearranges the chemical structure of gasoline.

Just as cooking will make food digestible for you, Shell's process makes gasoline "digestible" for your motor.

Under all stop-and-go driving conditions, you get the *full* benefit of Super-Shell's *high energy content.*

"Motor-Digestible" is the best way to describe this gasoline.

Super-Shell is on sale from coast to coast. Be thrifty and stop at the Shell station in your neighborhood today.

SHELL

SUPER-SHELL

the Label you usually see upside down

In action, the world over, Heinz Tomato Ketchup glorifies the efforts of all good cooks—enlivens the simplest meals—combines perfectly with scores of inexpensive dishes.

Copr.1937 H. J. Heinz Co.

JOIN the merry ketchup-tipping that adds Heinz-made zest to the favorite dishes of all the world! Pour Heinz Tomato Ketchup on good brown hash, a sizzling steak, cold cuts or prime roast beef! Enjoy the very tops in mouth-watering flavor. Revel in the rich, ruddy goodness of ketchup at its best!

Ordinary spices will not do for Heinz Ketchup. Our experts travel to far-off lands for the finest seasonings the world produces. And how their blended aroma—enticing as fragrant scents from grandmother's kitchen at pickling time—arouses appetite!

Tomatoes? You should see them! They are perfect beauties—big, juicy, vine-ripened aristocrats—picked early in the morning while jeweled with dew and rushed to our near-by kitchens. There they are washed, peeled, pressed—all in a matter of hours. And the vinegar is Heinz own—aged in wood till smooth, mellow and piquant.

Can you wonder that the ruddy bottle with the keystone label is the best-known in the world—the favorite in a hundred lands where cooking is an art and dining a joy? And think how little this grandest of all ketchups really costs. The dash or two that raises a humble stew to a glorious feast means only a tiny fraction of a cent. Be thrifty. Ask your grocer for Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Put zest in simple meals. Pep up lagging appetites.

• • •

Tune in *"Heinz Magazine of the Air."* Music, famous guest stars, homemaking, child problems, recipes—everything of interest to women. Full half hour three times weekly—Monday, Wednesday, Friday mornings. 11 E.S.T.; 10 C.S.T.; 9 M.T.; 12 Noon Pacific Time. Columbia Network.

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Heinz

TOMATO

KETCHUP

tive to the insects. Ordinarily hand-pollenized blossoms on seed farms are covered with muslin cages to keep the insects away. But caging ten acres of nasturtiums was too much of a job even for Bill Hoag. Removing the petals saved the day. The bugs gave them the go-by.

Although Mr. Burpee wanted 50,000 double nasturtiums pollenized, the best the hundred Japanese girls could do by the end of the season was 40,000 crosses. That was enough to produce 120,000 seeds. As fast as they matured, Mr. Hoag shipped the seeds by air express to Philadelphia, where Mr. Burpee had cleared all of his extensive, heated greenhouses of all other plants, much to the disgust of his gardeners. Using valuable hothouse space to grow nasturtiums!

They were even more disgusted when the 120,000 plants came into blossom along about Thanksgiving. Three out of every four blossoms were singles!

"That's all right," explained Mr. Burpee. "In the first generation of hybridized flowers singleness is dominant over doubleness."

That was reassuring, but when he instructed the greenhouse gardeners to pull out every nasturtium which blossomed double, they knew the boss was crazy.

Another Scoop for Burpee

As fast as the seeds of the singles matured, Mr. Burpee shipped some by air and some by boat to seven different farms in South America, the West Indies, Florida and even far-off Australia where he had contracted with farmers to grow nasturtiums. He likewise filled his greenhouses again with them.

As this second generation came into bloom, three out of four blossoms were doubles in a grand assortment of red, mahogany, cerise and primrose shades. In this generation Mr. Burpee had instructed the farmers to destroy all of the singles. All the doubles were allowed to seed. He knew that the double multi-colored strains had become fixed. That is the rule with hybrids.

Mr. Burpee was so sure of this plant habit that even before his seeds came back from the seven winter farms, he had gone out on a long limb and offered the new multi-colored Gleams to the public. Customers had ordered a million seeds at ten cents a seed—a fantastic price for nasturtiums, but a graphic illustration of what John Doe Gardener will pay for something sufficiently Bountiful and Colossal to make his neighbors admire his garden.

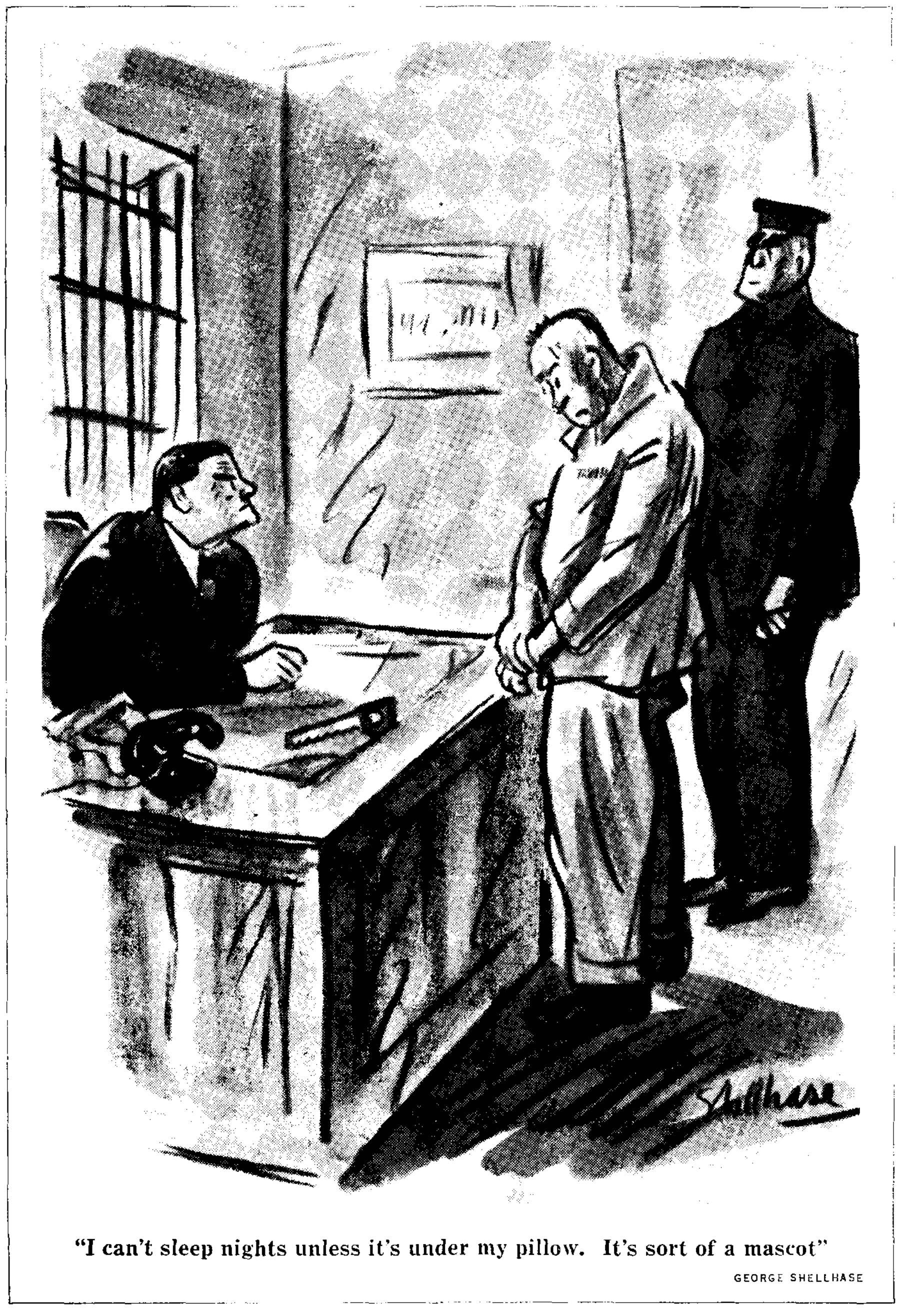
Kaleidoscoping three of Nature's growing seasons into eleven months for the greatest seed scoop in gardening history turned out to be a swell success, except for one angle. When the bills were all paid, Mr. Burpee discovered that each nasturtium seed he had sold for ten cents had cost him twice that much.

There was one bright lining to the cloud. Among the double nasturtiums in the Burpee greenhouse that spring was one plant whose blooms contained at least sixty petals, a gorgeous thing three inches across, somewhat resembling a geum. Somewhere along the line Nature had produced a sport. She had handed Mr. Burpee a brand-new novelty as a reward for his enterprise. The new super-double nasturtium was so very Bountiful and Colossal and likewise original that the United States government granted him a patent on it.

While the Burpee scoop in nasturtiums goes into the records as the most sensational in the seed business, it is by no means the most important. Almost every season one or another of the Big Five among the seed growers of the country comes forth with a scoop such as the Straight-8 cucumber, the sweet-smelling collarette marigold, the rustproof snapdragon, the firecracker radish, or going back a bit, that greatest hit of them all, Golden Bantam corn.

When you look behind the scenes in the seed business, be prepared for some surprises. In the first place, you must get over the idea that your favorite seed merchant, whose seeds you have sent for and sworn by all these years, grows and produces in his own garden the seeds he says are so Bountiful and Colossal. The same batch of seeds probably do what he says, but the chances are he never grew them.

Between eighty and ninety per cent of the flower seeds sold each year in this country and a good share of the world's supply, too, come from the farms of five seed growers on the Pacific Coast. Three of the five are names that John Doe Gardener never heard of for the reason that they sell no seeds under their own package. The Bodger Seed Farms, Waller-Franklin and Macdonald grow and supply seeds in bulk to the package houses such as Dreer's, Vaughan's, Germain's, Northrup-King and a host of other well-known seedsmen. The price John Doe Gardener pays for his seeds has little to do with the case.



"I can't sleep nights unless it's under my pillow. It's sort of a mascot"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

The exceptions to this setup are Ferry-Morse and Burpee, who are both growers and distributors. A few years ago the Burpee Company bought out one of its competitors in the retail mail-order field, William Henry Maule, who had for a good many years bought Burpee seeds in bulk. After the consolidation, the Burpee people got out announcements to the Maule customers explaining this fact and enclosing a Burpee seed catalogue. They asked the former Maule seed fans to order Burpee seeds thereafter, inasmuch as they were the same seeds, anyway.

The response was a flood of angry letters from gardeners saying that they had used Maule seeds all their lives and that Maule seeds were better than Burpee seeds. They refused to order from the Burpee catalogue. Whereupon the Burpees allowed that though you could change corn and beans and sweet peas by various hybridizing devices you couldn't change human nature. Every year the Burpees print 500,000 special William Henry Maule catalogues, send them out from the Burpee plant in Philadelphia and fill the resulting orders with Maule packets that are filled from the Burpee bags. The other 1,800,000 customers on the Burpee list order from the smaller-sized, fat Burpee annual, easily the best seller of all books as winter draws to a close.

Their Unknown Customers

Ferry-Morse ran into a similar proposition six years ago when the D. M. Ferry Company of Detroit and the C. C. Morse Company of San Francisco merged. In eighty years the Ferry Company had grown to be the greatest retail distributor of seeds in the country. Yet Mr. Ferry never grew a seed. He bought his supply from the Morse Company, which was the largest wholesale grower in the world. At the time, few gardeners had ever heard of Mr. Morse or his son or grandson, who had been in the seed-growing business since the 'sixties. When the Morse name began to appear on the commission boxes and the packets John Doe Gardener wanted to know what all the shenanigans were about.

Having merged the biggest seed growing operation with the far-flung distribution outfit to form the colossus of the industry, Mr. Ferry and Mr. Morse were in an odd position. Neither of them knew the name of a single gardener using their seeds. The reason was that the firm retails solely to the trade through the commission boxes which appear like harbingers of spring each February in every drug, grocery, feed and fuel and general merchandise store in the country. All winter long the machines hum in the big Ferry-Morse plants in San Francisco and Detroit packaging seeds and packing them in cases which become display racks in over 200,000 outlets reaching into each hamlet of the land.

Traditional seedsmen that they are, Ferry-Morse publish a seed catalogue, one of the finest, in fact. But John Doe Gardener seldom pores over it during the receding winter nights. The Ferry-Morse catalogues have small holes punched in the upper left-hand corners so that they can be tied to the commission boxes. If you want to see what else they have to sell besides the assortment of seeds in the rack, you are supposed to look in the seed book at the store and order your five- or ten-cent packet through the dealer so that he can get his commission.

Although they know the names of none of their actual customers, Mr. Ferry and Mr. Morse know all about their seed-planting habits. They know just what assortment of seeds to put in the commission boxes that go to Boulder, Colorado, or Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or Parkersburg, West Virginia. The assortment varies with the localities and changes from year to year as the tastes in gardening change. Ferry-Morse are uncanny in their ability to guess what the gardeners will want three to five years hence. It takes about that long to develop enough seeds of a new or improved variety to supply the market, once the gardeners have busted loose with a gardening spree on a certain seed. They have done that recently with nasturtiums and zinnias and are expected to do it this year and the next with marigolds.

Where Britishers Dominate

A few years ago Mr. Ferry got wind of the fact that the housewives of the land were dissatisfied with the existing cucumber. It was crooked, warty and irregular in shape and not in keeping with the changing styles in salads. A cucumber, it seems, used to be grown for pickle making. But now pickles come in bottles, like milk, and the reason for growing cucumbers is salad.

Mr. Ferry passed this little worry over to Mr. Morse, whose job it was, as boss of the growing end of the business, to remodel the cucumber. Mr. Morse and his men went to work at their experimental farm in Salinas, California. They planted a great variety of cucumbers from all over the world. When the vines blossomed they went to work with their little camels' hair brushes and cross-pollenized the strains, hoping to combine the smoothness of one type, the uniform size of another, and the flavor of a third. Having crossed the strains, they grew several generations of cucumbers, selecting only the best and most uniform for seed.

Eventually, Mr. Morse was able to notify Mr. Ferry back in Detroit that they had enough seed to supply the market with a cucumber eight inches in length, smooth, firm and straight—just what the American housewife wanted for the salad bowl. Mr. Ferry was tickled. It being his job to name the new vege-

(Continued on page 28)

(Continued from page 27)

tables or flowers just as it was Mr. Morse's to originate them, Mr. Ferry, like a good Detroiter, called them the "Straight-8." The Straight-8 cucumber was the vegetable scoop of the year.

Ferry-Morse have scored other scoops, both in vegetables and flowers, but what delights them most is the array of sweet peas originated by their hybridizer, Mr. Frank Cuthbertson. Each year near the Monterey Bay coast they plant over five hundred acres to sweet peas. The reason Ferry-Morse goes so heavily into sweet peas is something of a secret in the seed trade. If you promise not to tell anybody, Mr. Ferry and Mr. Morse will let you in on it.

A great quantity of the seed is shipped to England, where, it seems, are grown the finest sweet peas in the world. Because the blossoms in Britain are so Bountiful and Colossal, English sweet pea seed stock is in demand in every country on earth. The English get fancy prices, something like three shillings a packet for their seeds and sell even to fanciers in California who don't know that although the British fog makes for grand blossoms, it is disastrous to seed maturity. So the British buy practically all of their seeds from the Big Five, whose farms on the California coast are cooled by fog in summer, but are dry and clear in the early fall when the seed ripens.

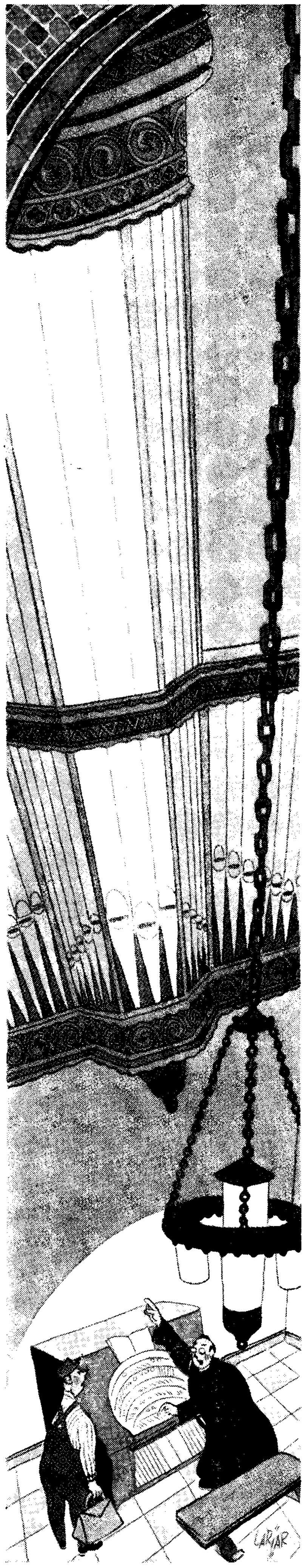
One of the jolly surprises of the seed deal is the way it is dominated by ex-Britishers. The Bodgers came originally from Burnham, England, where Grandfather Bodger was a modest seed merchant. L. D. Waller, head of Waller-Franklin, worked his way from the British Isles to Canada, just in time to encounter the late Dr. John H. Franklin, a practicing physician of Guadalupe, California, whose hobby was originating sweet pea varieties. This pastime had grown so absorbing that the doctor was ready to forget medicine and join Mr. Waller in the seed business. Their sweet pea scoops have rivaled those of Ferry-Morse. Macdonald Seed Company is headed by long, lean William Macdonald, whose rolling burr gives him away as a Scotsman.

Only the Super Offspring Are Saved

The system by which the seeds of the choicest flowers of these farms reach your garden makes one of the most complicated businesses on earth. To begin with, the seed deal is built entirely on faith, with a capital F. John Doe Gardener swears by his favorite seedsman because he knows the seeds he gets will be good germinators, true to type and colorful. Each seed merchant has the same faith in his own favorite grower, who may produce in a single year as many as 800 varieties of seed on one farm. Each batch must be planted, grown, harvested, cleaned, packed, labeled and distributed to forty lands without the slightest error as to color, variety or date or else the resulting holler will be heard around the globe.

Each year the grower watches his fields of poppies, zinnias, snapdragons or other blossoms for outstanding size and color. When he finds an exceptional blossom he cages it by building a muslin box around the plant to keep insects from cross-pollinizing the super blossoms with those of ordinary plants. The seeds from this super plant are carefully collected by hand. The following season they are planted in the trial grounds in a single row about thirty feet long. This is known as "the line." Plants in the line that fail to measure up to their parent are pulled out. Only the super offspring are saved to become the seedsman's stock for the next season when they will be grown by the acre for the following year's market.

Right here you have the very nub of the amazing growth of the American seed business. The seed of any variety of plant that you buy from a recognized seed merchant is only about three generations from a single plant that was a "super." Putting it another way, the dahlia-flowered zinnia seed which gardeners all over the world will plant this year descended from perhaps as few as five plants three or four generations ago and maybe only one two years before that.



"When I press this key, something up there yells, 'Ouch'!"

LAWRENCE LA RIAR

Sometimes a grower discovers a super so very Beautiful and Colossal that he thinks he has a new variety, a "novelty" as it is called in the trade, which won't take his word for it. So he sends a small packet of seeds to the seedsmen's association for testing in the All-American Trials. The association secretary divides the seeds into a dozen smaller packets and sends one to each of the Big Five growers and to several other retail houses which maintain trial gardens. Even though some of these seeds may come back to the original grower who sent them in, he has no way of recognizing them. The packets are identified only by number. He and all of the other growers participate in the trials, make their reports, indicating whether or not they think the zinnia or marigold or sweet pea is a new variety. On the basis of these reports the highly prized All-American awards are made each year.

Deodorizing the Marigold

In this way each seed grower gets a start in the seed stock of his rival's scoops. The rival has a one-year advantage, though. If his faith in his new super is the real McCoy, he has already plunged on it and has planted a few acres in order to supply the market in anticipation of the All-American award. If he doesn't win the award, he has a lot of good seed—sometimes so much he has to burn it.

As every seedsman knows, the public taste in flowers and vegetables is fickle. Sometimes the seed grower learns this to his sorrow. He may have plunged on larkspur when the gardeners' fancy turned suddenly to zinnias. Seeds will keep only two seasons or so, although some are longer lived. Sweet peas seem to improve with age. They have an oil on their surface that hinders germination the first year out of the pod. Seeds must be destroyed after germination tests show that fewer than nine out of ten seeds are fertile.

The big swing in the flower seed business in recent years was to zinnias and nasturtiums. The zinnia boom was set off by the development of the giant dahlia-flowering varieties in the new pastel shades, so much in harmony with modern home decoration ideas. The comeback of the lowly nasturtium has been even more spectacular. Asters and snapdragons, once mainstays of the flower garden, have been in a slump due mainly to the ravages of wilt and rust. All of the Big Five are working on resistant strains of asters and snapdragons in improved colors. They are having some success. Shortly these flowers will again be on the up and up.

The next big hit of the flower garden, a consensus of seedsmen indicates, will be marigolds. This showy posy has been in the doghouse for a long time by reason of its unsavory odor, not of the blossom but of the leaves. It was a plain case of "B. O." Hybridizers have been trying to take the smell out of marigold leaves for years. The first success came when a missionary in the interior of China wrote the Burpees that he had discovered a new type of marigold devoid of odor. The Burpees burned up the cables urging the missionary to send some seeds immediately. They came. When the seeds grew to plants they were the scrawniest and most discouraged-looking marigolds the Burpees had ever seen, but they were simply beautiful to smell. They had no odor at all!

Three years of cross-pollinization has produced a new marigold that is not only pleasing to the nose but each blossom wears a tricky little collarette, a fringe of wide petals around the stem. All of the seedsmen say the new marigold will be a hit.

In the vegetable field the setup is a little different. There are more growers of seed and more specialists. The Ferry-Morse Company grows most of its vegetable seeds near Salinas and in the Sacramento Valley. There are some thirty other vegetable-seed growers in northern California. The Northwest, particularly Idaho and Washington, has a virtual monopoly on the growing of cabbage, broccoli, turnip and radish seeds. Burpee grows at Lansing, Michigan, and Doylestown, Pennsylvania. The Livingstons of Ohio have led the field in tomatoes.

Vegetable-seed growers follow the same general plan for building up their varieties, but less is left to chance. Vegetables are made to order, so to speak, to satisfy the market. Nature often hands out a flower sport far beyond the fondest expectation of the grower. It is not so with vegetables. The vegetable gardener always wants them bigger and better, more Bountiful and Colossal than ever before. Incidentally, vegetable seeds have always been the big end of the business until recently for most seedsmen. Now flower seeds are running neck and neck in volume. The explanation is that the living habits of the country are changing. Americans are developing more talent for the business end of a can opener, less for the hoe.

Among the vegetable scoops, seedsmen rate Golden Bantam corn as number one historic event. Golden Bantam was found in a Vermont cornfield by the late Chauncey Coy, hybridizer and breeder, who brought it to the Burpees for distribution. The original Golden Bantam had eight rows of kernels on the cob. It scored a hit at once because of its characteristic color and sweetness. Another advantage was that it would grow in the hilly sections and produce a crop earlier than any other variety. In recent years some of the vegetable builders have succeeded in adding two more rows of kernels to Golden Bantam, but the dyed-in-the-wool Golden Bantam fans turn up their noses to the new larger ears.

"That's not Golden Bantam," they scoff. "It's just yellow Country Gentleman. Bah!"

Melons Across the Ocean

One of the crying needs of the vegetable gardener, aside from onions, was a pole lima bean. Vegetable hybridizers worked their charms for years in vain trying to make a lima bean climb a stick. They had just about given it up when word came that a Doctor Shepard of Carpenteria, near Santa Barbara, had accomplished the feat. Seedsmen from everywhere shuffled out to investigate. Sure enough, there was the long-sought pole lima. When they tried to find out how the doctor had done it, all he could tell them was that one of his lima beans took a notion to climb and that all of its offspring, like monkeys, had followed suit. "That's all there was to it," he said. Simple!

When he hits on a scoop that John Doe Gardener likes, how the orders come flocking into the seedsman! Some years ago the Burpees brought out a new watermelon, one that was particularly Beautiful and Colossal. Plenty of orders came in from all over the country, but what practically knocked the House of Burpee for a loop was a single order for seven hundred pounds of watermelon seeds from a fellow in Bangkok, out in the Orient, who signed his name Prajadhipok Sukhodaya. The credit man looked the fellow up. His job was King of Siam.

"A SIGNAL ACHIEVEMENT OF BEAUTY!"

— SAYS CHARLES OF LONDON

CHARLES OF LONDON is internationally recognized as one of the greatest of living decorators and connoisseurs of fine objets d'art. He is also the creator of the famous CHARLES OF LONDON furniture.

A LOW-PRICED CAR that's smart . . . distinguished . . . different! No wonder the whole smart world is talking about the new Chrysler Royal. Lady Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) was Chrysler's style consultant, and famous style authorities everywhere have acclaimed the result.

Nancy McClelland, one of America's best known decorators, says, "I think it's a beauty. The interiors are exquisite . . . just what you'd expect from Lady Mendl." John LaGatta, the famous illustrator, agrees. He says,

"The detail of the hood and radiator is beautifully handled. I'm amazed at the attention given to every phase."

In the hands of thousands of owners, the Chrysler Royal is demonstrating outstanding economy. Owners report 18 miles per gallon in ordinary driving. Some report as high as 24 miles per gallon under favorable conditions.

These amazing records are made possible by Chrysler's new Gold Seal engine . . . which has the world's highest compression for its bore . . . yet burns ordinary gasoline. Built to Chrysler's top-ranking standards, the Chrysler Royal gives typical Chrysler reliability and long life.

At last . . . real space in a low-priced car! Imagine a low-priced car that's 96¼ inches long inside, from windshield to rear window . . . 53 inches wide at the center door posts . . . with a 47-inch front seat and 48½-inch rear seat.

That's the sort of roominess only big, costly cars have offered up to now! You get broad, level tonneau floors in the strong, Safety *All-Steel* Bodies . . . new Aero Hydraulic Shock Absorbers . . . Chrysler's famous Hydraulic Brakes and Floating Power.

See and drive the new low-priced Chrysler Royal. Your Chrysler dealer will also be delighted to show you the big, luxurious Chrysler Imperial . . . the magnificent new Chrysler Airflow. Every Chrysler dealer also displays the brilliant 1937 Plymouth.

NOW . . . A NEW METHOD OF PRICING! All prices quoted are delivered prices in Detroit, with Federal taxes, bumpers, spare tire and tube, and preparation for delivery included. Any state or local tax must be added. To ascertain price in your city, simply add transportation cost . . . local and state taxes if any. Additional accessories available at prices to be quoted by the dealer.

☆ **CHRYSLER ROYAL** . . . Coupe, $810. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $920. Eight other body styles.

☆ **CHRYSLER IMPERIAL** . . . Coupe, $1030. Four-Door Touring Sedan with trunk, $1100. Four other body styles.

☆ **CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL** . . . 8-Passenger Sedan, $2060. Sedan Limousine, $2160.

☆ **CHRYSLER AIRFLOW** . . . 6-Passenger Sedan and Coupe, $1610.

Automatic Overdrive is standard on Chrysler Airflow and Custom Imperial. Available on all 1937 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

Time payments to fit your purse on Official Commercial Credit Company plan.

CHRYSLER INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!
Chrysler

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Illustrated, Chrysler Royal Four-Door Touring Sedan, $920. The Dual Windshield Wipers are additional equipment at extra cost.

Enjoy moderate and sensible living...
and–you'll never feel your age

"HELLO—BREAKFAST!" Records from the Adirondack Research show that Mr. E. E. Hale ate his regular hearty breakfast each morning after moderate drinking of Crown Whiskey the preceding evening. Mr. Hale, 32, is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Avoid late hours, rich foods, overstrain, worry. And if you drink, be sure it's the form of whiskey that is best for you.

HOW can you tell about whiskey kindness? Maybe the 5740 individual records now in our files will help you. They represent 41 days of research work with a group of everyday men by a world-famous psychologist.

He found that a normal evening's drinking of fine blended whiskey such as Seagram's Crowns did not appreciably affect minds, muscles, sleep, or appetite the following day.

At the bar, and at home, follow this welcome guide to whiskey kindness. You, too, will prefer Crowns for kindness, and for rich, mellow taste.

Seagram-Distillers Corp.—Executive Offices: New York

Seagram's Crown
BLENDED WHISKIES

FELT AS WELL AS USUAL NEXT MORNING. Statements from Mr. Hale's daily notebook—one of the records in the Adirondack Research—show his mental and physical condition not unduly affected on days after drinking normal amounts of Crown Whiskey the preceding evening.

• • •

CROWNS DID NOT AFFECT NORMAL MENTAL ACCURACY. Each morning before breakfast, the Research Group took 6 well-known, standard examinations for mental and muscular speed and accuracy. On mornings after drinking Crowns the preceding evening, minds and muscles performed with usual efficiency. Mental scores averaged 92.7% of normal.

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
Seven Crown
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NINETY PROOF

Seagram's Crowns are Designed for Better Living

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 Proof.
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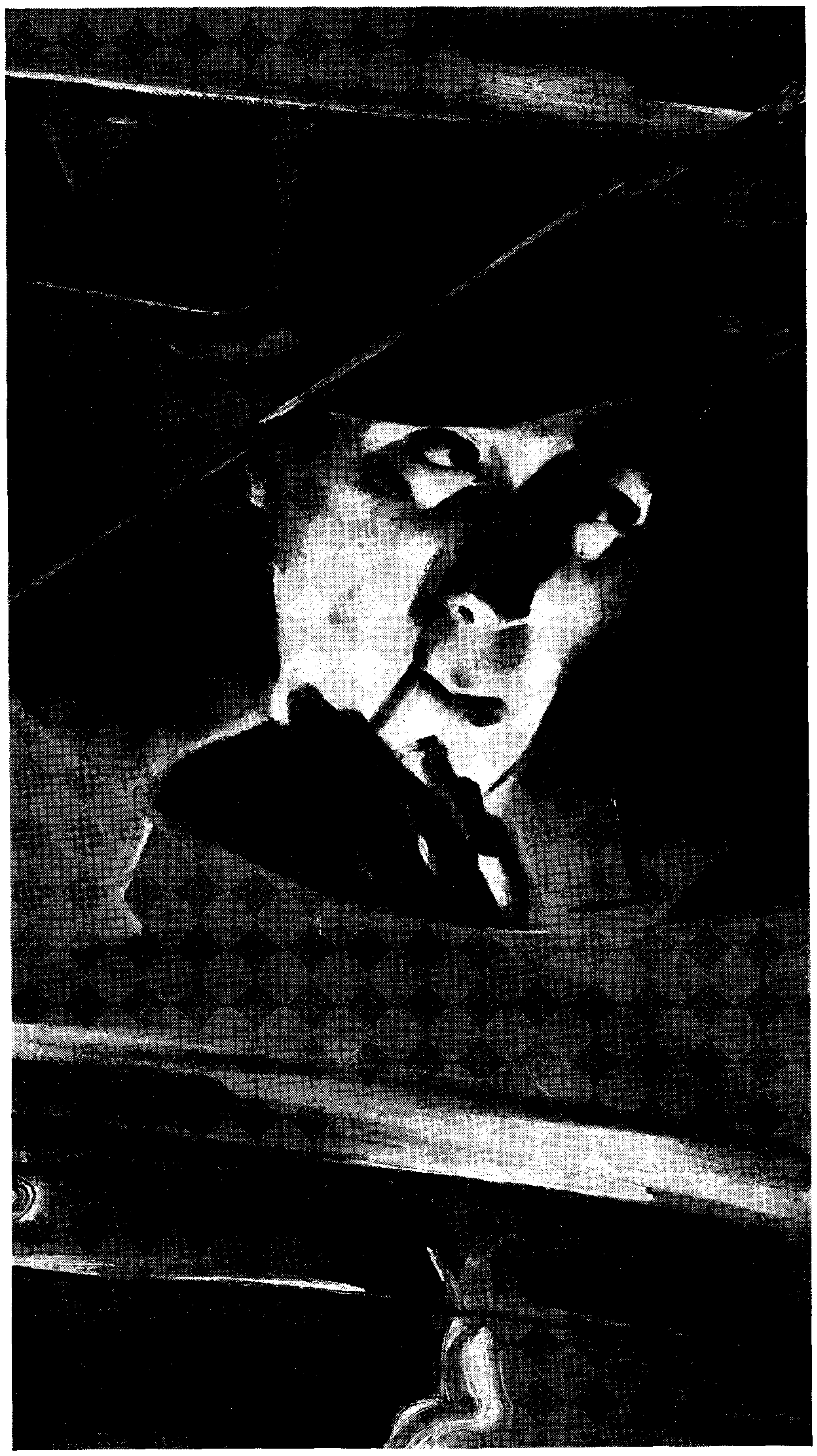
Bottleneck

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS



A Southern drawl invited him almost amiably to keep 'em up

FOR the time being it suited Skinner fairly well to let Big Ed travel with him. Dumb as he was about everything else, Ed could handle a car like nobody's business, and he had a queer knack, too, of picking out the right roads, almost as if he carried a map inside his thick head. It would be easy enough to get rid of him later on, but meanwhile, out here on the wet fringe of the Everglades, on this empty back road between the brimming canals he didn't add much to the chance of being recognized, and his instinct for finding his way might be important. Skinner had almost forgotten about him, in fact, when the car slowed suddenly and skidded to a sharp turn eastward.

"What's the big idea, stupe?" Skinner sat up, snarling. "Don't you know you're heading straight back for the main road?"

"Uh-huh," Big Ed said. "That road we was on stops at a big canal, a little ways north. This here's the only one that'll get us over to the highway so's we can use the bridge."

"Mean to say there's only one bridge?" Skinner's voice rose and sharpened. "That's what I get for thinking you could think! Driving a bus so hot it smokes, and you head for a bottleneck where half the bulls in Florida'll be waiting for us!"

"Maybe they won't be." Big Ed's dumbness always looked at the brighter side of things. "Maybe they didn't spot the license number on us. Or if they did, maybe they won't figure we could've got this far north so quick. Anyhow, there's a town a little ways ahead. It's only a kind of wide place in the road but maybe we can switch cars there."

Skinner made an angry, rasping noise in his throat. It always irritated him when a thickhead like Big Ed offered him a suggestion, especially when it was one that Skinner might have to adopt. He got a sour satisfaction, though, out of the thought that if the scheme worked it wouldn't do Big Ed any good. Skinner leaned back, grinning, as he remembered that there hadn't been a chance to split the loot of that plundered Miami poolroom.

THE town came in sight. Skinner sat up.

"Stop before you get to the lights."

Big Ed nodded. The car nosed in toward the curb in the deep shadow of a mango tree. Skinner climbed out.

"You wait here, Ed. I'll take a quick gander around and come back."

"Hokay." Big Ed lighted a cigarette and slid down till his head rested on the back of the seat. Skinner grinned. Shaking the big lollop would be easy if there was a loose car in reach. He walked down the street past a row of dejected stores. There were a few cars parked before them, but none of them promised speed enough to justify the risk of trying to steal it. Skinner crossed the street and came back, with no better luck. Just as he was nearing the mango tree, though, a new sedan turned the corner and parked a few steps ahead. Skinner's hopes came to life. He walked on slowly, pretending not to notice the man who was climbing out of the sedan, a fat man in a baggy linen suit. He waddled past Skinner, one hand in the pocket of the wrinkled white coat. Skinner went on into the shadow, turned and darted back, stooping to keep under cover of the car in case the fat man happened to look behind him. His hand reached in eagerly to fumble at the ignition switch. He jerked it back, cursing under his breath. There was a step behind him and he heard Big Ed's husky whisper:

"Locked, huh?"

Skinner didn't bother to answer him. He was watching the fat man, just turning in at one of the lighted doorways, and his wits were working fast. Maybe, after all—

"Look, Skinner. I got an idea. Le's just—"

"Skip it," Skinner said impatiently. "I'm trying to think."

"But listen, will you?" Big Ed's voice was eager. "All we got to do is—"

"All you got to do is take orders, see? Go on back to the other bus and stay there till I get back."

"But if you'd just lemme tell you—"

"Get moving, sap." Skinner's whisper was flat, ugly, and Big Ed had the habit of obedience. He lifted his shoulders and spread his hands and turned away. Skinner hurried back toward the row of stores. He chuckled under his breath as he came to the one he'd been watching. Talk about a break! A barbershop, with the fat man overflowing the single chair and the baggy linen coat dangling from a peg in the hall!

The barber's scissors waved a welcome. "Only a coupla minutes, mister."

Skinner nodded carelessly. He took off his coat and hung it up. Even if the barber had been watching him he wouldn't have guessed that Skinner's hand had dipped swiftly into a pocket of the linen coat.

"Rats! Must have left my cigarettes in the car." Skinner put his jacket back on. "Save my seat, buddy. I'll be right back."

HE MANAGED to walk slowly past the row of stores. Nobody was anywhere near the sedan when he came to it. Across the street, barely visible in the black shadow under the mango tree, Big Ed was stooping over to fiddle with something at the rear of the other car. Skinner couldn't see what he was doing, but he wasn't curious. Big Ed hadn't seen him coming. There wouldn't be any trouble about leaving him behind.

He slid in behind the wheel and tried the key in the locked switch. It fitted. The engine started at the first pressure on the starter. As he made his turn the headlights gave him a brief glimpse of Big Ed's face, comically blank. Shifting gears, he heard a shout behind him.

"Hi, Skinner! Wait! Wai—"

Skinner laughed as he stepped on the gas. In the windshield mirror he had another glimpse of Big Ed, standing in the middle of the street, waving his arms. Then he had turned the corner. The bottleneck bridge was only five or six miles ahead. Any bulls who might be watching would be looking for a car with a different license number, a car with two men in it.

Every turn of the wheels made Skinner feel a little more comfortably sure of his smartness and his safety. Even when he came to the bridge and found that the draw was lifted he wasn't worried. There were a few cars and trucks strung out in single file ahead of him, but no sign of any bulls. He leaned back and lighted a cigarette. His hands were cupped about the match when somebody came around behind the car, a gun barrel poked through the window and a mild Southern drawl invited him almost amiably to keep 'em up.

SKINNER kept them up. He kept them up even after he turned his head and found that the lantern-jawed young state trooper was regarding him with unmistakable good will. He continued to keep them up as, under instruction, he slid out from behind the wheel. Another lean young trooper probed his pockets, withdrawing much money and a gun. Tardily, as steel fastened on his wrist, Skinner found speech, warm and fluent and wholly futile. The two young troopers were polite but stubborn. As he traveled briskly southward in their cheerful company toward Miami and its skyscraper jail, their talk presently told Skinner why it hadn't done him any good to switch cars. Also, he couldn't help feeling a little sorry about the way he'd treated Big Ed, although penitence wasn't among his habits. He could see, now, that it would have been a lot better if he'd waited and let Big Ed tell him that instead of bothering to switch cars he had just switched license plates.

But the Future Begins Today

BRILLIANT as her future may seem, it may already be threatened by the mistaken, the dangerous idea that tooth decay is a necessary evil or that it "isn't very important."

For tooth decay has become one of the most harmful and prevalent diseases of mankind. A Government report on the examination of more than a million children in schools, indicates an average of two infected teeth per child.

As age advances, conditions grow worse. Impairment of appearance—even actual loss of teeth—is only a minor result of dental infection. Unchecked, it can retard physical and mental development—contribute to serious illness of vital organs—even shorten life.

Because of these facts, the House of Squibb has developed Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder to provide a more effective home aid in the fight against dental infection.

Most Tooth Decay Can be PREVENTED

Today we offer a simple plan by which most tooth decay can be prevented, and urge you to follow it.

Squibb dentifrices contain an antacid that neutralizes the bacterial acids that cause decay, wherever it comes in contact with them. And you will like the refreshing cleanliness of the mouth and brilliant luster of the teeth that result from their use.

Follow THE SQUIBB PLAN

1. Brush your teeth thoroughly at least twice a day, using a dentifrice that is efficient and safe; one prepared by a reliable maker.

2. Check with your dentist regularly to be sure that your home treatment is effective, that your diet is correct, and that you have the benefit of adequate professional service.

For more than three-quarters of a century, millions of careful families have depended on the name of Squibb . . . Specify—

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—*it has all the scientific advantages of Squibb Dental Cream . . . for those who prefer powder.*

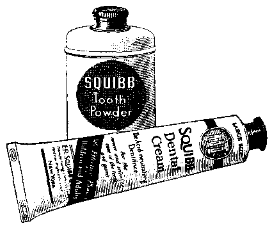
SQUIBB MINERAL OIL—*a safe, internal regulator.*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN—*pure and promptly effective.*

SQUIBB COD LIVER OIL—*exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D . . . a true economy.*

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—*free from any suggestion of earthy taste . . . another sign of purity.*

SQUIBB SODIUM BICARBONATE—*refined to an unusual degree of purity.*



SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

What Every Girl Wants

Continued from page 19

to gigantic proportions one moment and sinking into chasms the next.

Alice wasn't exactly afraid of the storm. She had spent all her life observing, so she went back to the lounge, where most people sat, and went on observing.

A great many passengers went on playing games with a sort of sick absorption, as if their interest in something else might keep the storm at bay. It was their own nerves, Alice thought, that they really wanted to keep at bay and were not succeeding; nor were those who fell back on drink succeeding any better.

Some people were unusually quiet and stayed close together; a very small remnant surrounded the elderly clergyman, who looked embarrassed until a firm, unmarried lady who knew how to set the clergy off suggested hymns. These were, Alice thought, for those who liked them, rather a success.

Every now and then a great wave slapped the ship's side with the careless, familiar whack of a slum mother correcting her offspring.

Dinner was served as usual, and stewards heroically fought to keep an incredible balance. Nobody ate very much; no ship's officers were there except the chief purser and the doctor, who were dangerously cheerful, and talked as if they weren't on the sea at all. It was, Alice thought, kind of them, but quite useless, because by now everyone knew that they had been caught by a hurricane. The "tail end" of a hurricane, the more optimistic hastened to add. Night fell and most people went to their cabins. Alice was on her way to hers when she met Ray Vincent. He said: "Look here—don't go to bed. Come into the smoking room with me."

He spoke as if there had been no break in their friendship, as if something, behind silences and evasions, had gone on at its own pace, drawing them nearer to each other.

Alice said: "All right, I'll come."

People were still talking in the smoking room, though in order to hear one another they had to shout.

Alice said as her chair swung close to Ray's: "There is danger, I suppose?"

Ray did not try to juggle with her fears; he said: "Have a cigarette. I suppose so. Shall you try for one of the boats—if they attempt to get them out?"

Alice told him with quiet certainty: "I shan't try for anything."

Ray's eyes, meeting hers, looked rather accusingly at her. "That's just the trouble, isn't it," he said; "you never do try for anything, do you?" Alice didn't ask him what he meant.

MILLY, dressed as usual in something extraordinarily fetching, and wholly inappropriate for a storm at sea, heaved herself across the room, and sank into a third chair that slipped as if on purpose toward them. Her eyes were wide with terror.

She said: "If—if anything goes wrong, I have to be saved, haven't I? I can't swim like you and Miss Devine. They do save women and children first still, don't they? What are lifeboats for, anyway? I wish I hadn't come on this damned cruise!"

Ray Vincent said reassuringly, but not, Alice thought, at all fondly: "There isn't the slightest danger, of course. This boat will weather anything—but naturally, if there should be any danger, you would be saved first."

The wind sounded as if a zoo had been let loose and the contents tactlessly mingled together. The voices of the gale were multitudinous.

A wave crashed down upon the smoking room with an overwhelming thud. A piece of wall opened—a lilting, dancing gray wave wandered aimlessly across the room, over the neat linoleum floor, working in and out of chairs and tables, till it crashed against the bar, upsetting all the bottles of expensive drinks, so expensive that you paid a shilling for the smallest glasses of anything—and scattered their contents on the floor.

A steward came in, his arms full of life belts, and began distributing them as if they were potato chips. He hovered kindly over flustered women, and helped them into the belts, as if he were an experienced lady's maid. Ray took three belts from a chest near the smoking-room door. "Just for fun!" he told Milly. She flung herself into his arms, sobbing and screaming, and Alice put on her own belt, and then fastened Ray's because he could not get his arms free.

The wave receded, and for a long time nothing further happened; everything seemed to get quieter. People stopped scolding one another, the ship's company, or anyone else whose fault it was that they were suddenly menaced—never of course their own.

THEN a ship's officer came into the doorway and told people to go to their boat stations: as a precautionary measure, he said.

Very few of the passengers knew where their boat stations were; but the doors were all swung open, and they could go on deck if they liked. Indeed they could do anything they liked, had there been anything they liked to do!

This situation seemed quite familiar to Alice; and she was luckier than most of the other passengers because she knew exactly what she wanted to do, and had it in her power to do it.

She wanted to stay near Ray Vincent until the last possible moment; and this, it appeared, was what he wanted as well.

"Take her other arm," he told Alice, referring to Milly, who was screaming at the top of her voice and drumming with her heels on the boat, as it pushed itself up under her, or fell completely away. Ray took her other side and between them they half dragged, half carried her out onto the deck.

It was "the open sea" all right, Alice told herself rather grimly, as they leaned against the wind. The noise in the smoking room had been a gentle murmur compared to the wild shouts of the hurricane on deck. The steady wall of sound was torn up, from time to time, by harsh and hideous shrieks.

Alice could not see any waves, only huge masses of black water, with a line of white foam on their blind, eager lips, lurching toward the ship as if they knew their time had come. Groups of passengers struggled waist-deep in water round the lifeboats, held back by officers and crew. Only the lifeboats on the port side could be used; the rest had gone, or were stove in by the waves.

Ray told Alice which to try for, and where he thought they could push Milly in.

He let go of her for a moment to strike her across the mouth; this seemed to make Milly sensible enough to do what she was told. "When I say go—go—when I say stand fast—stand fast," Ray shouted to Alice. She nodded—the deck emptied itself of water, and across its awful slant they lurched with their burden. Alice was enthralled by the effort. It seemed to use the very core of her heart, to get Milly into the boat.

The stout wedge they made, the decisiveness they used, with none of the frantic fluster of a personal stake, just sufficed, with the extra help of a ship's officer, at the last moment. They pushed, shoved, dragged, lifted Milly—into the lifeboat. There was no time to be polite. No one pushed Alice forward when she moved back. Only Ray shouted urgently: "Try —try—for yourself—Alice!" But Alice had no such intention. She stepped back, into an alcove of railing, by Ray's side.

"There isn't any sense in it!" she shouted into his ear. "I don't want to!"

The boat was lowered. It was incredible to see it arrive unspilled far down in a black chasm, and then climb up, and over an incredible peak. After that it vanished.

"A ghost of a chance!" Ray shouted in Alice's ear. "We've about as much—or as little here!" Alice felt the pressure of his arm round her, and thought how strange it was to be so happy—a little unfair too—since all the struggling mass that hadn't been able to get into the lifeboats wailed and sobbed, or stood trembling and aghast at being made to face, with no alternative, the grim plunge toward death. You can't, Alice thought, really face death, because if you're happy, it's not there—and if you're not, you're too frightened to know what is there!

Ray didn't appear to be either frightened or unhappy. He held Alice close against his side, and watched with her the breaking up of the ship. She did not break up, nor turn turtle at all suddenly. At first she merely shuddered violently and kept turning from side to side, like a fever patient in a heated bed; then she shook off what she could.

The waves tore and ripped at her, as if to help her to free herself. Once she nearly stood on her head, like a duck, but recovered herself and fell back again with a great spill and rattle of anything left loose to spill or rattle inside her; and then once more she reared higher and higher, while the slippery deck turned into a precipice. Alice thought she heard Ray say, "Goodby, darling!" A roar closer than the scream of the wind drove with her, headlong into the sea.

Alice felt the weight of the icy water strike her whole body, and then suck her under; after a long suffocating tussle in the dark, in which she remembered only to keep her mouth shut and kick, a faint light shuddered through her wet eyes.

She found herself rising on the lift of a vast wave; she swam up it in a leisurely way, assisted by her body belt, and was not surprised, though pleased, to see Ray pushing a spar toward her, at the top.

It was a sulky dawn, but they could see each other's faces quite plainly. They held on to the spar, and looked at each other. Alice said: "What made you think me dull?"

Ray looked surprised but answered instantly: "Did I? Well, I don't now! I always liked you—but not so much, of course!"

This seemed satisfactory, though Alice reminded herself they mightn't have very long to be satisfied with it. For the moment the body belts held, but the water was icy cold, and a wave like the wave that had drawn them together might just as easily fling them apart.

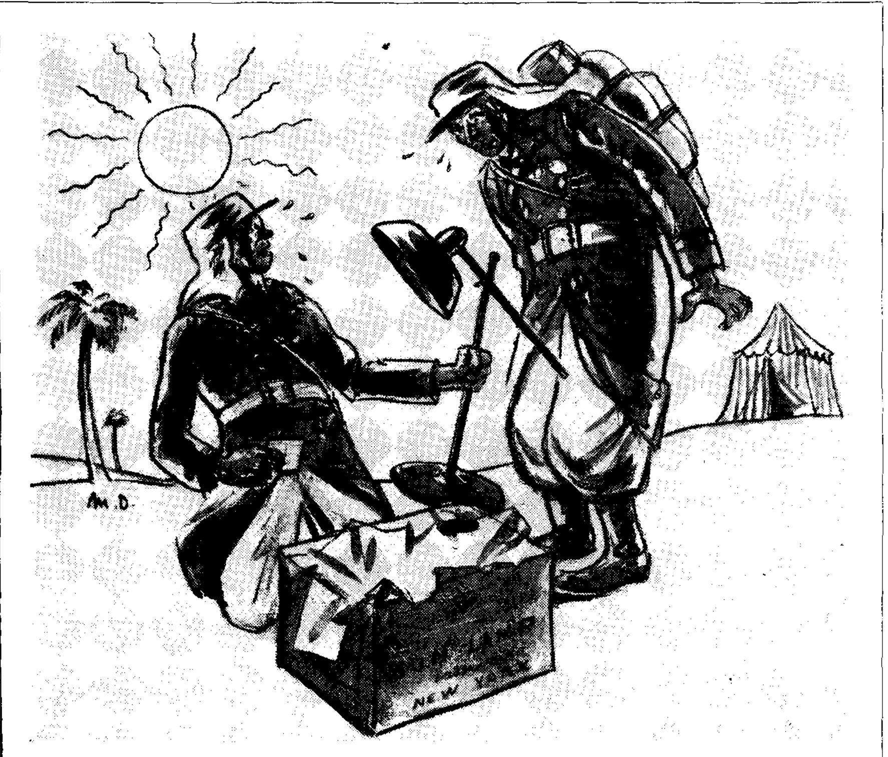
"I wish you'd kiss me," Alice found herself shouting. "Nobody ever has!"

"I will if I can," Ray told her, "but it's a bit difficult." He shifted his arms cautiously along the spar, bent over toward her, and their cold lips touched, and fell apart. They sank down and down into a vast chasm, and on coming up again found themselves confronted by a wooden cliff dangerously close to their heads.

IT WAS the ship's raft and the wireless operator sat in the middle of it. When he saw their floating heads he eagerly threw them a rope, and helped them climb onto the raft. This was the worst of the whole business. The raft kept hitting Alice and bruised her all over; then it threatened to turn over backward on them, all three; and suddenly after seeming to tear itself away from them forever, they found it had slid under their feet.

There they were on it, with Wireless, in a pallid dawn. "There's a ship within fifty miles of us—heading our way!" Wireless informed them. This did not sound very near, but when they got used to the raft and what it could do but probably wouldn't, and what it wouldn't do but probably could, Wireless opened a little hatchway and produced some dry food and a bottle of rum.

"This," Alice thought to herself, while munching salt pork and drinking turn by turn with the men out of the flask of rum, "is the happiest moment of my life—it's what I always wanted, and now I've had it, it doesn't much matter whether I get saved."



"It's a birthday present from me Aunt Lucy" MARSHALL DAVIS

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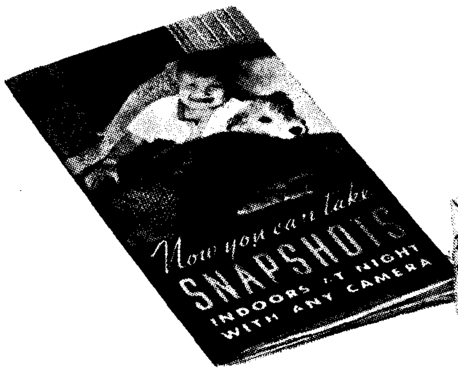

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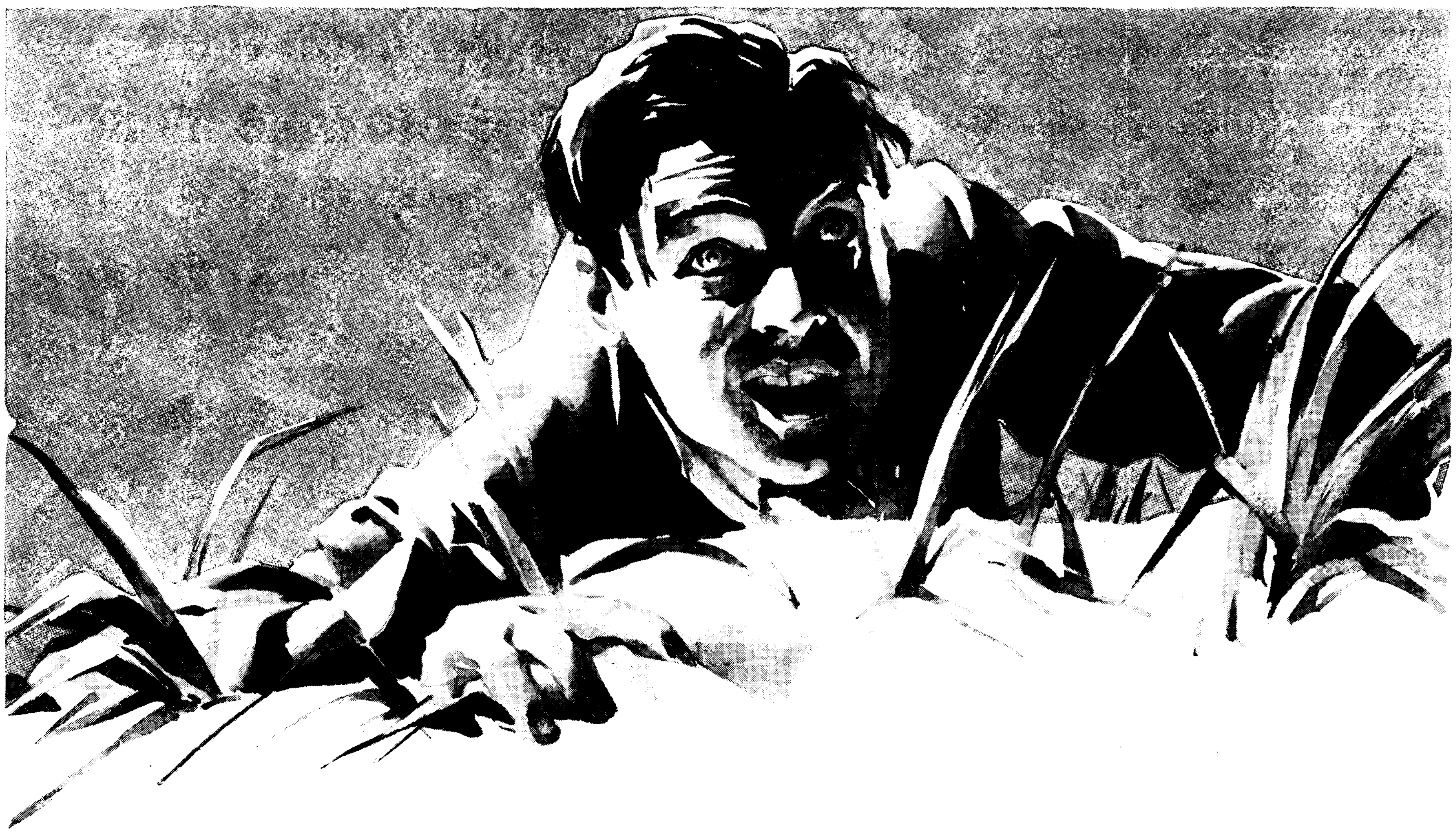


"Today I sneaked back here to see what they'd done with the plane. . . ."

Where the Heart Is

By Edwin Muller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A court-martial would find her treasonable. But, somehow, we cannot agree. The story of a German girl who befriended an alien spy

Hotel Strande
September 10, 1936

Mr. Calvin Tompkins
Tompkins, Enderby and Dodds
44 Wall Street, New York

MY DEAR CAL:

I am writing this to you because you know your way around the State Department. After I've given you the facts you'll know what to do, I suppose, if you read in the papers that I have been arrested by the German authorities as a spy.

That amazes you. It amazes me no less. I'm not the type for this sort of thing and I know it. I believe in minding my own business, especially when traveling in Europe. If you had told me day before yesterday that I would be involved in a case of military espionage I wouldn't have thought it funny enough to laugh.

Before I proceed any farther, Cal, I want to tell you without reserve that there has been no sort of feeling between Fraeulein Elsa and me. There was nothing of the sort even before Lieutenant Falken appeared. I bear him no ill will whatever, even though my present predicament is partly due to the fact that he looks as if he might be my younger brother.

I am under no illusion that Fraeulein Elsa could have any feeling for a man who has gone gray and grizzled. She's youth incarnate.

Probably, during these weeks, I have been to Elsa a substitute for the young officers of the garrison when the latter were on duty. Or perhaps she thinks of me as a good subject on which to practice her English. At any rate she has gone on long walks with me up the beach and across the dunes, and we have talked endlessly. She has given me a glimpse into the life and thought of a girl who has come to the age of twenty-one under the Third Reich.

It's a strange world to look into, that mind of hers. Rather disquieting. There she is—the dreamy-eyed Fraeulein of the old school who might have fallen in love with the Student Prince in old Heidelberg—and now she's dressed up, so to speak, in gray khaki and an iron hat, doing the goose step.

SHE'S a whole-souled young person. If she got religion you know she'd go the whole way. She's Joan of Arc obeying the Voices—and the Voices come from the Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin.

To hear her talk—well, here's an example:

We were sitting on top of a high dune, looking out over the steel-gray glitter of the North Sea. Just over the curve of the earth were the Dogger Banks, where the grand fleets had pounded each other twenty years ago. A little farther would be the coast of England. Back of us a plane was slanting down to a landing on the military field—the big new aviation field that the Germans have established on Norderney.

"Suppose," I said, "you had a lover and that he was the best pilot in his squadron. And suppose that his commander called for a volunteer—one to dive a plane loaded with bombs straight at the deck of an enemy battleship. What would you have him do?"

"Volunteer." She snapped it out as if she were quoting from the Nazi Bible.

I smiled at her, but a little fearfully.

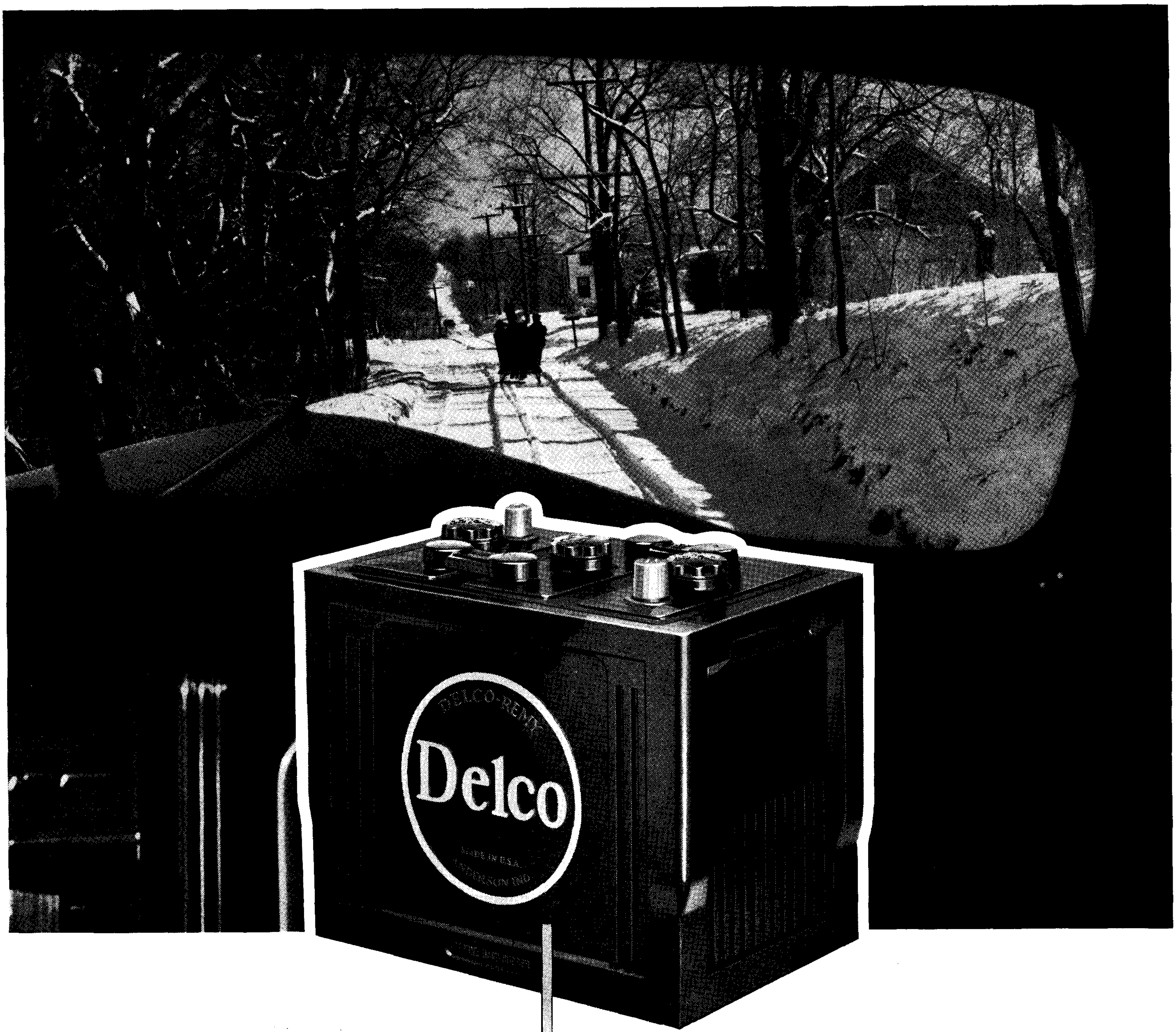
"And if you caught me taking pictures of a German fort you wouldn't hesitate two seconds about turning me over to the authorities to be clapped into jail?"

She looked at me a little startled, as if it had never occurred to her to think of real people, people she'd walked and talked with, in connection with her heroics. She shook her head impatiently and didn't answer.

Elsa's patriotic fervor rose to a high pitch during the recent maneuvers of the German fleet.

I don't know what you may have read about them in the papers at home. Not much, I suspect, because extraordinary precautions were taken to keep the foreign correspondents and everybody else away from them. Whatever it was that the Germans were trying in the way of tactics or equipment they wanted to keep strictly to themselves. No ships or planes were allowed anywhere near the cruising grounds in the Bight of Helgoland. There's a public flying field here on Norderney. On the day of the maneuvers not a plane was permitted to take off from it.

That morning Elsa and I walked the length of the



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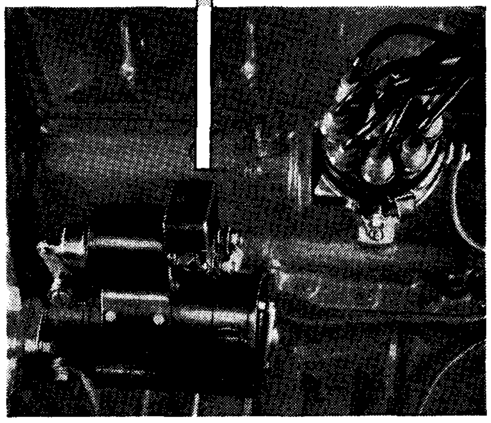

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island to the lighthouse eight miles away. We climbed the winding stairs to the open gallery just below the lamp. From that height our own island and the whole chain of the Frisians spread out below us.

They are nothing but a row of big sand bars, desolate stretches of sand and scrub with the ocean forever hammering at them. Inland, ten miles away, was the low coast line of the mainland—Germany here, Holland a few miles away. I could see the little steamer that was our only link with the mainland, crawling over the flat surface of the bay, carrying a plume of smoke like a black feather in its cap.

All of the other islands were barren of life. And Norderney too was a wilderness of dunes and wire grass except at the far end. There you could see the clustering houses of the village and the long line of the barracks that surrounded the military aviation field.

"Ugly, aren't they?" I said.

BUT Elsa wasn't looking in that direction. I don't think she even heard me, she was so absorbed in the northern horizon.

There was nothing to see there. Nothing but a smudge of smoke that hung above the line where the sky touched the North Sea—the German Ocean as they used to call it. I suppose she saw in her imagination what lay beyond that horizon—the black fortress of Helgoland jutting up out of the sea, the gray forms of the battleships marching in line, the guns lifting up from the fighting turrets.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she said.

I told myself that she wasn't old enough to have the slightest memory of war and what it was like.

As we walked back along the beach the clear line of the horizon was obscured by a band of dirty brown. The fog bank climbed the sky until, when we were halfway home, first the sun disappeared and then our world contracted to the circle of sand at our feet, surrounded by the gray blanket of mist.

Somewhere behind us I thought I heard the motor of a plane, irregular in its beat.

That evening I noticed a certain air of excitement here in the hotel. None of the five or six remaining guests went out after dinner. They gathered in a group in the salon and discussed something in voices too low for me to overhear.

At six o'clock next morning we had a visit from the police. I was awakened by their knocking at the door next to mine along the corridor. An elderly couple had that room. I could hear the man shuffling across the floor, a brief dialogue, the door closed.

My turn was next. The two men in uniform were courteous but crisp. My passport. I produced it. They looked at the photograph and gave me a quick scrutiny. One of them shuffled a handful of papers and produced one that I recognized as the form that I had filled on coming to the hotel, the regular one, date and place of birth, occupation, etc. They compared it with the passport and nodded.

"If you go out today you will carry your passport." It was a command.

They went on to the next room.

Later in the day, when I met Elsa on the Promenade, I asked her what it was all about.

"Orders from the commandant."

That was all she would say. There were times when Elsa irritated me a little by a certain behind-the-scenes air she adopted about military matters. As if the young fellows of the garrison had any vital secrets to confide to her.

She was occupied with one of them that afternoon, so I had to take my walk alone. At least I tried to take it. I hadn't gone more than a mile up the beach when I was stopped by those damned police. Two of them posted there on the sand. No one to pass. *Verboten.*

Before I turned back I looked past them up the beach. About a mile farther on was what seemed to be an airplane resting on the sand.

No doubt, Cal, you'll say to yourself that, if I'd minded my own business, I wouldn't be sitting here tonight wondering whether I'll dine tomorrow on this pleasant terrace or in the local jail. But I wanted to know what was up that beach. Next afternoon I tried again.

I didn't intend to ask Elsa to go along. But, when I passed her hotel, there she was on the terrace.

"Where do you go, Herr Philip?"

"Up the beach."

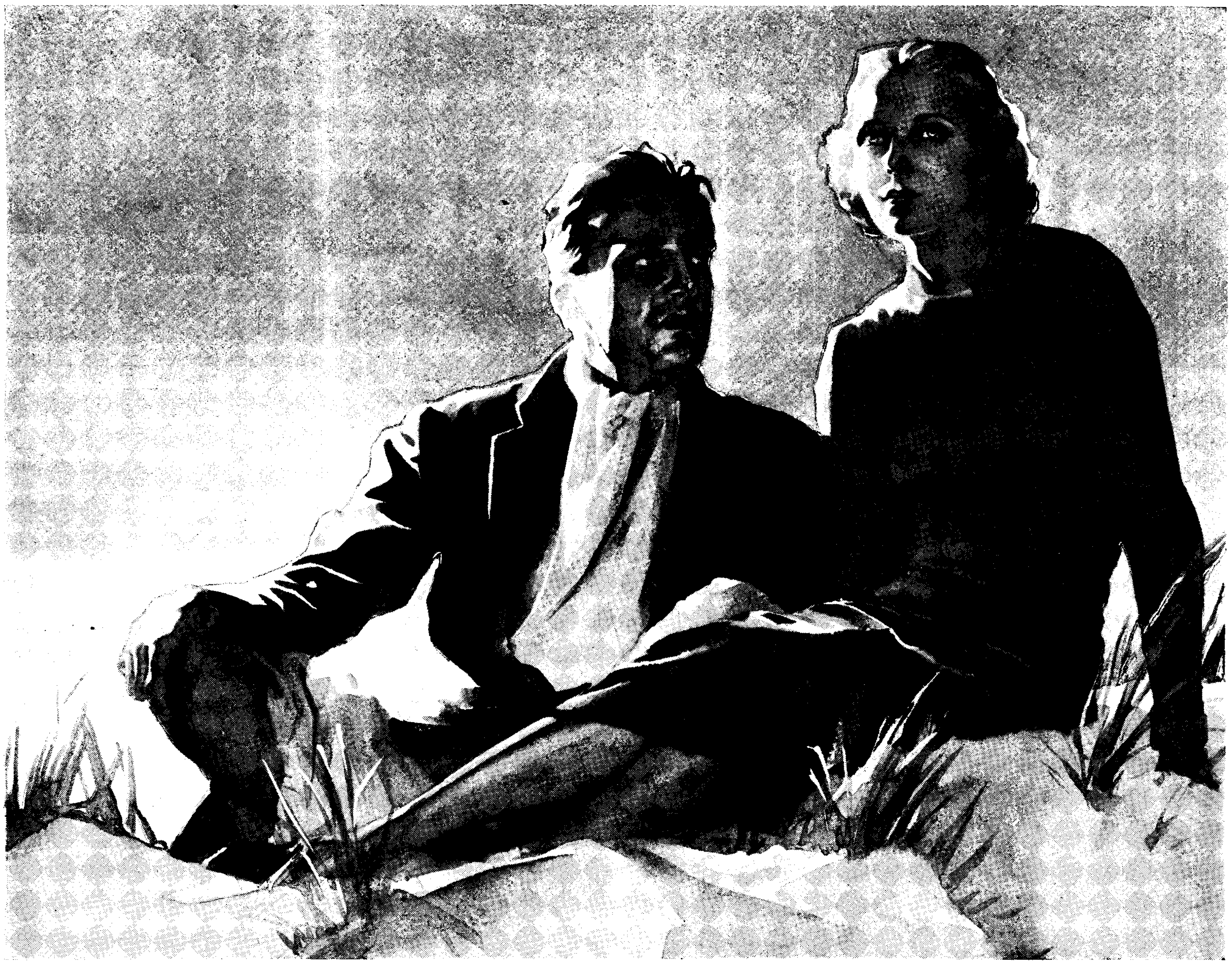
She frowned a little. After a moment's hesitation she jumped up.

"I go also."

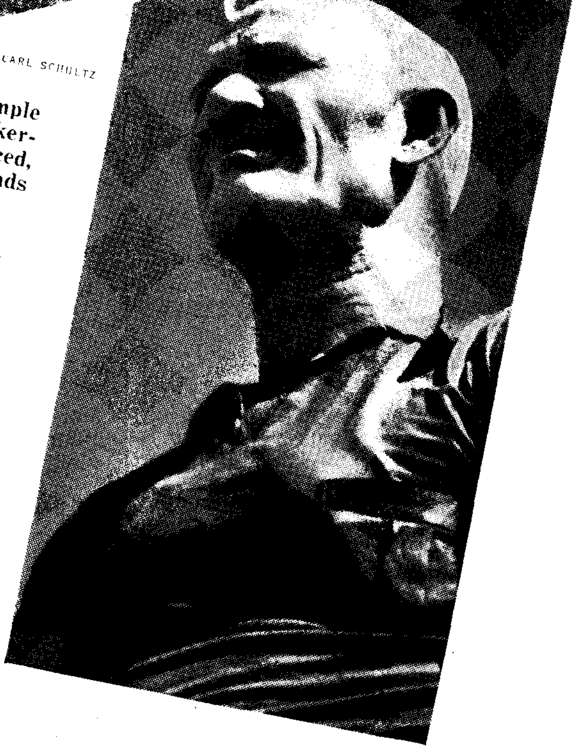
AS SOON as we left the village we had the world to ourselves. It was the clear, cold weather of early September and we could see for miles up the empty beach. Nothing to break the flat expanse of the sand except the lump that was still too far away to recognize as a plane. Elsa didn't seem to want to talk today—we walked on and on without saying a word. We passed the place where the police had stopped me yesterday. Nobody there.

We came close to the plane. No one could mistake now what it was. And now I could see two figures motionless beside it. I had the impulse to wait and let Elsa comment on it first. That it should be there at all, you see, was altogether unusual, an unprecedented

(Continued on page 48)



"Will you come to see me in prison, Fraeulein?" he asked. "Any time this next ten years?"



CARL SCHULTZ

"Send 'em away together," is the simple formula that has made Boots Dickerson famous wherever horses are raced, but it's not always as easy as it sounds

They're Off!

It's the start of the race, a beautiful clean start. They all got away together. This race will be decided in the stretch as a race should be. The starter's job is a work of art. And here is the artist, Roy (Boots) Dickerson

By Quentin Reynolds

ROY DICKERSON drawled, "Erich, you schooled Case Ace, didn't you? All right, take him . . . Jim, take that filly . . . Back her in, she don't like to walk up . . . Biggy, you handle that big colt, use the nippers on him . . . Joe, take that chestnut, better use the twitch . . . he acted mean last time out . . . Johnny, you take Gold Flag . . . Hurry it up, boys . . ."

The horses were coming down the track now, some walking sedately, others tossing nervous heads up, still others trying to bolt. The jockeys, Woolf, Corbett, Robertson, Balaski, the rest of them, kept talking to their horses, soothing their horses. They walked to the starting gate and the assistant starters went up and took hold of bridles. Dickerson watched closely, "Joe, talk to that chestnut, he acts jittery . . . Come up with Case Ace, Erich . . . Get those nippers on the big colt, Biggy . . . Hurry it up, boys."

This was at Arlington Park and the two-year-old race was one of the features of the day's racing. It was a twelve-horse field, a difficult job for starter Roy (Boots) Dickerson. Two-year-olds are always nervous at the post. A strong breeze came across the infield and it ruffled the manes of the horses and blew into the eyes of the horses and frightened them. Two-year-olds are nervous and easily frightened.

Dickerson stood up on the starter's platform. His assistants were tugging, cajoling, soothing, according to the temperament of the horse each handled. In his right hand Dickerson held a button which when pressed would ring a loud bell, the starting signal. The horses were lining up now, backing into the padded stalls. You could tell the experienced jockeys, Wright, Woolf, Robertson; they sat relaxed, quiet, stroking the

(Continued on page 42)

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"If it's really that bad, Miss White, I'll talk it over with the printing salesman."

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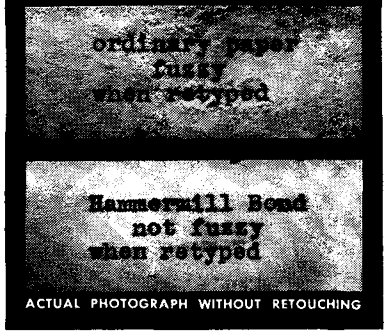

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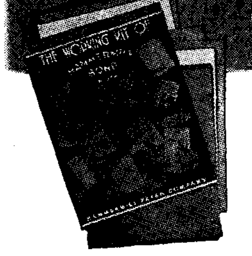

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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK IT IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

(Continued from page 41)

necks of their horses soothingly. They let the assistant starters do the work. They knew that a horse can be handled much better from the ground. Now the confusion of twelve jittery horses began to disappear and order came out of the chaos. Ten of them were in line, then the eleventh, then . . . *Clang.*

They broke as one, lunging forward with great strides, and you wondered how those assistant starters managed to escape their flying steel-shod hoofs. The jockeys yelled shrilly and the horses thundered away. A half furlong from the start the jocks pulled in their reins, the horses steadied down to an even gallop and Boots Dickerson stepped down from his platform, smiling slightly. The assistants looked at him a bit apprehensively, then they saw his smile and they relaxed and smiled, too. It had been a perfect job, a beautiful job, and they felt good. Many races are won or lost at the start—this one would be decided honestly, truly, in the stretch where races should be decided.

Schooling Jittery Horses

Eight times that afternoon at Arlington Park, Dickerson sent fields of horses careering down the track. Never once were the horses at the starting gate more than two minutes. Never once was a horse race won or lost at the starting stall. For years Dickerson has been starting horses, and horsemen in general acknowledge him to be one of the two or three greatest starters in the game. He should be. He learned his trade under the master, the greatest of all, old Mars Cassidy. Dickerson, who is called Boots by everyone, has been starting the gee-gees at Arlington and at a half dozen other tracks for eighteen years now, and Dickerson knows as much about horses as any man alive. The secret of a good start? "Why, that's easy," the smiling broad-shouldered Kentuckian says in his attractive drawl. "Just send those horses all away in the same direction."

But there's more to it than that. Dickerson knows every horse that walks to the starting stalls. He's been up with that horse morning after morning, schooling him, teaching him to be unafraid of the grotesque-looking stalls, teaching him to act friendly-like toward the other horses. Dickerson is one of the few starters who spend each morning at the track, schooling horses. A horse is instinctively afraid of anything he doesn't understand.

"Of course, trainers are responsible for the behavior of a horse, but I feel that I'm responsible for the way they start," Dickerson said. "I'm out here on the track at the starting stalls every morning about five. Any trainer on the track can send his horses to me to be schooled. Of course, the trainers themselves have already done the preliminary schooling, but they naturally like to have their horses become accustomed to the voices of myself and my assistants. A horse can remember things easily—but he can't forget things. He will remember a friendly voice. If we start him off right, teach him to leave the gate properly in the beginning, he'll remember that. If he starts off by being afraid of the gate, he'll always be afraid."

Dickerson often stands a timid horse a few feet from the starting stall and just lets him stand there, while the other horses are practicing starts. After a few mornings of this, the horse, given his head, is apt to walk up to the gate to investigate. He sees that it is harmless. Then he is led into one of the stalls.

"I let a jittery horse just stand there for maybe ten minutes. Then I lead him away. Morning after morning I'll do this. After a while the horse is content to stand there. He's lost his fear of the strange-looking contraption. Then, too, he's become accustomed to my assistants, who really," Dickerson smiled, "do all of my work."

Contrary to general belief, the jockeys do not start their horses; that is, good jocks don't. The clang of the bell sends them into action. It used to be the shouted "Now come on" of the starter himself, but with the advent of the starting gate a bell replaced the clarion voice. In the morning the horses are sent out of the stalls time after time by their riders, just as the bell clangs. They get accustomed to dashing out at the sound of a bell. Then the riders cease their urging and finally just the sound of the bell is enough.

"Watch the good riders in the next race," Dickerson said. "They just lean over their horses' necks waiting for the bell. They know that the bell is signal enough for those ponies. The bell gives them that first lunge; the shrill scream of the rider sends them out tearing on that first half furlong—then the rider takes command with his reins and with his knees."

We were interrupted because another batch of horses was coming up for the fifth. The Arlington Park stands were jammed that day and 30,000 spectators had bet perhaps thirty thousand dollars on this race, a stake affair. Dickerson looked down at his race program. There were the names of the eight horses and beside each were cryptic figures.

"This should be easy," Dickerson mused. "Blue Alice needs the nippers. I may have to put a twitch on Gyral. Masterpiece likes to back into the stall; he won't walk in. . . ."

Dickerson knew the peculiarity of each horse in the race. The assistant starters stood looking up expectantly. Dickerson never tells them which horse they are to handle until the horses reach the gate. In the past, assistant starters have been accused of holding horses, hindering their start. Dickerson swears by his boys—they've all been with him for years—but his policy is to avoid any chance of sending temptation their way. He told each what horse to take. "Great boys, those fellows. They're responsible for the good starts we've had here at Arlington. Look at the arms of them. That Jim Thompson is one of the greatest. Biggy Benn and Val Sulech are just as good. They take merciless punishment, too. Those boys are the forgotten men of racing—those assistant starters."

To Them the Race Was Over

Dickerson knows, because he was one for fifteen years, when he worked for old Mars. He had his hand nearly bitten off, had ribs broken, and knees smashed. His hands are gnarled and there is a scar on his cheek. When the horses roar out of those stalls, they don't care what is in front of them. An assistant starter must be nimble-footed to keep from going under those galloping, pounding steeds.

Now Dickerson was on his platform, talking softly, "Back him in, Erich . . . Swing him to the right, Jim . . . Joe, you and Fred lean against that colt . . . Push him back . . . Snap that whip, Al, that filly is ready to bolt . . . Steady . . . Steady . . ." . . . Clang!

From the grandstand, far across the infield, came the roar "They're off!" and nine horses lunged out of the gate as one. Dickerson stepped down from the platform. His assistants looked up, saw him smile, and they smiled, too, then threw themselves down on the turf, content. The horses were rounding the turn, coming into the stretch well bunched, and thirty thousand people were screaming. But Dickerson and his boys weren't looking. To them the race was already over—it was over when it had begun.

Castle Key

Continued from page 11

"If you have any proofs," the judge said, "that my client has some money due her, any memoranda, any partnership agreement"—he broke off. He said: "Shucks, son; you know that girl. She won't believe a word of this."

"She's got to, damn it," Greg said. But he knew she wouldn't; might have known there wasn't any way she'd let him help. He'd wanted to, two years ago, when the Trelawney Trust had folded up with the Carlisle money. And they'd laughed at him, and Hugh had got a little airport job and June had gone to work at Russell's, selling dresses. And it was the way they'd done it; heads up, with an air; and hung right to it, grinning all the time. To hear June tell it, selling dresses was the biggest time she'd ever had. And now she'd even have to give up their little two-by-four apartment and move into some cheap room somewhere and do it with an air and try to make you think that everything was swell.

"There isn't any use, clown," Bill said. "June would know that if old Hugh had any part of twenty thousand dollars coming he'd have told her."

Judge Tremble rose. He said: "It was a nice thought, son; but that young lady holds her head up, bless her. She will get along. Besides, young man, did you suppose that I would violate my ethics, help you manufacture evidence and even stoop to barefaced lies?"

Greg grinned. He said: "Well, Judge, I called you in."

The judge smiled back at him. "Contempt of court," he said. "But possibly—ahem—you're right."

Bill said: "I'll go along too, Greg. Maybe June will want me. I'll come on back if she doesn't."

Walking back with old Judge Tremble, through the summer evening, down the block they'd played on—June and Hugh and Greg and he—when they were kids, Bill thought: "Oh, yes, she'll want me." But it would be only as she always had; as some nice trusty cousin you could tell things to and count on. It had always been that way; it never would be any different. Bill knew that, and mostly he accepted it; but loving June Carlisle had begun too long ago for him ever to change.

The judge said: "That's a good boy, Bill."

"Greg? Tops," Bill said.

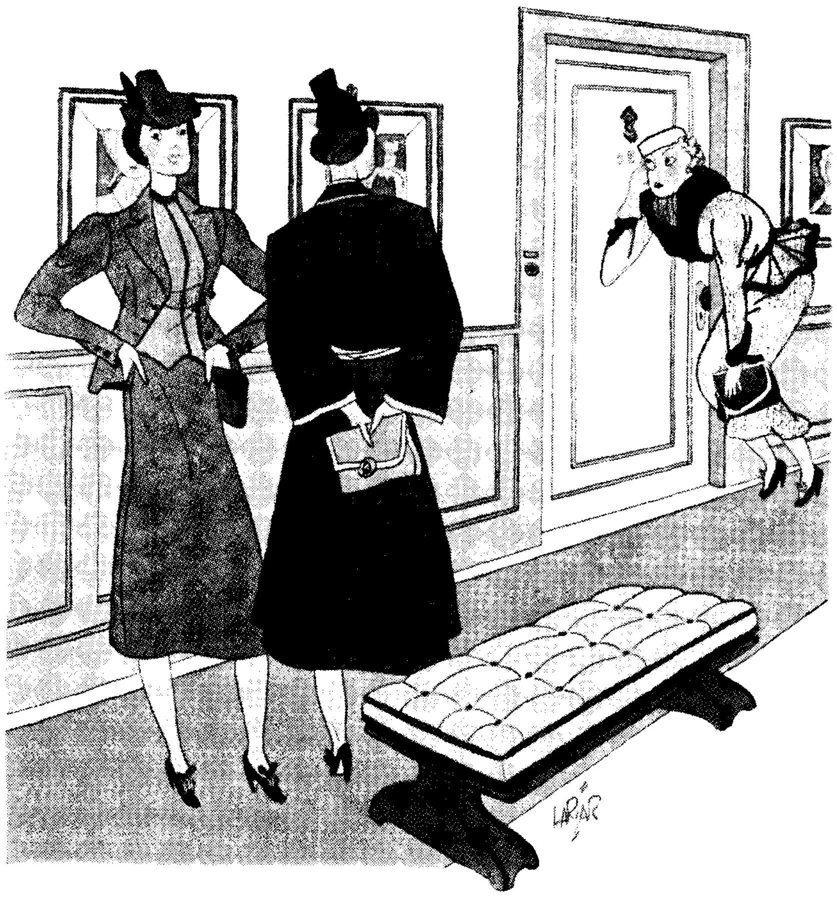
WELL, there you were; they couldn't help her, either of them. Not with love or money; for she had to keep on being June Carlisle and she couldn't change. "For love or money," Bill thought, "not for love or money." And the childish phrase reiterated in his brain. He thought: I wonder if it would be different if I were the one to offer money; or if Greg had love to give. And now that he had put the thought in words he knew he'd been suppressing it a long time. Was it that way? Was it Greg for June as it was June for him; as hopeless and as lasting? They were walking by the old Carlisle house and Bill recalled a summer night like this three years ago, the night that Greg got home from Minneapolis with the Tri-State Cup. They all were reading newspapers when Greg came in and nobody looked up, nobody paid any attention to him—the conquering hero!

Bill remembered how Greg stood there looking at them, trying not to grin. He was burned almost black and he looked big, and in swell shape, and like you couldn't stop him. Well, they hadn't! Finally he'd had to laugh, and everybody laughed, and then he stopped and looked at them and somehow everybody felt that there was something coming.

"Fools and ladies," Greg had said. "I am about to make a speech."

And then he'd told them about Rita, and they'd known it wasn't kidding from

(Continued on page 44)



"Lillian always likes to hear what people say about her after she leaves!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

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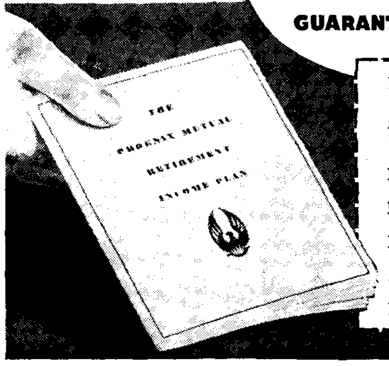

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"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

(Continued from page 43)

the first word, from his eyes. He'd said: "I knew the very second I first saw her and there's such a thing, all right. The Lord knows how she had a lapse and chose an animal like me. I can't believe it yet but it's October and the date's all set and everybody's going up to Minneapolis. And you'll love her, kids."

Well, they had beat him on the back, of course, and hollered and then Hugh had taken Greg away somewhere and Bill was left alone with June and she was crying. He'd said: "Old Greg! Wonder what she's like." And turned to her and she was crying; sitting there without a sound and trying to keep back the tears.

THE judge said: "I'll tell June you're here, Bill," when they got inside. He went upstairs and Bill stayed at the foot to watch for June. When she came downstairs he was glad he didn't have to speak because he wasn't sure about his voice and words were lousy anyway. She had a black dress on; black always made her seem more fair; and now, tonight, between the black and that bright hair, her face was white and she looked smaller, somehow, and delicate, and when she tried to smile, it damn' near made you choke.

She said: "I'm glad you came back, Bill. I wanted you."

"I'll always be around," Bill said.

They walked on through the stiff, old-fashioned, ornate parlor back into Judge Tremble's little library.

June said: "I've got to talk, Bill. If I hadn't thought you'd come I would have run out in the street to talk to someone; anybody young, like us, who understands. It's been this awful hush, Bill; all this solemn awful hush. Mrs. Tremble had the servants tiptoe; every time one came in she has had her fingers to her lips and—I'm a beast, Bill. Mrs. Tremble was my mother's best friend; she's the sweetest, gentlest old lady in the world; I wouldn't have her know I feel like this for anything. But, oh, Bill, it's been awful."

Bill could see that she was near the breaking point. He said: "Here, June," and offered her a cigarette, and lighted it, and didn't touch her.

June said: "It's this resignation, Bill. They—they accepted it; that generation. They just sat down in a darkened room, with folded hands and—and accepted it; and people tiptoed in and out and spoke in whispers in that awful solemn hush. 'The dear departed.' She called Hugh the 'dear departed.' Hugh. Oh, God, Bill. Hugh. 'He's gone to join your lovely mother, dear. God called him and he's happy—' "

Bill said: "Stop, June." He said it quietly; he closed a big hand over hers and said it quietly again: "Stop, June."

She said: "I won't! I won't! I hate death; hate it, and Hugh hated it; and now it's got him, Bill; Hugh; twenty-six; the 'dear departed,' Bill. And I won't have him any more—not ever."

Bill watched her try to lick it; it was something that she had to lick alone and all that he could do was sit and keep his mouth shut. After a time her head came up. She said: "That's all, Bill. Thanks. . . . I thought you lighted me a cigarette."

"I guess you put it out," Bill said. He lighted her another and they sat there for a minute, smoking quietly.

June said: "Why did you come and get the judge to go to Greg's? He's all right, isn't he? You're sure, Bill?"

"He's all right," Bill said. "He just thought he ought to see the judge because he is the Carlisle family lawyer."

"Oh," June said.

"It seems," Bill told her, "Greg and Hugh had been in some big secret deal and you have money coming; twenty thousand for a starter."

"Yes," she said. "That's Greg." Her face glowed for a moment and her eyes were soft, and watching them, now, Bill was sure. Till now there'd been a hope for him, a small hope, way down deep, and now there wasn't any hope for him or June or anyone.

"He didn't really think that I'd believe that," June said.

"No," Bill said. "I don't suppose so; he was simply in there trying. You know Greg, the way he's always felt about you, June."

"Yes." Yes, she knew. Hugh's sister; Hugh's kid sister; almost his kid sister; always.

Bill said: "June, I was thinking just a little while ago about the night Greg told us he was going to be married. He said: 'Oh, you'll love her, kids; you'll love her.' "

June said, slowly: "But that doesn't matter, Bill; what matters is that Greg does; that's all."

"Yes," Bill said. "And that's the hell of it; I'm pretty much afraid that that's the hell of it. I've been around there quite a lot, June, and if Rita didn't like it I just let it make no difference and—and, June, she's turned that place into a roadhouse with low-grade patrons."

"She's just being gay," June said. "Because she's never liked us we resent her, Bill; that's all."

"And I don't like this Perry citizen," Bill said. "I don't like him a lot, June, and he's some sort of a slicker. First he got Greg in the market—oh, he's smart all right—and now he's got him in this Florida affair and God knows how much Greg's been putting into that. It may be all right, June, but I don't like the way the guy's wormed in by letting Rita's stuffed-shirt father head that company, and worming in with Rita, playing every angle he can play to tie Greg up. The guy's too palsy-walsy, June, and I don't like it."

"Greg knows what he's doing," June said. "Greg's smart, too."

"But not like that," Bill told her. "Not like Perry. Greg's defenseless, June, against a certain type of animal because he's honest, and believes; in spite of all the bumps he's had. About this money, June, for you; he's having Perry sell some stocks and dig up twenty thousand in the morning and he doesn't even dream that there is going to be hell."

"Why should there be? I couldn't take it."

"Don't you suppose that Perry's guessed what it was for? With all the rotten implications he would think of? Perry's not the type to think that there is anybody living who would turn down twenty thousand dollars. And he's just the type to think that there could only be one reason for a man to give it."

"Bill!"

"Sure," Bill said. "You're like Greg. You think that everybody's swell and I am just a dirty double-decker cynic. All right; see what Rita says. For you can count on Perry telling her."

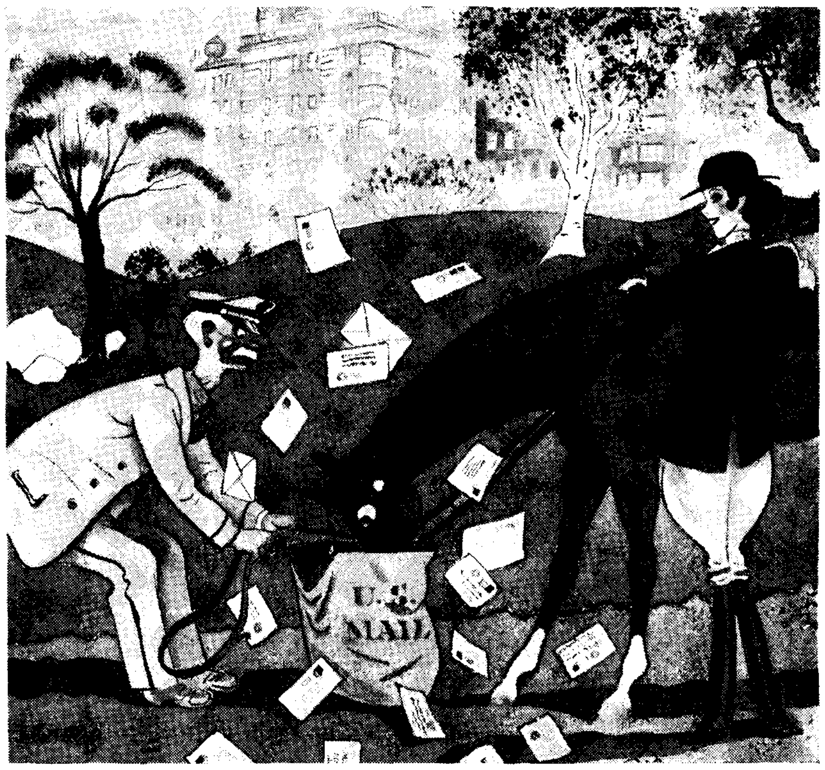
Bill looked at her and suddenly he realized what he had done, what he'd been saying, how he'd made her feel, tonight, when she had come to him for understanding and relief. He put his arms around her and said, miserably: "Just a poor dumb brute, June. But I love you, honey."

BILL walked back down the block. His watch said nearly two o'clock and he was tired, tired, with a dull and weary ache that went down to his bones. He'd been a fool to walk; he should have called a cab at Tremble's and gone home (if he could call a club a home) and found somebody in the bar, somebody that he didn't know too well and didn't give a damn about, and let himself get talked into a stupor. Probably, the way he felt, the very worst thing that he could have figured out was walking down this block and thinking; thinking how it used to be and that it all was gone, and long ago.

You didn't think of time much, usually. Time was subtle, and it slid along, and you slid with it, smooth and easy, day by day, and hardly ever really realized where it had taken you, what it had gradually, subtly done to you and all the things you'd counted on and all the people that you cared for. Now and then when death came close, like this, you'd see clear for a minute, maybe; see just what had happened to you and to June and Greg and—

A car came by, a roadster, and Bill saw two heads together, close. The car slowed down and turned into a drive and stopped, Greg's drive. And suddenly Bill realized that it was Perry's roadster and the other head was Rita's; and he saw them kiss.

(To be continued next week)



"You'll have to pardon him. He thinks it's a feed-bag!" MIKE BERRY

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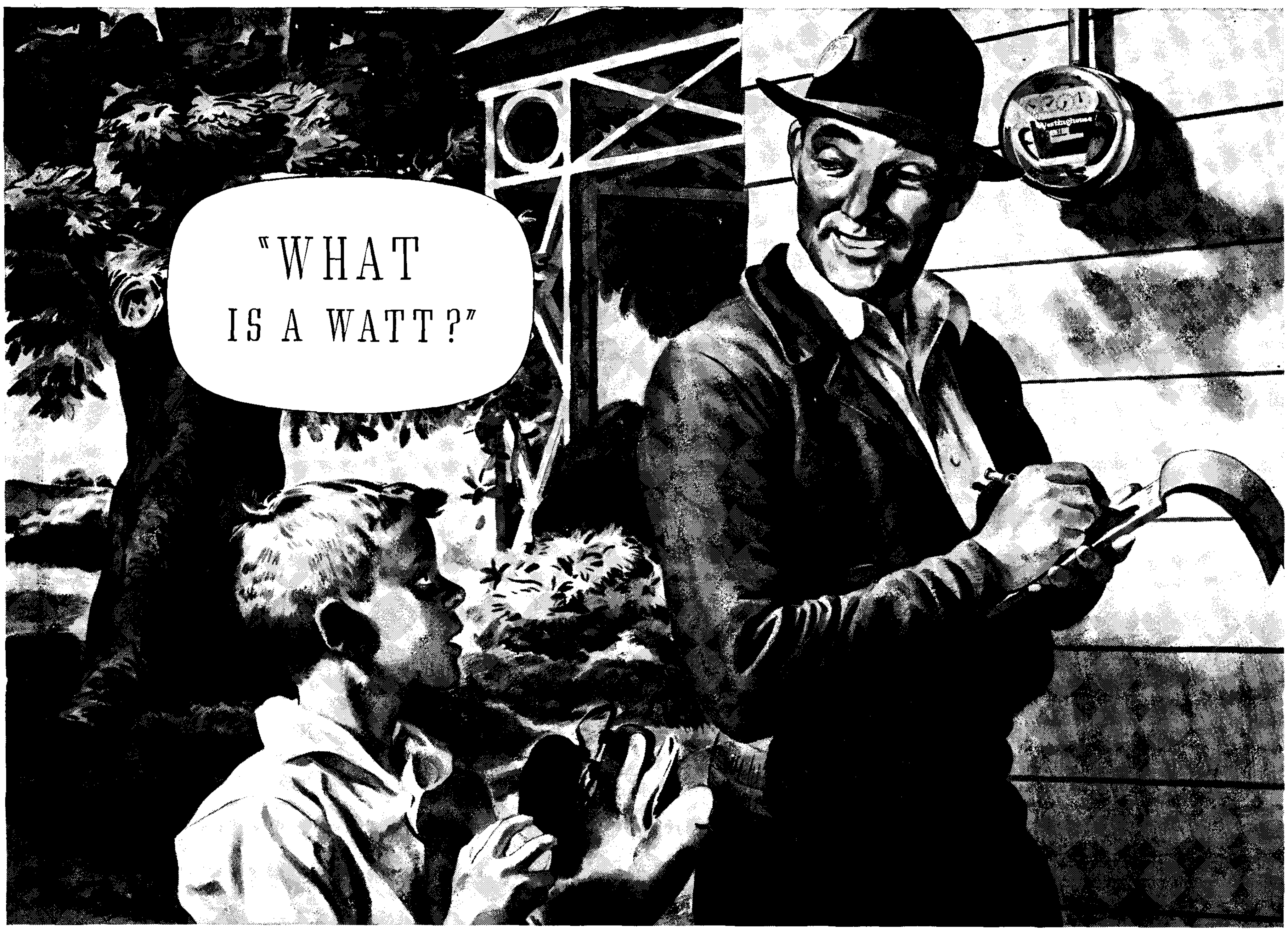

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Triple Hysterics

Continued from page 13

Until this time, they have never owned a press book or volume of clippings from the newspapers, but now they have a fine new book with a gilt binding. They heard that when you get into the movies you simply must keep these clippings against the sad day when some movie mogul tells you you're slipping. They are still too new in the business to have a secretary, and some bright lad can—maybe he can—walk into the studio and hook himself into a handsome job.

It Wouldn't Do to Fire Them

The reason Mr. Lanfield is so frankly outspoken about the Ritzes is that he never directed anybody like them before and he has held the megaphone over some mighty queer birds in his day. If you are seriously at work directing—and possibly a difficult scene—you scarcely expect actors to climb up on the ceiling catwalks and turn the kliegs in the wrong direction. The Ritz Brothers found that with a little patient effort a person could steer all the spotlights sort of cockeyed, ball up the electric cables, plug the slots, and produce general and utter confusion so that nobody could shoot any part of a motion picture.

The studio raised its eyebrows, being unaccustomed to such eccentricities from its paid employees, and at first it didn't know what to do about the lively lads. It still doesn't. . . . You could discharge them if you wanted to and cancel their contract, but what good would that do, with nobody waiting for them except Universal, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, R. K. O. and Columbia?

In their before-picture days they gallivanted all over America, usually playing the larger cities. In New York they worked a year and a half in three theaters, the Capitol, the Palace and the State, never leaving the main stem. Omaha was about the most difficult city they ever visited, and to this day they cannot explain it.

The stony-faced Omaha patrons looked up at them, first in astonishment and then in sorrow, mixed with pity. Nobody laughed, no matter what the boys did, and it seemed clear to the audience that these poor lads should be in some hospital where they would be treated gently. The manager nervously asked them if they would quit and they wouldn't. "There is something the matter with you," the manager asserted. "There might be something the matter with these people," replied the Ritzes.

After a horrible matinee, they faced the night audience with grim determination and talked it over then and there. "Maybe they want us to be rough," said the saddened brothers and thereat they were rough, kicking, gouging and maiming each other freely, and eventually had the Omaha folks smiling. . . . Still and all, they are not so fond of the town.

Skating on Skimmed Milk

Harry is probably the principal or main brother and in an emergency would take full command. He's the center one and has the blondest hair and bluest eyes. Al and Jimmy build up for him and it's a labor of love apparently. In One in a Million, Harry is called upon to skate and battle a two-man bull, and this was difficult as he hadn't had a skate on since he was ten years old. They had to provide special shoes, and he fought the bull successfully and avoided a broken neck.

It's supposed to be in Switzerland and the skating rink is hundreds of feet in all directions. In preparing that smooth surface 20th Century-Fox sent over to Boulder Dam and purchased a lot of left-over ammonia pipes used by the engineers to cool off the concrete while building the dam. Seems you have to refrigerate a dam.

They laid the pipes, turned on the water on stage four and froze up as slick a skating rink as ever touched a foot, and presently they began shooting Sonja Henie in her marvelous gyrations. When they looked at the result in the projection room, there was Sonja and there was the lovely ice and also the ammonia pipes, all forty of them, and the whole thing looked like the gridiron at Notre Dame. So those scenes were dead.

They then flooded the rink with skimmed milk, and everything was fine.

Only Al is married. The other two are still thinking about it. They have a sister named Gertrude and a brother, George, who, oddly enough, is a prosaic businessman in New York.

Harry drives a Ford, two years old. Al has no car at all and mooches rides from the other two. Jimmy owns what appears to be the offspring of a Duesenberg and an Isotta. At the lunch hour they solemnly pile in and ride over to the cafeteria, a matter of two hundred yards, and there they eat or do not eat. When they aren't hungry they think up things to do during lunchtime, and the other two hundred employees stare at them in honest astonishment and chuckle the noodles down.

Love Scene Interference

Sonja Henie and Don Ameche stood up for a love scene close-up in One in a Million—the one with the ice rink—and Sonja's acting displeased Mr. Lanfield very definitely. Miss Henie is new to the business. All she had to do was gaze into Mr. Ameche's eyes and tell him she loved him, but the close-up came off poorly and Mr. Lanfield finally had to speak pretty sharply.

"All right," said the Norwegian ice flash, "look up there." The Ritzes were back on their catwalk again, lying on their stomachs, gazing down into the love-splattered countenances of Henie and Ameche and showing by their gestures how much they appreciated a good love scene. That was the day they had to remove the boys from stage four.

Louis B. Mayer, the dignified president of M-G-M, had his chance to sign the brothers but probably figured that his studio, being a serious business concern, didn't particularly require three lunatics. At the time they were cavorting in the Clover Club, and Mr. Mayer wandered in for supper. The Ritzes stopped their act, threw down their props, pushed people aside, seized Mr. Mayer, escorted him to a table and asked him what the devil he meant by getting there that late. They set his table for him with a maximum of effort, walked up and down on the chairs and table, kissed the top of Mr. Mayer's head and subjected him to minor indignities, and the M-G-M boss stood for it all in smiling embarrassment.

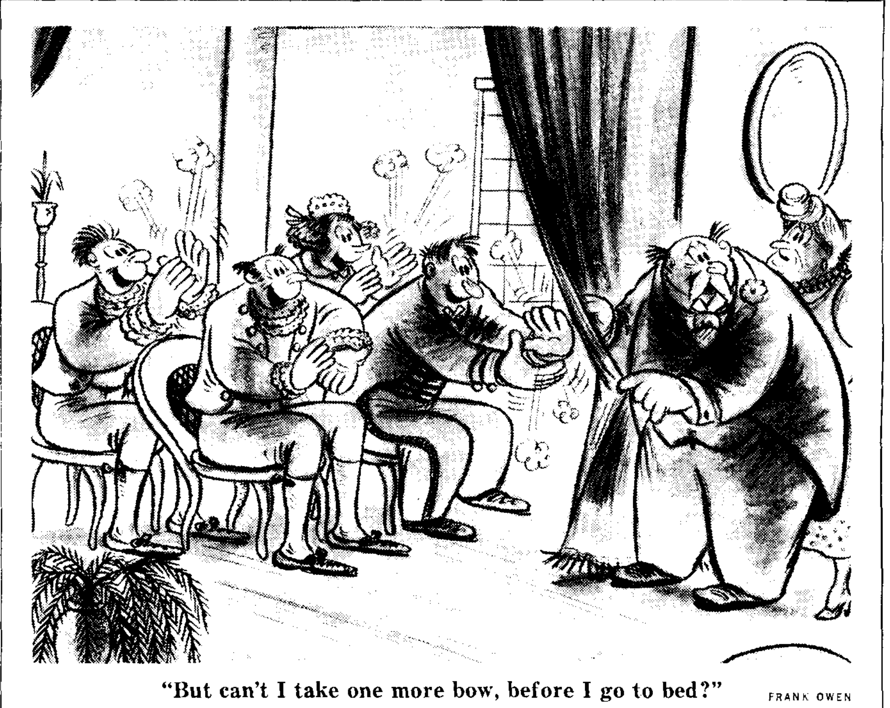
In One in a Million they gave Adolphe Menjou the foot-tap treatment. Harry engaged Mr. Menjou in discussion and Jimmy, using a small steel rod, tapped the Menjou foot lightly, just above the toes. After the second tap, Adolphe looked down at his foot and wriggled his toes. Following the third tap, properly spaced, Mr. Menjou walked quietly away, sat on a box, removed his shoe and examined his foot for signs of housemaid's knee or whatever might be the matter.

When he returned to the set they started on the other foot, and before the afternoon was out Mr. Menjou sent his man home for a new pair of shoes.

For their own entertainment they attend melodramas and mystery plays, and remember the tensest or most thrilling scenes which they later transpose into their own interpretations. Harry never smokes, but the others do. All three drink whenever they think it might be helpful.

In the large dining room at the studio the walls are covered with foreign scenes, and one section is devoted to gold stars, each star containing the name of a reigning luminary. Only one star remains vacant and the Ritzes have applied for the vacancy. "Might as well put us in there immediately," they assured Mr. Zanuck, but he has done nothing about it so far.

At this stage of their cinema career hardly anybody knows definitely how far the boys are going, but nobody seems to be worrying. The Ritz Brothers are quite calm about their future, and why shouldn't they be, with the battle cry at the studio: "Save a spot in that next picture of ours for the Ritzes."



"But can't I take one more bow, before I go to bed?"

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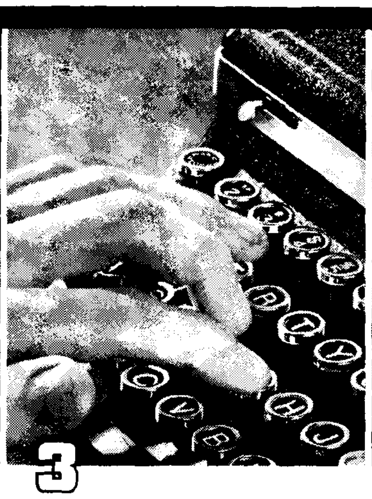
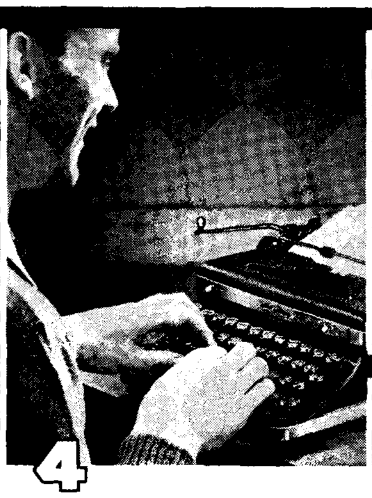


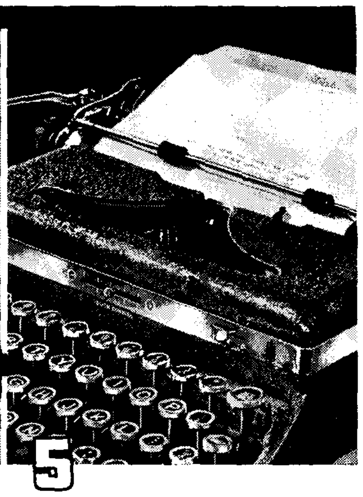
3

ROYAL IS MORE COMFORTABLE! Royal's *Finger Comfort Keys** are formed to fit the finger-tips! Non-glare, with white letters on black, they minimize eye-strain. You type with confidence, quickly, accurately on a Royal.



4

ROYAL IS MORE CONVENIENT! No reaching on a Royal Portable! Everything is scientifically centralized!* You use each control instinctively—even if you have never typed before! Royal is the simplest of all portables!



5

ROYAL IS STURDIER! The Royal Portable is built for a lifetime of service. The mechanism is fully protected throughout* by an exclusive method, against dust and dirt; this eliminates all extraneous wear and vibration.

**These and many other amazing improvements add to your writing pleasure.*

STUDENTS! You can't beat a Royal Portable! Perfect typing! Faster! *Easier than writing by hand!* It's *your* typewriter—handsome, modern! Designed, constructed especially for you—for people the world over who like to do things well—*quickly!*

Using a Royal Portable is simplicity itself . . . Because, for many of you, your new Royal will be your first typewriter! And it's the sturdiest built of all portables . . . Because you'll certainly use it for years to come, just as others are now doing, who bought their Royal Portables a decade ago!

Choose *now* from three models, each complete with a smart, all-weather carrying case. See these Royal Portables—try them at your nearest Royal dealer's store. OR—use the coupon below.

The Royal Portable is made and guaranteed by the world's largest company devoted exclusively to the manufacture of typewriters. Factory: Hartford, Conn.

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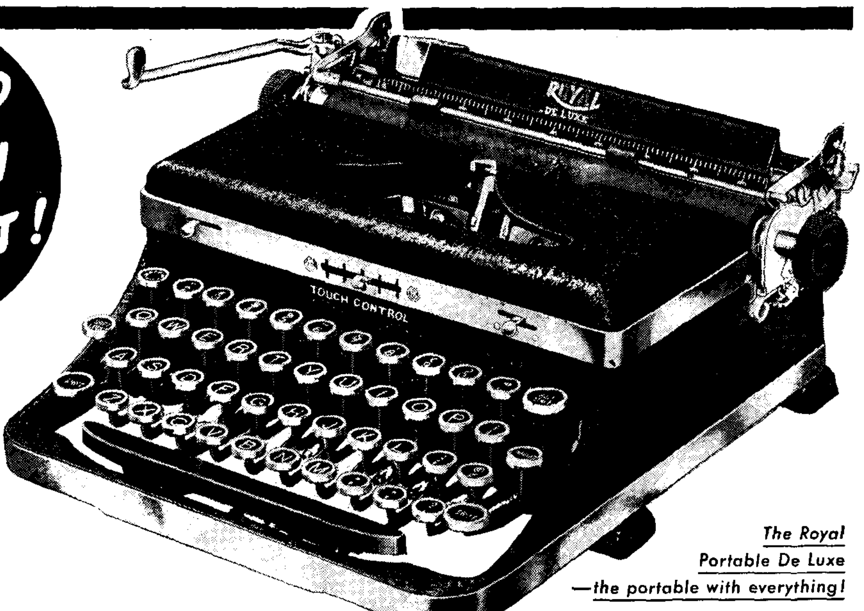
OWN A ROYAL AND YOU OWN THE BEST!

BUY IT ON EASY PAYMENTS!

A small down payment—and any Royal is yours to use. Pay balance in amounts as little as 75¢ to $1.25 a week, depending upon the model selected.



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Have you been through a strenuous winter? Have you worked hard, been indoors too much, had too little exercise, fresh air, and sunshine?

Then the chances are, you've probably been drawing pretty heavily upon your reserve forces. You may find yourself now with *low general resistance.*

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So if you want help to stay well the next few weeks, plan a definite program of resistance-building. Start with *Adex!*

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Now in pleasant tablets or small gelatine capsules at any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

● = 🥄

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

Where the Heart Is

Continued from page 36

break in the ordered routine of Norderney. The military planes never landed on the beach; to private planes it was *verboten.* Elsa said not a word, although I could see that her eyes were fixed on it. The two figures, I could see, were in the uniform of the police.

Half a mile farther on Elsa said: "Will we rest now a while?"

We scrambled to the top of one of the dunes. I sat down and lit a pipe. Elsa stood for a moment, her eyes roaming over the sand and tangled scrub that went rolling inland like bigger waves—and she was the first to see the man.

Her hand clutched my shoulder. He appeared suddenly on top of a dune near ours. Without hesitation he strode directly toward us.

One of his trouser legs was torn from the knee down and there were jagged tears in his tweed coat. He staggered a little as he came through the heavy sand.

"*Morgen,*" he began, with a kind of croak in his voice. "*Koenen sie mir sagen*—"

"But you'd rather speak English, wouldn't you?" I asked.

His face lit up under its ashen gray. "Thank God. Are you both English?"

"Neither of us," I said.

The wary look came back into his eyes.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "can you tell me where there's any water on this part of the island? I—I started to walk from the town to the lighthouse." And, glancing down at his clothes, "Got mixed up a bit in this damned scrub."

I MUST have looked at him rather queerly.

"There's none on the island," I said. "Nowhere except in the village. Do you know of any?" I looked at Elsa.

She shook her head without replying. Her eyes were fixed on him intently. It was as if he were some strange species of wild animal that she had heard of but never seen before. He sat down on the sand beside us, his body slumped into an inert mass.

Elsa drew a deep breath:

"The game is lost, Herr Englishman."

His head jerked up and he staggered to his feet.

"What do you mean?"

At the look that came into his eyes I scrambled up. But Elsa stared back at him, unflinching. She pointed up the beach:

"See, they come now to find the English spy."

I looked. From the direction of the lighthouse four dots were moving toward us.

"Another patrol," muttered the Englishman. His eyes went back to Elsa's. "But they can't know I'm here. They'll go on by—unless you call to them."

She didn't answer but looked at him as a judge might look at a prisoner.

He made a step or two as if to run, then stopped with a groan. I saw how nearly he was at the end of his rope. He beckoned me to him and whispered:

"You're not German, are you?"

"American."

"You have your passport with you?"

I nodded.

"Then they'll let you on the steamer. Look here." He took from his pocket a cylinder covered with oiled silk. "This film's a hell of a lot more valuable than I am. Will you take it and start right now as hard as you can go for that steamer? Carry it to the mainland and across the frontier into Holland? Give it to a man who's waiting for it in Groningen?" There was desperate appeal in his voice.

Well, Cal, as I've told you I'm simply not the type for that sort of thing. He must have seen it because, after staring at me for a moment, the hope died out of his eyes. He turned his back on me.

Then he looked at Elsa and a flash of grim humor came over his face.

"Will you come to see me in prison, Fraeulein? Any time this next ten years. Or maybe the job will rate fifteen."

She looked at him with that startled expression, as if only at that moment she had really seen him—the real flesh-and-blood him. She caught her breath with a little gasp.

"You are the enemy of the Fatherland," she said tonelessly.

His eyes were on hers; he was smiling, a smile that strained his dry lips across his teeth.

"Yes," he said, "we're enemies—you and I. And here we are together for—" he glanced at the patrol coming along the beach—"for five minutes out between the trenches. Friends for five minutes. *Auf Wiedersehen,* enemy. Can I come to see you in ten years—or fifteen?"

"If," Elsa began in a slow, hesitating voice, "if I do not call them—will you give me the film?"

His smile hardened.

"I will not," he said.

The four were almost abreast of us now. Elsa took a step forward.

His eyes were on hers, questioning her.

Suddenly her look wavered. She was fighting to keep hold of herself. Then, in a whisper:

"Stoop down lower so they cannot see you."

The four on the beach were passing. They had passed. They were growing smaller in the distance.

Elsa collapsed on the sand with her head in her arms. I had never seen her weep before.

I put my hand on her shoulder but she drew away sharply.

The Englishman had relaxed with a sigh that was almost a sob. Now he got hold of both of Elsa's hands. She jerked them away, keeping her head turned from him. She was on her feet, starting down the side of the dune.

We watched her hurrying away, down the broad emptiness of the beach, past the plane and the two figures beside it.

It doesn't take much to revive the young. From the look on the boy's face you'd have thought he'd found food and water and was on his way to Holland. He had completely forgotten me.

But his manners returned to him abruptly. He introduced himself. Richard Falken. As if I were the lady he was about to take in to dinner. The fact that I was not effusive in my response didn't seem to bother him in the least.

Certainly I didn't ask him for the story of his adventures. It seemed to make me a sort of accessory after the fact.

A squadron of German planes had come up after him while he was flying at fifteen thousand feet. He saw them appear suddenly from the clouds five thousand feet below him. You see, he'd stayed up too long because those clouds had made his exposures difficult. Then something went wrong with his motor. He started to run for the Dutch coast and realized that his gas was almost gone.

WHEN his motor began to miss of course he thought he was done for. It was the fog that saved him. The Germans lost him then and he went coasting down blind. The chances were ten to one he'd come down in the ocean. He couldn't possibly make Holland but he hoped for a landing on one of the Frisians.

"And, God knows, I was lucky to make it here, even if it had to be Norderney."

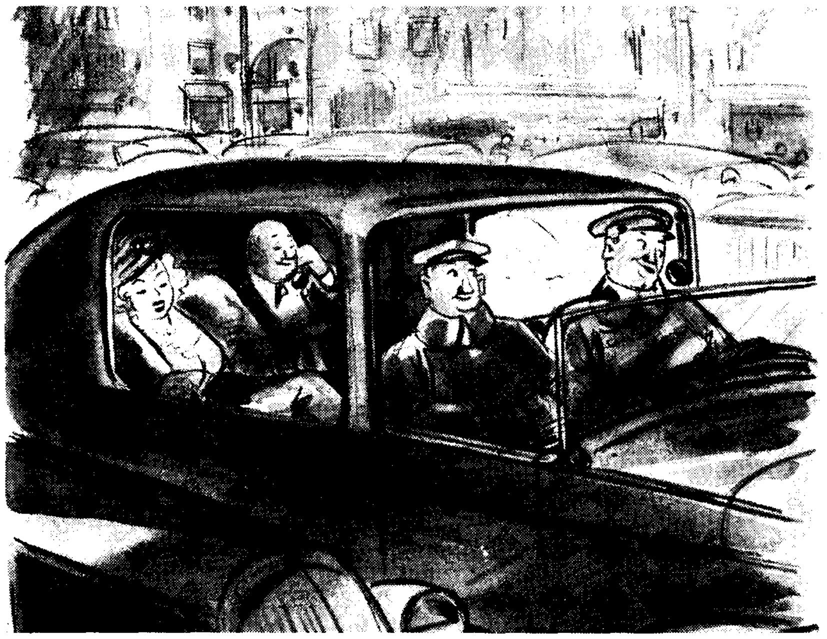
Of course it was his plane that Elsa and I had heard.

"I made my landing all right, but I ran too far. Got into the soft sand above high-water mark. Nosed right over. Smashed the prop to splinters but I didn't get a scratch.

"I must have gotten away from the ship just before the police found it. They worked fast. They've collected every damned boat on the island—even the kids' playthings. I've wandered up and down and back and forth over this infernal desert, looking for water. Dodging the patrols when they came along. I fancy, though, they haven't looked for me very hard. Knew I'd come in when I got thirsty enough.

"Today I sneaked back here to see what they'd done with the plane. They'd already repaired the ignition and a while ago they put a new prop on it. Fast work that. Probably had to send to Berlin for it—must have flown it down.

(Continued on page 50*)*



"Oothray the arkpay? Okay, ossbay!"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

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And now, with the many lower interstate Long Distance rates in effect January 15, it costs less than ever to reach out across the miles—by telephone. Why not try it tonight?

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BELL SYSTEM
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An inexpensive bedside extension telephone is a step and energy saver. Ask your local telephone office.

(Continued from page 48)

"Then they pushed it to the edge of the hard sand, filled the tank, and warmed it up. I thought then they'd fly it away. But they played it safe. You see, with this wind they'd have to take off right over the dunes. There'd be clearance enough—I know that, but they aren't sure. They must be hoping for a change of wind tomorrow. So they left it there with those two Johnnies to watch it. When you came along I was about at the point of rushing them."

He grinned at me. "I didn't hope for this."

I didn't know what he meant by "this." He couldn't suppose I was a *deus ex machina* to snatch him out of the hole he was in. And, as for Elsa, she had probably changed her mind and gone for the police. Why should the fellow grin at me confidingly?

Well—I was wrong about Elsa.

Presently we saw her coming back along the beach. When she came closer I could see that she had a paper package under one arm, a bottle under the other.

It was provoking to me to see the lack of surprise, the assurance with which Falken accepted it.

"Do not do that," she said sharply. He had taken the water bottle from her and seemed to be trying to get down the whole quart at one swallow. "You are like a child. Slowly. So."

Then she let him have the food. It was a German hotel picnic lunch, even more ample than usual.

You'd have thought he was lunching in Piccadilly. "Magnificent knackwurst, Fraeulein." And, "I could do with another slice of the *Schinken*. Thank you. Your health, sir."

WHEN he had leaned back from the crumbs Elsa stood up. She pointed abruptly down the beach to his plane.

"Could you fly away in that if the police who watch it should go away?"

He stared at her, suddenly serious.

"Yes, of course. I only have to go to Groningen. Twenty minutes' flying."

"Can you go at night?"

"Tonight? Yes."

"Then this is what there is to do. Tonight when it is quite dark you will hide in the dunes close to the plane. I will walk along the beach and I will go to those police who watch. They will know me. I say to them that I have found the Englishman. He is far down the island, near the lighthouse. He is sick and cannot move, perhaps from thirst and hunger. I say I will show them where he is. When they go with me—you will fly away."

"But, good God—" I shouted it out—"you can't—"

Elsa put her hand on my arm.

"Please do not speak now," she said to me quietly. Her eyes were on Falken.

Every bit of his gaiety had left him now. He spoke slowly, as if he were thinking before each word:

"So they'll go up the beach with you and there'll be no English gentleman. They'll come back—and there'll be no plane. Then what will they do to you?"

She shook her head violently:

"That is not for you to think about. Will you do what I say?"

He looked straight into her eyes.

"I'll do it," he said.

I turned my back on him and took Elsa by the shoulders.

"You can't do it," I said. "I shall not allow it. I—"

"Do not interfere," she said.

I felt suddenly sick and helpless.

"I'm going back to the village," I said.

They watched me go, not saying a word. Halfway across the beach I turned to look back. They sat there side by side, his dark head and her light one silhouetted against the sky at the top of the dune.

Before it grew dark that evening I was at the door of Elsa's hotel. She came down the stairs, a short tweed skirt swinging around her legs and a beret jammed over her hair.

"Why do you come?" she asked sharply.

"To go with you. If you must do this idiotic thing at least you shan't take the consequences alone."

A slow smile spread over her face. She took my hand.

"Very well, my friend. We go together."

FOR an hour we sat on the terrace, waiting for the night to come. We avoided speaking of what we were about to do.

When the last of the daylight had faded on the rim of the western ocean we waited a little longer, then started.

PRIVATE
Kirk Stiles

"J. H. Grimstead never asked an employee to do anything *he* wouldn't do!" KIRK STILES

We turned to the right to make a detour through the dunes. In the moonlight they were enormous—like snow mountains in a desert. We tramped on and on. I thought with bitterness about that Englishman. What if it was his duty to his country to save himself and his damned pictures at any cost? There on the dune with Elsa he'd been playing his own game, saving his own skin at her expense.

We came out on the beach a few hundred yards beyond the plane and turned back toward it.

We walked straight toward the plane. I had an impulse, now at the last moment, to turn and run.

"Halt."

Two shadows separated from the larger shadows of the plane. Elsa said something to them in German. At once the two broke out in guttural excitement.

The one who seemed to be the leader questioned her in a sharp, urgent tone. She answered, pointing up the beach. At once both of them turned that way.

"They go with us," Elsa told me.

It was like a march to prison—that walk up the moonlit beach. Elsa went ahead with the leader, the other close by my side. We left the plane out of sight behind us.

I strained my ears for the sound of the motor. We went on for what must have been half an hour.

There it was. B-t-t-t— Silence—then again. The police stopped and listened intently. But we were so far away that the sound might well have come from the landing field. We went on.

The spot to which Elsa led us was nearly at the end of the island, four or five miles from where the plane had been. She halted at last in a sort of recess between two dunes.

I had never known she was such a good actress. Just the right expression of surprise registered on her face, the bewildered looking around to be sure she hadn't come back to the wrong place.

"Gone."

THEY believed her all right—at first. The two separated to search all the dunes in the neighborhood.

Elsa stood close by my side.

"Has he surely had time to get away?"

I answered with a wry face that he had.

When the police came back I thought that the leader already looked at us with some suspicion. He spoke to Elsa.

"He—he suggests," she relayed to me, "that we go with them back to the plane."

It was a long way back—I wished it were longer. The wind had risen from the north and the surf was louder in our ears. Once I fancied that I heard another plane, then I knew that I had imagined it in the sound of the waves.

We were almost back to where the plane had been.

Elsa's sight is better than mine. She stopped, clutched my arm and pointed ahead.

Then I saw it too—the outline of the plane there on the sand, just where we had left it. I began to understand.

"Don't look surprised," I whispered.

I don't know whether the leader of the police was disappointed or not but I'm sure he had been prepared to put us under arrest at once.

Elsa and I walked back together toward the village.

"What has happened—what has happened?" she kept saying.

Then suddenly he stood there in our path. "Home again, Elsa," he said.

"But why," she gasped, "why did you not fly away?"

"Flew away and back again—like Noah's dove." He turned to me. "You didn't really think I'd let her down, did you?"

I looked away, rather embarrassed.

"Did you deliver your pictures?" I asked.

"I did. Turned 'em over to my partner in Groningen. He'd been camping there at the field waiting for me."

Elsa was almost in tears:

"But what shall we do now? I cannot play such a trick on the police the second time."

"We'll find some other trick. A bag full of them."

He grinned at me cheerfully.

WELL, Cal, that's the whole story—almost. Of course you see how we got the young fellow away the second time. I ought to have done it in the first place.

I told you he looked rather as if he might be my younger brother—and that's a compliment to both of us.

"Can you make him up a little?" I asked Elsa. "Put some silver in his hair and some lines in his face? And an old, tired look?"

She put her arms around me. She did, Cal.

"It will be easy," she said. "He is already almost as beautiful as you."

We saw him off on the little steamer last night. At least Elsa did—I hung back so the officials wouldn't see the two of us together. Also, of course, because I have more delicacy than to intrude on a certain sort of farewell. But I stood near enough to see him show my passport at the gangplank. They let him by without a second look. Five minutes later he was waving from the top of the deck as the steamer pulled away.

Elsa walked back to the hotel with me.

"In October," she said, "he wants me to go to London. To visit some friends I have."

"And you'll go, of course?"

Her eyes were troubled.

"Because I have been a traitor to my country you think I shall desert also?"

"My child," I said in my best pulpit manner, "you know your Bible. What was it Ruth said?"

She turned her head away.

"You'll go to London," I said.

I try to keep her from worrying about what may happen to me. I've told her this and that—that it's most unlikely the police will make another canvass of the hotels—that I'll simply stay here until they quit asking for passports on the steamer—that eventually I'll go to some frontier where I can slip across without a passport.

It may work out that way, Cal. If it doesn't perhaps there'll be something you can do. At any rate, tell the boys at the club that I'm not such a fool as the newspapers will make me seem.

Yours, PHIL.

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"I covered 56 centuries in 15 minutes," wrote K. C. Chalmers of Kentucky, after exploring the musty passages of the Pyramid of Cheops, "but at the hotel, half an hour later, I found that modern Egyptians know all about 'Canadian Club.' Living in the 20th century has its advantages—so long as you stick to countries where one can get 'Canadian Club'. So far I haven't discovered any in which you can't get it."

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PROGRESS calling for close to a hundred million dollars—set aside for plant modernization and new tools, dies and machinery—distinguishes the new General Motors cars offered for 1937. Each of these cars has its own individuality—but all are strikingly representative of General Motors value—and all offer these outstanding GM features listed here.

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NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL
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...*the one thing* MOTOR OIL *needed*

TODAY, farmers are helping to produce a new and better motor oil.

Thousands who have never even *seen* an oil well or a refinery are now a part of the oil industry.

Back of this lies a discovery.

From oats, corn, wheat, cotton seed, sugar cane and other crops comes a remarkable purifier, *Furfural.* Science finds it ideal for use in taking the impurities out of motor oil.

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Here is a definite reason for changing to New Texaco Motor Oil. Because taking out impurities means you get full lubrication, without buying so much oil.

You can get this *different* new oil today. In all 48 States, buy it from your Texaco Dealer. Start using this finer New Texaco Motor Oil in your car now.

When clarifying New Texaco Motor Oil, we pipe Furfural *in the top of the tower. Every tiny particle that might form sludge gum or tar in the heat of your engine is completely removed.*

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Rolling Down to Rio

Continued from page 22

of 1934, and might have continued to stay had the project not come under the darting eye of F. D. R. To a man of his ardent imagination the plan was a "natural," and without more ado he nicked Congress for a cool million with which to start bridge building, and $75,000 for additional reconnaissances.

Who wouldn't take fire at the thought of a sky-line drive through the very cradle of American civilization? Mexico, where archaeologists have bared palaces and temples that knew their glory a thousand years before Columbus put to sea; Guatemala, with its crumbling monoliths that attest an ancient civilization, and cities and bridges that were old when the Pilgrims touched Plymouth Rock; the mighty pyramids of Copán in Honduras; Nicaragua, where William Walker, the Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny, dreamed his tragic dream of empire; Panama, that saw Pedrarias Davila cut off Balboa's head and to whose ports came the gold of Mexico and Peru for the galleons of Spain; South America, where the highway will follow the Homeric marches of Simon Bolivar, that shining sword which gave liberty and laws to Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru; the Andes with their circling condors, and the color and beauty of Buenos Aires and Rio.

A compelling picture in itself, but also backed up by a host of very material considerations. Our foreign trade, for instance. With Europe buying less and less for a variety of reasons, and the continued aggressions of Japan barring our approach to the Far East, what is more imperatively commanded by common sense than the development of Mexico, Central America and South America as a market? What is wiser and simpler than to double, treble and quadruple the purchasing power of our next-door neighbors by aiding them to tap their hidden mineral wealth, their untouched hardwood forests, and to produce the hard rice, camphor, quinine, rubber, copra and varnish gums that we now buy from the Far East and the antipodes?

Politically, too, where is there a better missionary for the promotion of understanding and amity than a highway linking one republic to the other? More and more it is the thought of statesmen that the nations of the New World must stand together, putting the shield of their unity between them and the furies and despairs of the Old World. Not the least of the many important things discussed at last year's session of the Pan-American Peace Congress was a league of American countries, a court of justice for the Western Hemisphere and a reciprocal stabilization of American currencies.

Powerful considerations all, and colored with romance; so no sooner was the million at his disposal than the President gave rush orders to E. W. James, Chief of Highway Transport in the Bureau of Public Roads, and Dr. William R. Manning of the Division of Latin-American Affairs in the State Department. Whatever was done, of course, had to be done with the consent and full approval of the several countries.

Uncle Sam's Role

As a result of the errand, Mr. James agreed that our aid would be extended in the form of providing steel, cement and superintendence for four bridges: one over the Tamasulapa River in Guatemala, costing $105,000; one over the Choluteca River in Honduras, costing $270,000; a $55,000 span over the Ochomogo River in Nicaragua, and one costing $190,000 over the Chiriquí River in Panama. We buy and ship the steel and cement from our factories, and the Central American governments supply the labor and foundation materials.

Slowly but effectively, the mighty project marches to completion. Of the 3,250-mile stretch between the Rio Grande and Panama, exactly 1,265 miles of good, all-weather road has been built; there are 1,425 miles of dry-weather road, impassable during the rainy season, that must be graded and surfaced, and 560 miles of trail where the builders will have to start from scratch.

The first section of the Inter-American Highway, between Laredo and the city of Mexico, was opened formally for travel last July. Another section of 150 miles has been finished from the city to Tehuacan, and construction is under way as far as Oaxaca. After Oaxaca, however, comes a headache for the Mexicans; nothing less than a drop of 7,000 feet, a climb through the jungles of Chiapas and a second plunge to the Suchiate River on the Guatemalan border.

A Road Through the Wilderness

Guatemala, fortunately, offers no such problems, for of the 310 miles some 140 have been built, and the rest have been graded. Independent little Salvador has her 183 miles of highway under construction, and out of her own funds will bridge the broad Goascoran River. The Honduran stretch is only 90 miles long, but many engineering problems are presented by a spur to Tegucigalpa, the only Central American capital not touched by the highway.

Nicaragua is admittedly an acute neuralgic pain, for the 214 miles that wind along between the two great lakes and the Pacific will not have the benefit of a wagon road or even a trail in many places. Costa Rica—the Rich Coast of Christopher Columbus—is almost as great a pain, for of its 360 miles much is through trackless forests or over abandoned mountain trails that were first blazed by mule-riding Spaniards back in 1700.

The Inter-American Highway crosses the Great Divide near San José, Costa Rica's capital, at a height of 7,000 feet, and then butts head on into a series of unexplored jungles where lurk perhaps the most primitive of all Indian tribes. The nightmare stretch continues on into Panama, and it is not until the road drops down to the coastal plain that the builders will know anything but sweat and despair.

From David to the Canal Zone, however, there are 300 miles of perfect road, Panama's greatest pride, and a first-class ferry service across Balboa Bay. By way of illustrating the benefits of a highway, this section of the country was formerly landlocked, poverty-stricken and well-nigh barbaric, while today it has towns, schools, stores, electric lights and even American refrigerators.

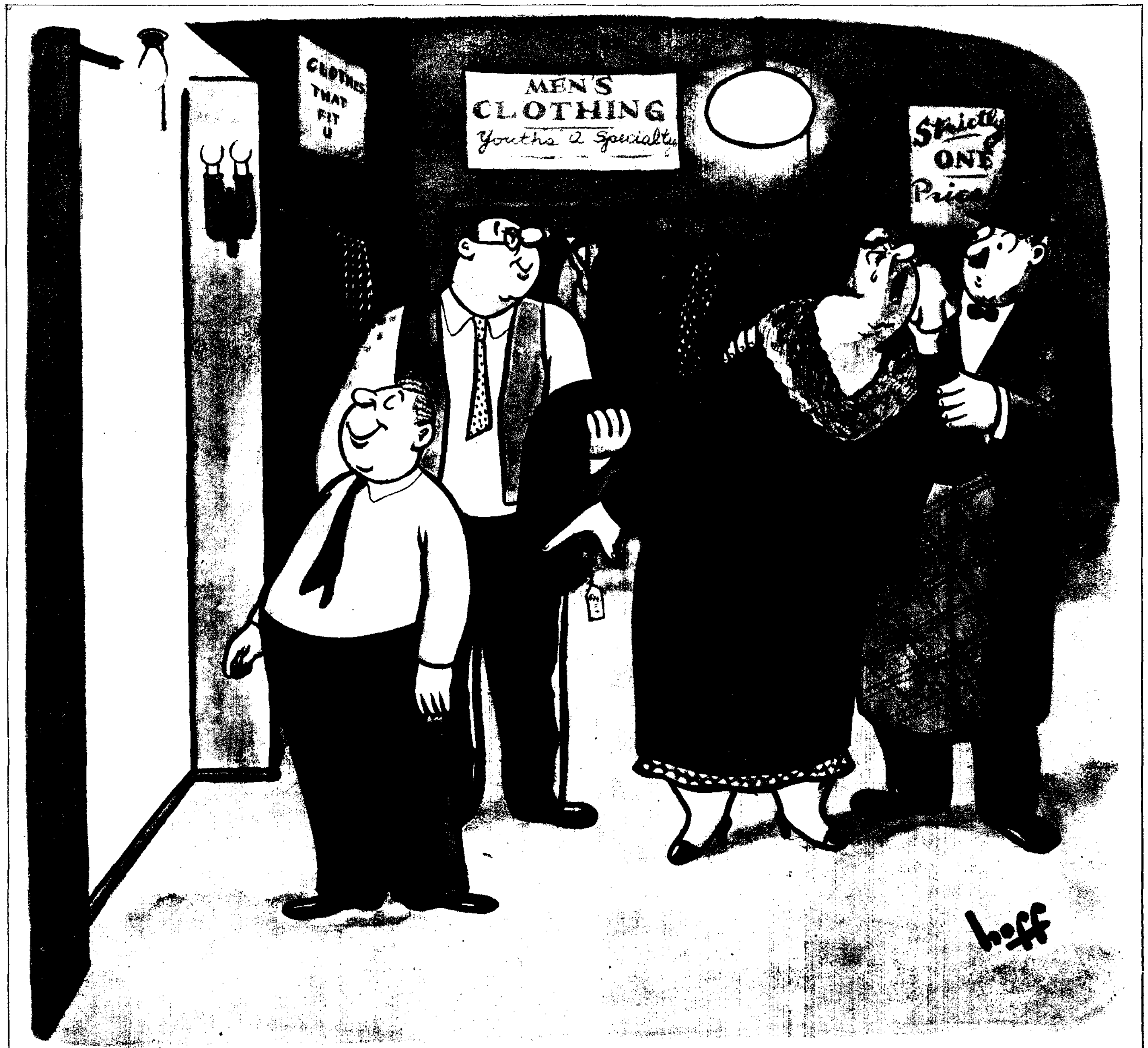
The cost of finishing the Inter-American Highway from the Rio Grande to the canal is estimated at $55,000,000, of which Mexico will have to furnish $25,000,000 and the other six Central American countries $30,000,000. Unless there is a change in policy, it is certain that the United States will have to put another three or four millions into the pot for the purchase of bridge steel, cement, and the provision of engineering genius.

A gamble, perhaps, but nobody in Washington, either in the departments or in Congress, seems to think so. From the standpoint of trade, it is expected that we will gain an immediate return in the sale of gasoline and automobiles, and a long-pull return from the export of our manufactured goods to neighbors lifted from poverty to prosperity. An even larger benefit, stressed by the statesmen, is the binding together of New World republics, and the development of understanding, friendship and unity.

On to Rio

Beyond the Canal Zone the project is admittedly still on paper. From Chepo in Panama to Canasgordas in Colombia is dark, unexplored wilderness, home of the Darien and San Blas Indians. After the climb to Bogota there is a sheer descent of 9,000 feet to the Magdalena Valley.

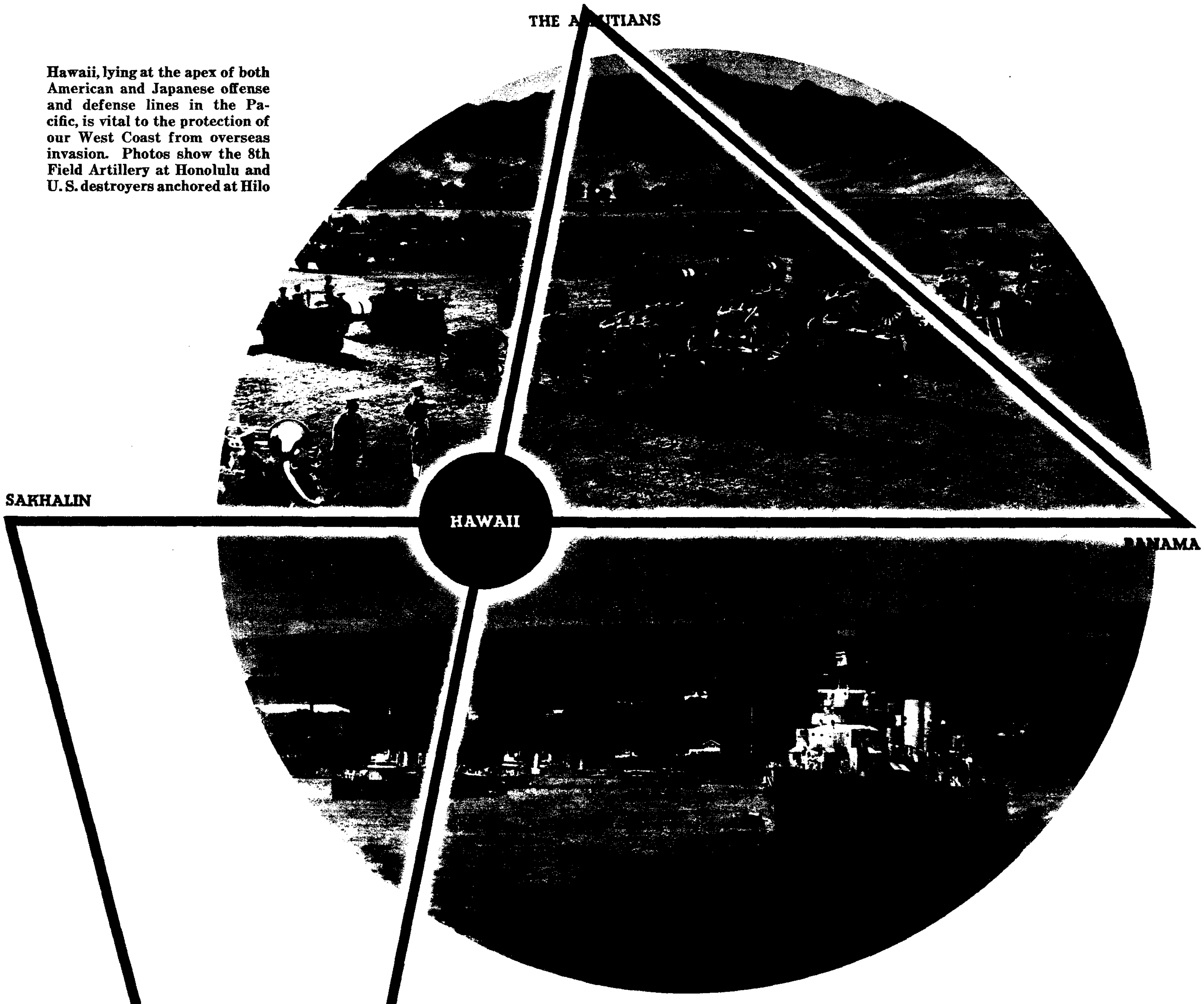
From Quito to Valparaiso there are only dry-weather roads, and not even these when it comes to crossing the Andes in the drive to Buenos Aires and Rio Janeiro. Even so, the South American republics are on fire with the idea, and when the back of the Central American job is broken, nothing is more certain than that men from the United States will be found chopping a way through jungles, or clinging to Andean peaks by their fingernails, all cursing the day they decided to take up engineering.



"Oh, Edgar! We've lost our baby!"

SYDNEY HOFF

Hawaii, lying at the apex of both American and Japanese offense and defense lines in the Pacific, is vital to the protection of our West Coast from overseas invasion. Photos show the 8th Field Artillery at Honolulu and U. S. destroyers anchored at Hilo



Pacific Fortress

Mention Hawaii and you call up a picture of moonlight on the beach at Waikiki. None but the Army thinks of the long guns hidden behind the palm trees. The islands are our first line of defense for the West Coast and as such bear a tremendous, if unobtrusive, concentration of armament. They're our key to security in the Pacific

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

WARS come pretty high nowadays. But a couple of centuries ago when the king of one Hawaiian island felt an urge to annex another tropic isle, he got up his war so economically that he not only kept his budget balanced but actually caused no hard feelings. . . . Well, no *very* hard feelings. Not only was the war a pay-as-you-go proposition, but it had none of the downright impoliteness that leaves modern battling a trifle lacking as a social diversion.

Thus, if the king of Maui figured he could do with a bit of Molokai to round out the kingdom, he simply loaded a couple of envoys in an outrigger canoe and had them paddled over to Molokai to make arrangements. The envoys were met by a welcoming committee of the chamber of commerce, draped with ginger-flower leis and presented to a couple of hula dancers, and escorted to the king's grass palace.

"Well, friends," asked the Molokai bloke, after everybody had loaded on a gallon or two of okolehao—a Hawaiian redeye of colossal power—"what can we do for you?"

"Well, King," replied the envoys, helping themselves to some more roast pig and taro, "it's this way: Our Old Man thinks he'd like your island—nice little place you've got here. So he wants to know how about a spot of warfare up in the Upelupe Valley Thursday morning?"

"Darn!" the Molokai guy would explode. "It fair busts me 'eart, but th' lads are putting up a new batch of okolehao up there Thursday, and besides, it would muss up the taro patches something terrible. Tell yuh, make it Friday afternoon on the beach."

"Not bad," the envoys would agree. "Tide'll be out then, and you could line up your boys and our Old Man could land his lads and we could have it out, get the corpses disposed of and be back in the village in time for a luau by sundown."

So it would be Friday afternoon on the beach, with the boss chiefs and the lawgivers doing single combat first. This finally improved the race by eliminating the predatory element, with the result that, today, the mere 22,000 members of the Hawaiian race who are left own practically nothing, having lost all their acquisitive instincts.

The last Hawaiian with any property sense was Kamehameha, who went about holding formal battles hither and yon, and finally turned up with all eight islands in the group labeled with "Kapu" signs—this being the Hawaiian equivalent of "tabu" and meaning "Keep Out." The signs are still all over the islands, being mistaken by half the tourists for the name of a radio station. The other half thinks some capitalist named Kapu owns most of the land.

But the biggest Kapu sign on Hawaii is Uncle Sam's. To back it up against the world, Uncle keeps about a billion dollars' worth of battle wagons, guns, forts, airplanes, TNT, demolition bombs, snickersnees and other warlike toys cached away amid the banana trees and palms and cane fields, along with from twenty to thirty thousand fighting men and Major General Hugh A. Drum, a hard-boiled and realistic veteran of the wars. He is the No. 1 Guy of the Gibraltar of the Pacific.

Old-time wars in Hawaii cost practically nothing—but just being ready for one that'll probably never

Kill all advertising to Women!

"Cut out all advertising to women!"

Suppose some High Command cracked down with an order like that? A terrific blow to industry? Yes—but only partly effective!

Millions of women would still be reading the latest editorial advice on cosmetics, foods, home equipment, apparel—and spending money to follow it, too.

◆

WHAT industry has not found in women's magazines a market already basically sold?

Published first and foremost to meet women's personal and domestic problems, to stir their ambitions, widen their horizons—women's magazines offer advertisers an audience that is acutely conscious of needs which only buying can satisfy.

And no woman's magazine prepares the market for brand selling more thoroughly than does Woman's Home Companion.

1500 Reader-Editors keep the Companion in daily contact with women's problems in every locality. Problems of kitchen and laundry. Problems of furnishing, decorating, cleaning. Problems of the budget. And the Companion feeds the answers back month after month to the largest woman's audience in the world. In the Companion Home Service Center, the only laboratory of its kind, women find practical solutions to hundreds of housekeeping questions. Out of this rich background the Companion produces more service departments and features than any other magazine.

No wonder the Companion can offer the outstanding *pre-sold* market today. It literally pre-conditions nearly 3,000,000 prospects for your sales message.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK
PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

WOMAN'S HOME Companion

The largest pre-sold market-2,889,000 women happen costs the American taxpayer around one hundred million dollars a year. That's a lot of money—but as long as we hold Hawaii no nation can successfully attack the Pacific Coast.

The terrific defensive and offensive war plant of the islands—concentrated on Oahu—is not very obtrusive, but you can't miss it. Pearl Harbor, the greatest naval base on earth, shows only a cluster of dingy oil tanks, a few buildings and a scatter of submarines and surface craft. The craggy old volcanic craters of the island conceal heavy rifles and munitions stores.

Planes drone overhead day and night. Through the hot dusk fat howitzers grumble along behind fire-spitting tractors. Motor along the coast and you hear the rat-tat-tat of machine guns. From a rocky point, other gunners are pouring lead at a white sleeve-target towed by a plane against a backdrop of blue sky and cotton-wool clouds driven before the trade breeze. The railroad guns whine around the curves of the narrow-gauge line along the shore and people in seaside villages collect for broken windows after the roar of the rifles ceases.

But you might live on the outer islands for years and never know a thing about torpedoes and bombs and craters full of TNT and 16-inch rifles cached away in the lava rock under green hillsides. Occasionally you might see a black submarine sliding by, or hear a plane motor humming overhead. Nothing more.

The common notion is that all this war plant is operated in case of battle with one nation—Japan. Americans, high and low, have been conditioned for years to the Japanese "menace" and the fact that this mythical menace is mostly hokum obscures the reality—which is that Japan hasn't a Chinaman's chance to land an army on our Pacific Coast—and knows it.

The international picture changes with great suddenness, but today, and probably for the next five years, Japan is going to be so busy on the Asian continent that she isn't going to start anything anywhere else. She knows America would defeat her in short order in the Pacific—and she is taking no chances on losing face where she needs it most.

In the second place, a Japanese thrust eastward would be an invitation to Russia to attack her from the rear. Japan's military and naval men have deep respect for Soviet power and the specter of those submarines and bombers around Vladivostok, only a few hours away from vulnerable Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto, disturbs their sleep.

But the third and greatest peacekeeper on our largest ocean is Hawaii—Pearl Harbor and red-dusted Schofield Barracks and Wheeler Field and the guns in the craters and the droning 250-mile-an-hour bombers and the black, sliding submarines. Without them, Japan might be in the islands like a shot. Then it would be a different story. Our West Coast would be open to attack and invasion.

Why should Hawaii be so important in the American security scheme? Best way to understand is to take a look at the international setup in the Pacific. Draw a square on a piece of paper; join the corners by two lines, meeting in the center. Now rub out top and bottom lines of the square, leaving two triangles with their points meeting and their bases forming two upright, parallel lines.

The Hot Spot of the Pacific

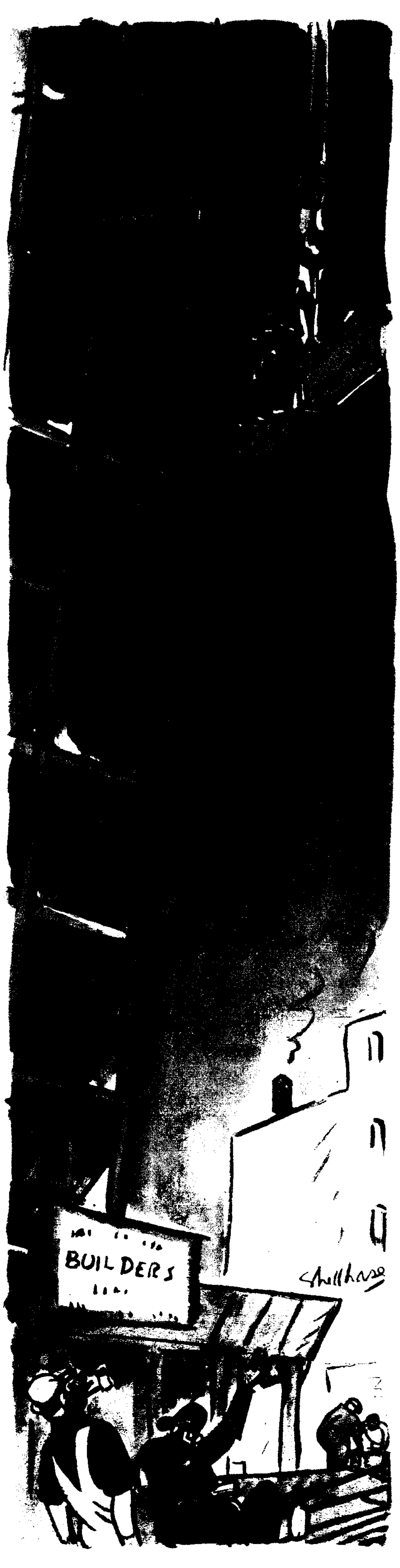
All right. Oversimplifying the thing, the left-hand upright represents the Japanese defense line, from Sakhalin Island down through the empire proper, Formosa and the former German islands—Carolinas, Marshalls, and so forth. The right-hand upright represents *our* defense line, from the Aleutians, down through Alaska and all the way to Panama.

Now, where our diagram lines cross—where the two triangles meet—is Hawaii. The American defense triangle is Hawaii-Aleutians, Hawaii-Panama, Panama-Aleutians. The Japanese offense triangle would have to be Sakhalin-Hawaii, Hawaii-Marshall Islands, Marshall Islands-Sakhalin. Take away Hawaii and the whole thing collapses.

An Asian army, to attack America, must have a jumping-off place, and vice versa. Furthermore, no Asian power could come north or south of Hawaii and so leave its flank open and its line of communication to be nipped between air fleets based on the Aleutians, Hawaii and Panama.

General Drum, sitting amid his maps in his cool, airy office at Fort Shafter, Honolulu, summed up the situation for Collier's this way:

"It isn't a soldier's job to guess about the chances of war, or to work on a fixed idea that one nation alone must be guarded against. We have to assume, in Hawaii, that we will be faced by the strongest combination of enemies possible, and then prepare as well as we can to lick that combination. If we *are* ready to combat it, then probably we'll never have to fight. But if we don't keep prepared, we're just inviting war, death and misery.



"Too bad—Bill was halfway up when the whistle blew!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

"Our strategy is based on the assumption that, to attack our West Coast, an enemy must first put our war plant here out of commission, and hold all vital points on the islands. So it is the Army's job to prevent that, and so release the Navy for attack on the enemy fleets and their attendant transports.

"It would take an enormous fleet of shipping to transport any fair-sized army across the Pacific. Under present conditions, this troop concentration and embarkation would be common knowledge almost before it started. The surprise element has largely disappeared from warfare. No enemy army could be concentrated and shipped to Hawaii within weeks, and at present there is no navy capable of holding the sea against ours. So an attempt at invasion looks foolhardy on its face. . . . But still, we have to reckon on the worst that can happen, and then lay our plans accordingly.

"As long as we keep our Hawaiian military and naval forces up to standard, with plenty of air power for defense and counterattack, that's the finest insurance against trouble."

The mid-Pacific picture is complicated—at least in the minds of most military and naval authorities—by the polyglot population of the Hawaiian group. There are about 385,000 people in the islands and 150,000 of them are original Japanese or their sons and daughters.

An Island Experiment

Terrific brow-wrinkling and head-shaking goes on over the Japanese-Americans and the official figure, showing that 72 per cent of them maintain dual citizenship, is quoted with horror. Most Japanese children born in Hawaii were registered at the Japanese consulate at birth, and thus—in Japan—are Japanese subjects. In Hawaii they are American citizens—just as much so as a Mayflower descendant in bluest-blooded Boston.

This is only half the picture, though, and a bit unfair. The great bulk of these Japanese-Americans, now in late 'teens and early twenties, have forgotten their Oriental ties and are no more Oriental than the sons of German-Americans are Germans. But it costs them $2 and a lot of red tape to undo what their parents did; so, being American in spirit, they just let it go.

It is true that, if the Japanese-Americans voted as a bloc, they might control the islands—but they no more vote as a bloc than do the Czechs of Ohio or the Jews of New York. They have very little representation in the island legislature. Locally, they serve in county and city jobs—and very well, too, according to general opinion. They seem to have little racial feeling.

But Army and Navy both have plans for "dealing with the problem" in case of war. It's a fair guess there wouldn't be any real problem.

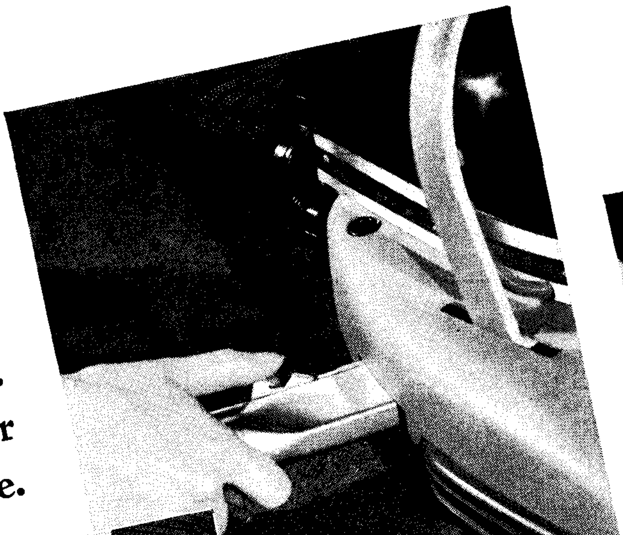
Hawaii becomes doubly important if you hop up onto a star somewhere and look at the world picture in a big way. The American idea has always traveled westward and Hawaii today is our western frontier—if you omit the barren Aleutians and remember that we're turning loose the Philippines. It's just as American, in every way, as Iowa or California—and maybe a bit more American than New York City. It is not a possession, like Puerto Rico; not a protectorate, like the Philippines. It's a territory, just as Arizona and New Mexico were a few years ago. Some day it will be a state. No. 49.

Now: Our national salvation depends on Americanizing the world. We have either to haul the rest of humanity up to our level, or let ourselves be dragged down into the coolie class. Just as Hawaii might be a jumping-off place for armed attack against us, so it is, for us, a jumping-off place for the American idea in its westward sweep.

Hawaii is going to prove whether you can take brown men and white men and yellow men and red men, Americanize them and bring them up, living in harmony, under American ideas and American standards. If you can—and it seems you can—then the Big Idea is fairly under way.

It is largely to give that experiment a chance, to provide a catapult for the American idea, that the infantry tramps through the red dust of Schofield, the planes whir overhead, the submarines slide through blue water and the long guns lie hidden by waving green grass on the hillsides of Hawaii.

Dozen New Ideas to make your housecleaning easier and your home cleaner.. to save you..in the new Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble.

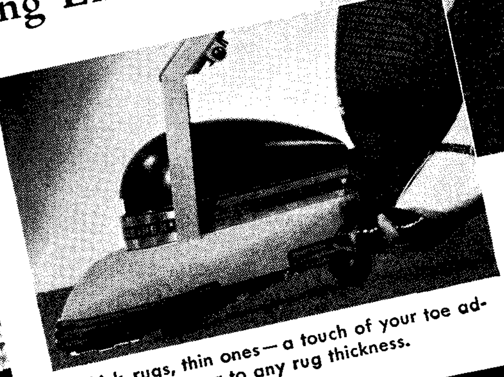


1 Cleaning tools are ready for instant use—Hoover's new converter plugs simply in a slot, without turning the cleaner over or even stopping the motor.

2 At last a cord you don't even have to knot—the handy Clip-on Plug snaps fast.

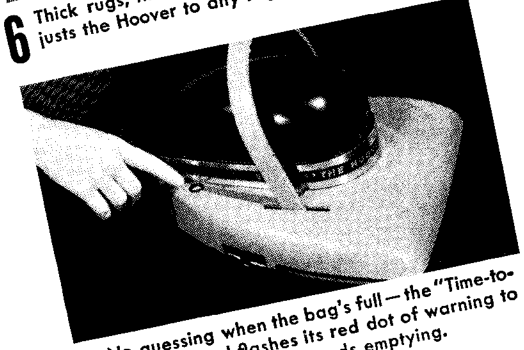
3 Made with magnesium, the airplane metal one-third lighter than aluminum.

5 Neat, new kit for Cleaning Tools—hang on nearest doorknob while using.



6 Thick rugs, thin ones—a touch of your toe adjusts the Hoover to any rug thickness.

4 Thrilling new modern style by Henry Dreyfuss, the eminent designer.



7 No guessing when the bag's full—the "Time-to-Empty" signal flashes its red dot of warning to tell you the dust bag needs emptying.

That's not all—8. First complete Cleaning Ensemble. 9. Efficiency greatly increased. 10. Helpful Dirt Finder. 11. New Comfort Handle Grip. 12. New non-marring finish.

Get all these things—and more—before housecleaning time!

Upstairs, downstairs . . . all over the house at housecleaning time . . . your new Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble will be cutting corners—saving minutes—reaching hard-to-get-at dirt—doing away with step-ladders—saving your back—giving you a new experience in easier, better cleaning.

You'll clean all the carpets right on the floor, instead of on the line . . . and you'll get all the dirt. Hoover's exclusive, patented Grit-Removers clean to the very base of the rug.

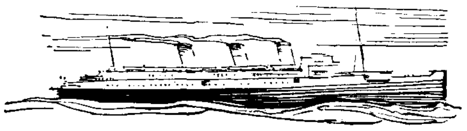
You'll get every corner and crevice of the upholstered furniture clean, with exactly the right tools. They're all together in your Handy Cleaning Kit.

You'll clean mattresses and springs, fluff pillows in the bedrooms . . . clean the fireplace, and bookshelves in the living room . . . reach top-most corner of the woodwork, without stretching.

You'll get the fluff from the bare floors and the dust from the lamp shades and draperies. You'll clean *everything* with your Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble—the perfect ensemble for all cleaning—the first basically new cleaner in ten years.

Try the Hoover One Fifty Cleaning Ensemble without obligation. Sold by leading stores everywhere, through trustworthy representatives. **$1.50 A WEEK Payable Monthly**

Also the Hoover Model "300", complete with cleaning tools, only $1.00 a week, payable monthly



10 Miles of Carpet on the Queen Mary — every foot of it kept clean and bright by a large fleet of Hoovers —kept from grit wear by the Hoover's patented Positive Agitation. Hoover alone has this feature.

THE HOO
HOOVER

THE HOOVER *One Fifty* CLEANING ENSEMBLE

IT BEATS . . . AS IT SWEEPS . . . AS IT CLEANS

Steel is Hot

Continued from page 17

can be had for fifteen cents on the quantity discount principle—a double-header of rye and a chaser of beer, "the plumber and his helper," as this effective combination is affectionately called. And on Saturday night the rye shops are crowded with the gayer spirits sending double-header after double-header down their parched throats to the accompaniment of radio jazz and other sounds of merriment.

But after all, these make up but a small part of the working population of the towns. And the great bulk of the steel men are spending the money on useful and necessary things. Practically every storekeeper I talked to agreed about a few points.

For instance, they all agreed that the men and their wives—who are the chief buyers—want goods of better quality. The women have been wearing old, turned dresses, threadbare clothes, so long that they want better clothes. They have lifted their buying from one price level to another to get better goods, so that everywhere—whether it be a new tool, a dress, a piece of cloth, a can of paint or a parlor chair—they want a better quality of goods.

They're in the Money Now

In the next place, they are cagey shoppers. They are willing to buy goods of better quality. But they are cautious and careful about the price. Their earnings, while large compared with the meager pittance or outright dole on which they have existed for four or five years, are still what they were once accustomed to. The things they buy belong to a market they are not only familiar with, but more familiar than ever, with the sharper edge of prudence born of their long trip through the wilderness.

Finally, they are extremely sensitive to price increases. Price increases have been pretty general throughout the steel towns, as everywhere else. But merchants frankly admit that buyers kick heartily on price rises and frequently refuse to buy. The subject of price is rife in the regions. The steel companies are all talking about price increases—two dollars a ton for steel and prices higher than that for various kinds of semi-fabricated shapes. The steel men are criticizing the steel companies for the price increases. They say this will kill the goose that is laying the steel egg. And they carry this mood of criticism to their stores.

This does not mean they are not buying some luxuries—even jewelry. A jeweler told me he had about made up his mind his business was a thing of the past. But now he is doing a good business, but it is all in watches and engagement rings.

And cars. They are buying cars. Sales of cars in the whole territory are about 50 per cent larger than the year before last.

I chatted with a pleasant young chap about twenty-three who had been married a year. He earned about $32 a week. He had just bought some furniture on the installment plan which he said he could swing without trouble. Then came the notice of a 10 per cent raise in wages throughout the industry. This would mean $12 a month additional pay after January 1st. But he didn't wait for January. He went right out and bought a new car. Then came the battle in the U. S. Steel mills about whether or not the company union would accept that increase and the agreement which went with it. "Boy!" he said, "if this increase falls through, I'm surely hooked." But the wage agreement went through. And car men said it was immediately reflected in car sales through the region.

However, as I have indicated, the wages of the steel men do not remain in their pockets. They pass quickly from them to those who hold claims against them and to those with whom they spend their money. Nor do they come to a pause here. They pass on into the hands of still better paid labor and to the tills of manufacturers and make salaries and profits for those who earn large sums. And this has had a far-reaching effect through these steel cities.

They buy far more costly articles and upon a more extravagant scale. They go in more for entertainment, for the night clubs, the cabarets, the theaters and concerts, for expensive cars and clothes.

The fruits of this are seen in Pittsburgh itself, rather than in Homestead or East Pittsburgh. The crowds in the fine stores are amazing.

No man can visit any large American city without seeing that external signal of well-being hoisted high—after the more sober mood of the last four years. There are more shows everywhere, more concerts, more attractions. The movies are jammed with people. The outward appearance of the town is better. There has been more broom work. There are fewer empty stores—and nothing can make a city street look more run-down at the heels than a lot of empty stores. The streets are cleaner, the windows are cleaner, the buildings are cleaner. And so it is here in the great capital of steel.

Now, of course, it would be strange if all this were not reflected in the relief rolls. At the peak here in Allegheny County, there were 86,000 people or cases on relief. That meant that relief affected about 344,000 people or a fifth of the population of the county. That was in 1935.

Of course, now the problem of the unemployed is split between the relief bureau and the Works Progress Administration (WPA). Relief is administered by the local authorities; WPA by the federal government.

In Pittsburgh, relief is in the hands of the Allegheny County Emergency Relief Administration. The WPA handles the works project jobs. The two between them in December had 64,000 on their rolls. This does not look like much of a reduction in the face of all the employment which has taken place. And the facts are interesting.

WPA Jobs Preferred

The relief rolls are probably down as low as they can be gotten—24,000. This includes only unemployables, people for whom no work can be found even on government relief projects. They include a large number of persons who in 1929 got no relief because there was no agency to give it. They include, perhaps, a lot of people who would not work if they could get work. But, in fact, there is really not much they can do. People who can work are assigned to the WPA. And the relief rolls themselves have been so greatly reduced that in the steel towns the number affected is quite small.

But the WPA list stubbornly resists reduction. It was 47,000 at the very peak of the depression load in this county. In spite of the tremendous revival of industry and re-employment, the reduction has been only 7,000. There are still 40,000 working on various government projects.

What is the explanation? I can only offer some surmises. On these projects men are paid a minimum of $60.60. That's almost $15 a week. There are 8,000 single men with no dependents on such jobs. And this is the minimum. There are some jobs calling for professional service which pay as high as $94 a month, which is something over $21 a week. Many of these jobs are for three days a week or four days a week. I think it will be accepted that there are many men who would rather make from $15 to $21 a week and have four days to themselves than have to work in steel mills or in even harder jobs six eight-hour days for not a very great deal more.

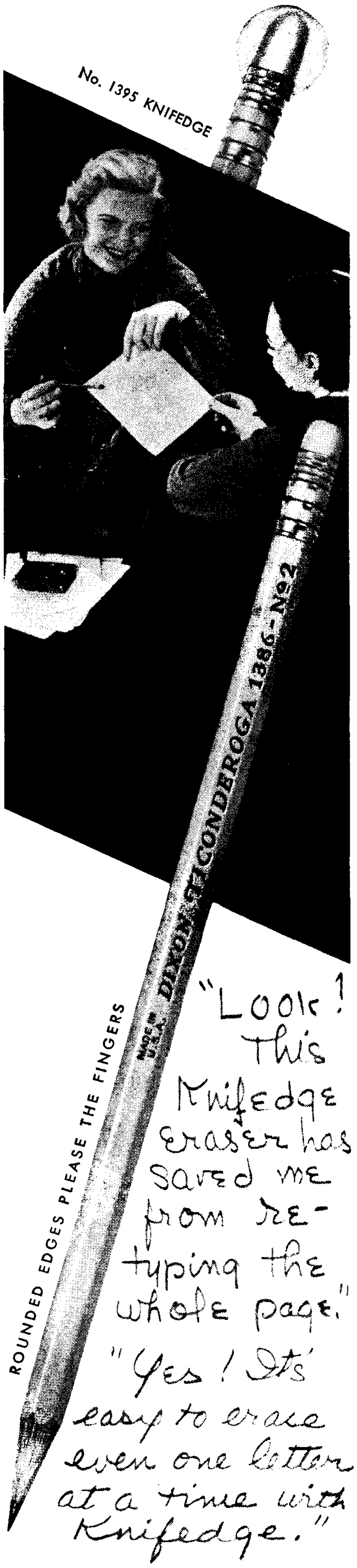
A skilled mechanic may make $40 or $50 a week when he works. But he does not work full weeks and there are lots of weeks when he doesn't work at all. Taking one day with another you might well find that this so-called $40- or $50-a-week man doesn't make more than $25 a week the year round. He puts in lots of allegedly idle days. But they are really spent looking for work—a back-breaking, leg-wearying job.

This is not a discussion of our employment problem, but you cannot ignore a condition like this in a city like Pittsburgh where employment is very close to what it was in 1929—a boom year—yet 40,000 people have got to be kept in jobs by the government and 64,000 all together have got to be sheltered on relief or job programs. But, for the time being, of course, this does not interfere with the rising tide of good times. On the contrary, it is aiding it; is, in fact, the chief dynamic force behind it. For these 64,000 people in Allegheny County are also making their weekly trips to the merchants with the millions which the state and nation are pouring out in that wealthy county.

But, of course, over these steel towns and, for that matter, all steel towns, hangs the shadow of the possible steel labor struggle. One day in Rankin I arrived at the mill gates of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company around three o'clock, just as many hundreds of men were coming out at the end of their turn. Around the gates were clustered a score or more of men—John L. Lewis union

"Darling, I want to apologize. I behaved like a brute last night"

C. W. ANDERSON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organizers. A huge banner called on the men to "Be Wise and Organize." A sound truck near by flooded the mill yards with the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Men from a microphone in a car called on the men in English, Italian, half a dozen Slavic dialects to "Be Wise and Organize." The organizers handed out leaflets and literature and application cards for joining the union. There was no disorder, no ill feeling.

How is the union making out? Are the men joining? Is there going to be a strike? When will it start? These are the big questions around the mill towns. Is Lewis strong enough to put up a battle? Is the company union standing up under the attack? Of course no one can answer these questions. But one thing is certain. Men are joining the Lewis union in great numbers. Also many company union representatives are joining the Lewis union. I was surprised to talk with many company union representatives and learn they were organizing inside the plants for Lewis. I talked with the union leaders. And I talked with some of the steel high command. As the New Year dawned the matter stood with Lewis apparently preparing to make demands and the steel magnates determined not to give an inch. The demands will be for recognition of the union, minimum five dollars a day wage, seniority, perhaps vacation for all with pay and shorter hours.

The battle will come. What the outcome will be, no one can say. What its effect on the steel towns will be is easier to forecast. There are men there—merchants—who fear it will ruin all, put an end to the rising good times. Certainly if a strike comes and men stop working and steel operations are paralyzed or even curtailed, there will be a temporary halt in the flow of new money income that now floods the regions. But nothing, in my judgment, at this time can halt the upward surge of business. And when the steel strike starts—if it does start—it will be too immense a scrap to last long. And when it ends the mills will resume upon a greater scale than before and go surging forward until—until when? That would be difficult to guess now. But through 1937, we may be sure.

But as you go through all these steel towns you get the impression that something has happened to the steel industry. It has gone technological. Steel is abandoning old ways, taking up with the new. If you are a traveler and like to journey to far places and see interesting things, you will travel far before you will see anything more amazing than a modern continuous steel strip sheet mill.

Big, but Simple

The steel industry, if you wish to be inclusive, spreads almost everywhere, for into countless products, as for instance the automobile, steel enters as almost a basic material. But the steel industry proper stops far short of all these fabricating industries. It consists of mining the iron, producing the coke, making pig iron, turning the iron into steel in the great Bessemer or open-hearth furnaces, then making the steel into huge blooms or slabs, into long round bars or square bars, into plates, such as sheathe battleships, into sheets such as go into automobiles, into tin plate such as makes a can for your beans, into rails, beams, structural shapes and, perhaps, wire and pipe. Most of all this goes to other producers for fabrication in one way or another. But it then ceases to be in the steel industry.

Therefore the steel industry itself is not concerned with making intricate and bewilderingly complex fabrications. I said to a steel executive that his plant awed me—it was so vast, about two miles long, countless buildings, locomotives, huge cranes, immense dumps of material, smoke, size. He said he thought it was all very simple. "It's big," he said, "but simple. We just take a huge slab of steel and roll it out to make it a plate, or a sheet or a piece of tin plate. But the product is all one piece, no countless parts.

"When I go to a small factory sometimes," he said, "I am awed. Not the size but the details—thousands of parts perhaps in a single product, all to be separately fitted, kept track of, tested. It almost drives me insane. Here, we lift around tons, but it's all done with the pull of a lever or push of a button and often by a man sitting in a comfortable seat in a traveling crane, whose work of handling thousands of tons is not very different from running a typewriter or driving a small car."

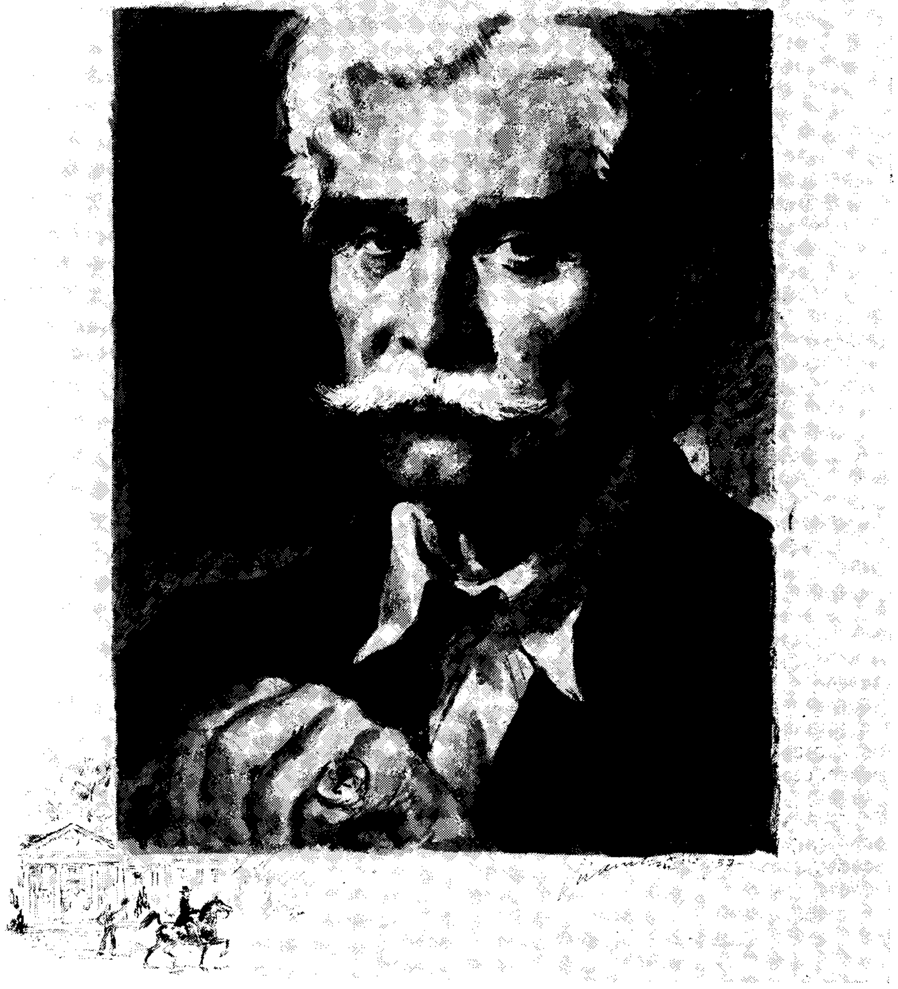
Streamlined Steel Production

And it is in one of these new continuous mills, with their important bearing on industry, that you see this simplicity illustrated. The huge slabs of steel pass into the furnace where they move, slowly picking up heat, until presently they are at white heat and ready to drop out on the rolling line. This rolling line is blocks long—a great narrow pathway made of cylinders continuously rolling so that anything dropped on that line is just carried along by those rollers. As the steel slab, weighing perhaps two tons, moves along, it passes between huge steel-reducing rollers set to press it out as if it were so much biscuit dough. Before it is pressed it is perhaps eight inches thick. It comes out six inches thick. Then it goes on, handled by the rollers, moved automatically by mechanical feelers into place between one set of crushing rollers after another until it is finally down to the thickness of a piece of cardboard and eighteen or perhaps thirty-six inches wide, a long ribbon of steel, red-hot steel. The final operation is to cut it up, as it flies along that roller pathway, into proper lengths—maybe ten feet each—and send it down to the line.

You can build a little mill like one of these new ones for about twenty million dollars and they are building them all over the steel country. I went through the magnificent plant of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company at Youngstown. The Jones & Laughlin Company is completing one in Pittsburgh. The U. S. Steel Corporation was just getting ready to start an immense one at Homestead. The process is being applied to all steel products, sheet, plate, tin plate, skelp and so on. I venture this guess: that there are some steel companies which, in 1939, will have discarded 75 per cent of the plants they operated in 1929. So when you hear about the excess capacity of the steel industry, remember that by modern 1937 standards they have no excess capacity.

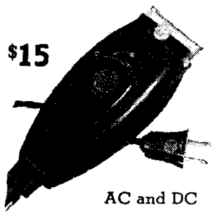
Your first thought as you look at one of these mills is—where are the men? Machines again—ever more machines. But what of the workers? And, in a sense, that is true. Yet I doubt if these new mills will displace any workers. The truth is they make the production of steel cheaper and they make it so much better that steel is finding new uses.

But with steel finding its way into new uses, with the steel companies spending countless millions revamping their ancient industry, with steel plants working as busily as in 1929, three shifts a day and that without the structural industry being yet more than slightly stimulated and promising to go into active operation by summer, what other forecasts can be made for these vast enterprises save a year of heavy production of both steel and wages?—subject merely to the possibility of a brief interruption while a potential labor dispute is argued.



A gentleman from Virginia

{ HE SHAVED 2000 TIMES WITH A SCHICK }



He has used a Schick Shaver for nearly five years—shaving every day and twice on Saturday and Sunday. He has shaved more than 2000 times and his Schick works as well today as the day he bought it. How could shaving cost less than this?

But cost is nothing compared to the sheer joy of painless, quick and close shaves with the Schick.

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Woman Hungry

Continued from page 12

"That's exactly it," said Giles Overton. "He is out of town."

All of them knew how it was then. Women who stepped off the Omaha train without escort always came out to be married. It was a common story in this woman-hungry land. Yet, and this was the thing that held them still, she had no resemblance to the average run of matrimonial-bureau women. She said in a dwindling, relieved voice: "I wonder when he'll be back."

This long interval Gordon Robards hadn't moved. But now he came away from the wall, his long body full of indolence, his blond head bared. He stood before them and for a moment there was an agate-sharp criticism in the glance he passed over these men. "No," he said, "it ain't the proper way. The truth is better." He turned, the expression of his face half soft and half noncommittal—the look of a man inflicting a hurt he could not avoid. His voice had its own regretting melody. "Jack Spain died two days ago. He had blood poisoning and he went sudden. He's buried in the cemetery just beyond town."

IT WAS a stiff and sudden blow, cruelly administered. Emerett Bulow's face got a little red and his cross-thrown glance hit Robards with a full anger. "You could have done it softer, Gordon."

"Truth," murmured Gordon Robards, "comes hard. But it's kinder than a lie strung out."

They were silent and at once full of unexpressed admiration. She stood before them in a manner that was hard for them to accept, light dying from her eyes and her lips tightening. Yet she had a dignity and a strength that affected them in powerful fashion. The flush left her oval cheeks and she kept looking at Gordon Robards, and she said in a gentle tone: "Yes, it was kind. I should like to see his grave."

Mark Wales, having overlooked one bet, was too quick a man to miss another. He said: "I'd be happy to show you. It's just beyond the street." Giles Overton showed a faint irritation and opened and closed his mouth. Gordon Robards nodded and left the lobby; and standing under the hotel's galleried roof he later watched the girl come from the hotel with Mark Wales and move down the street at a slow, even-measured step. She had her chin up and she looked squarely at the presented picture of this dusty, sun-scorched town. It was the thing that hit Gordon Robards hardest—that straight and calm attention.

FOR a moment his glance followed her, and then traveled elsewhere. The long-flung light of a westering sun began to lift its golden tidemark higher on the eastern walls of the town. Three horses bearing the Durbin brand stood half asleep by Orlo Torvester's stable; and Payt Richeson, the whip-figured Durbin foreman, made an easy stand at the stable's archway. Everybody in Prairie was at the moment watching Laura Gale walk toward the cemetery, and for that respite Gordon Robards was grateful. During the last twenty-four hours he had walked this street as a human target, feeling the loneliness of a man ordered into exile, every eye covertly upon him.

Fritz Dykemyer, one of the big-thewed German homesteaders, sauntered up and stopped. Fritz said: "I went up by your shanty, comin' to town. They burned it last night. I hear it's open season on you, if you ride down the Silver Bow again. I hear you got orders to take the train. Is it so?"

"That's so."

Dykemyer's round brown eyes widened. He thought slowly and he moved slowly and his beliefs, once arrived at, were as solid as granite. "You been a friend of mine. Not like the other cowpunchers, Gordy, you never got tough on us settlers. We ain't all fools. We know our friends."

Gordon Robards still had his hat in his fist, his yellow head idly bent and his long muscles loosened. Thus indolence held him. Men strolled by and a heavy-weighted freighter growled outward from Prairie with a load of barbwire for the nesters newly settling the Silver Bow. Dykemyer said in an amiable, undecided voice, "The Durbin man—Payt Richeson—is watching you," and pushed his huge frame down the street.

Robards crossed toward the saloon, half shrouded by the dust boiling behind the freighter's wheels. Richeson's little shape stirred remotely at the stable's arch, and two other Durbin riders came out of the stable's semidark and joined him. They were watching him and they were watching the load of barbwire, hating him and hating the wire for what it meant—which was the final breakup of cattle range that had been free for those strong enough to hold it.

Robards entered the saloon and got a bottle and glass from the bar and sat down at a poker table, his back against the wall and his face toward the door. There was never any way of telling how Payt Richeson would choose to shoot.

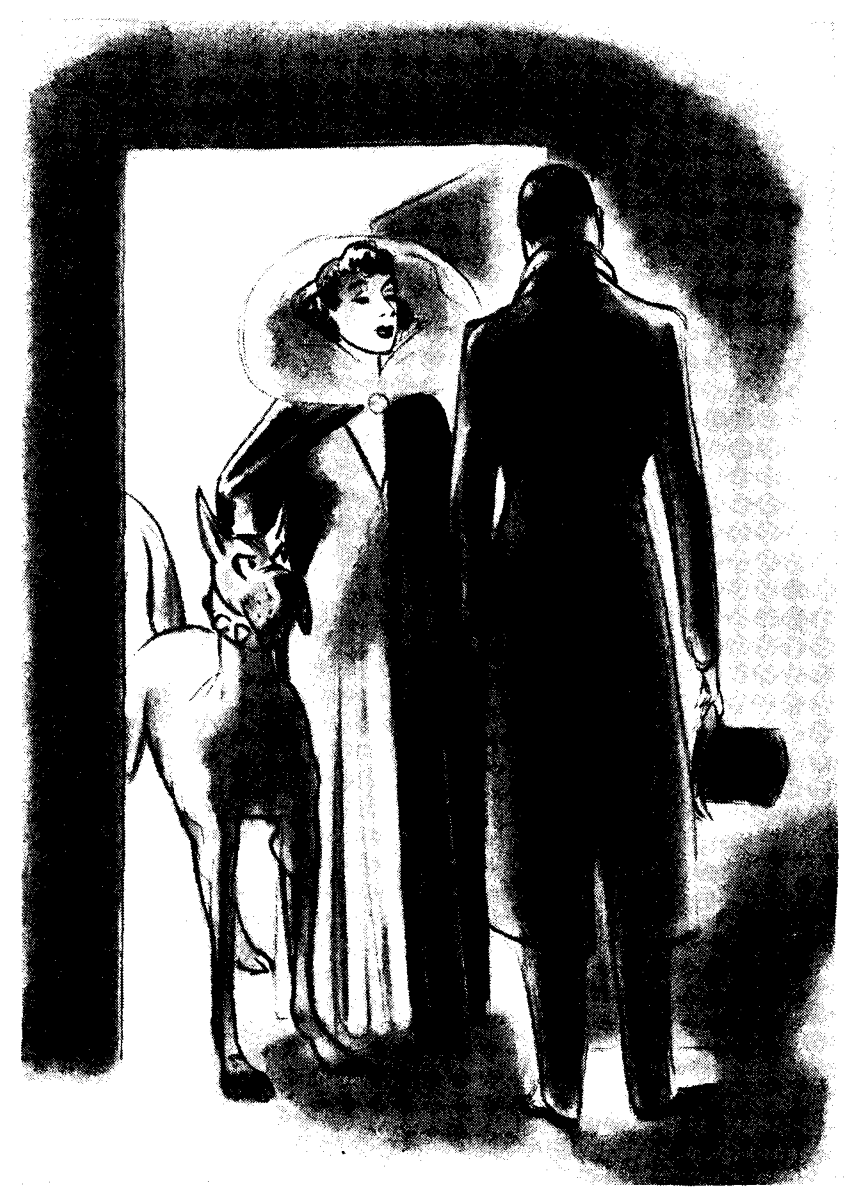
But he knew Richeson would shoot, for the little man was vain of his skill and touchy concerning his courage; it was a bad combination. Old Al Durbin, who had created the great ranch out of wild Indian lands, had sent Richeson and the other two into Prairie with definite orders two days before and Richeson had come straight to him.

"Durbin says don't ever ride into the Silver Bow again. That leaves you just one way, which is the train. You better take it. I'll stick around till you do."

ALL the town knew that ultimatum, and all the town waited. Gordon Robards took his drink and sat quietly at the table, his long arms on it and his solid, blackened fingers stretched out. His glance touched those finger tips but his vision went beyond into backward time—to that time when he had been old Al Durbin's foreman. But that was two years ago and there had been no settlers in this land and nothing for a man to do but ride a free range. Things had changed with the appearance of the settlers. The big ranches, outraged by the intrusion, had fought in all their ways to preserve the government land they used and didn't own.

It hadn't been in Gordon Robard's heart to fight those patient men and women building their homes and raising their families along the winding Silver Bow. And one evening, standing on the

(*Continued on page 64*)



"Good night, Mr. Richards"

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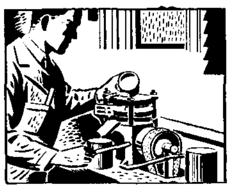
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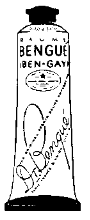

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(Continued from page 62)

crest of the low hills overlooking the Silver Bow's pleasant valley, he had seen the lights of the settlers' houses wink through a soft dusk and for him exactly at that moment was born a dissatisfaction and a restlessness he could not name. Like a hunger he could not satisfy by water or food. Like a sense of time passing him by, leaving him behind. That night he had quit Durbin, knowing what he meant to do. He had filed on a section of land in those low hills and put up a cabin. This was government land and open to entry.

Yet it was land Durbin had used for graze and so this was his crime, to file on soil used by his one-time employer. All the old crew Gordon Robards had ridden with were gone from Durbin's now, replaced by men like Payt Richeson. The big outfits were warring against the nesters and Payt was the warring kind, as were all the Durbin punchers.

There was a puzzle in his head that would not resolve. He had been a rider; and now was a nester by sudden choice—not knowing why. This week, at last, they had him blocked out from his land and they had burned his house. He could fight or he could leave. Why should he fight for the land, having no ties binding him to it, having no reason to settle on it? He didn't know. Yet some blind reason urged him to stick.

HIS glance remained on his finger tips, with the sharp-pointed boot toes of a man sliding into his conscious survey. It lifted his attention idly. Payt Richeson came deliberately across the saloon with a faint swagger of shoulder. Richeson's face was dry, it was sharp. He had the heatless, winkless eyes of a fighter who forgot nothing and overlooked nothing; and who knew nothing about pity. Richeson said: "You didn't take the train out. I'm weary of waitin'. You take tomorrow's train."

Gordon Robards wasn't smiling, though it seemed he was. His long lips were restless, and a quicker light got to burning up its glow in his glance. He said: "Listen, Payt. A girl got off the train looking for Jack Spain. We had to tell her Spain was dead. Half of the truth had to be told. We said he died of blood poisoning. You keep it to yourself that Jack Spain was a weak man who had to be shot finally for his stealing."

Richeson said, "Remember your own troubles," and wheeled out. . . .

Standing at the window, Laura Gale watched dusk quietly erase the unlovely edges of this town. She was remembering the round headboard above Jack Spain's grave. His name had been printed in pencil, but even now that was fading; weeds grew rank in the cemetery and all the greenness was gone. She turned to light the room's lamp and sought from her packed effects the last letter he had written to her:

"My dear Laura: My business often takes me out of Prairie City, or I would have written sooner. It would not be wise of you to come here. This is a poor contrived town and would look sorry to you after the comforts of Omaha. It has been two years since I left, with the assurance you would wait till I returned. Have the patience to extend that wait until this winter, when I shall at last come home. There is no life here for a woman. It may be we have lost two years—but we will start in better circumstances for the wait. I remain, Jack Spain."

Now he was dead, and she had no tears.

She had wanted to come west, poor as they both were, and marry him. He had not agreed. And so those two years had their way with her and some of the glory of the long adventure went out and at twenty she was a full woman with a doubt concerning her promise made at eighteen. And at last, needing her answer, she had posted him a letter and followed by the next train.

She stood quietly beside the lamp, her face softened and saddened by its mellow shining, and collected all her hopes and put them away; and then made no motion for a long while.

This was the town's quiet hour, its interval of easy breathing before the riders came in and the saloon lights grew stronger. Loitering on the edge of the walks, or seated beneath the galleried arches, men smoked out their pipes and let the wind touch them. Gordon Robards paced across the dust from Hammerstein's store to the saloon; Mark Wales sauntered out of the courthouse with a cheroot redly ignited, and Payt Richeson stepped deliberately from the stable so that Gordon Robards might see him—and stepped back again.

Mark Wales went into the hotel. Robards walked that way, entering the lobby. Fritz Dykemyer, this while standing by Hammerstein's store, saw it all with a studious, patient interest; and particularly had marked Payt Richeson's little act. It turned the stolid homesteader toward Hammerstein, who sat near by. "That train tomorrow—when does it go through?"

"Three o'clock." Hammerstein added regretfully. "I always liked Robards. But he's a dead man if he stays."

Coming into the hotel lobby, Gordon Robards found Mark Wales and Giles Overton and Clark Meloney with their heads together. Clark spun a coin that fell to the floor and Wales said, "Heads," and Meloney looked down and shook his head. It made Wales swear. Meloney spun the coin a second time, Giles Overton murmuring, "Heads." Clark Meloney picked up the coin and pocketed it. "You're first, Giles," he drawled.

Gordon Robards said, from across the lobby, "You're a bunch of fools."

The three of them looked at him, not saying anything.

Clark Meloney at last broke the stillness. "Gordon," he said, "it's too bad."

And then Gordon Robards was smiling, a long-lipped and ironic smile. "Never worry. I'm asking nothing from you." . . .

She was standing at the room's window directly after breakfast when Clark Meloney knocked and came in at her command. He had taken pains to shave and change into a black broadcloth suit; it made a good-looking man of him, and a self-conscious man. But he said:

"Will you be taking today's train back to Omaha?"

She said candidly: "I don't know."

It was something Clark Meloney considered over a prolonged silence. Eventually it furnished him an excuse for what he seemed anxious to say. She could see how careful he was with his words.

"I have seen many women step off that train, coming out here to get married. It was, perhaps, your story also. I regret the ending. Some of those women came on correspondence—never seeing the men until the train left them on the platform. There have been some odd matches, yet it is the way it's had to be. This is a new section and women are scarce. Look down into the street, Miss Gale. You can have any unmarried man in that crowd."

SHE wheeled, watching Prairie's street fill with a fresh and brilliant sunlight. A stable hostler dressed down part of the walk with a water bucket and riders went out of town on the lope. The sound of hammer and saw began to lay steady echoes into the day. She said, "Come here, please," and pointed her hand at the street. She said: "Any man? That man, for instance?"

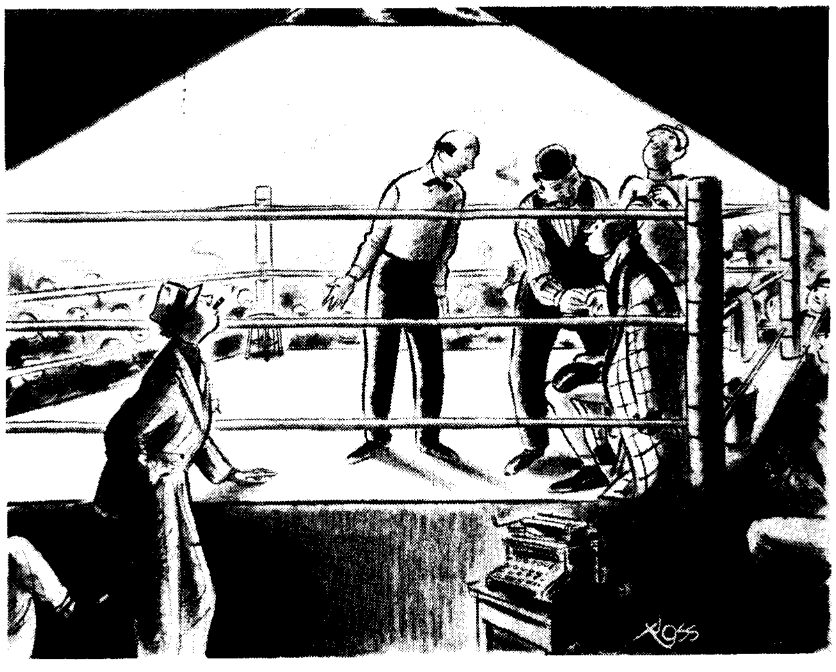
He walked over and glanced along her extended arm. Gordon Robards stood against the wall of Torvester's stable, indolent in this warm light—seeming half asleep. Clark Meloney said:

"You're looking at a shadow. By three o'clock that shadow will be gone."

It turned her in one single, swift motion. "Why?"

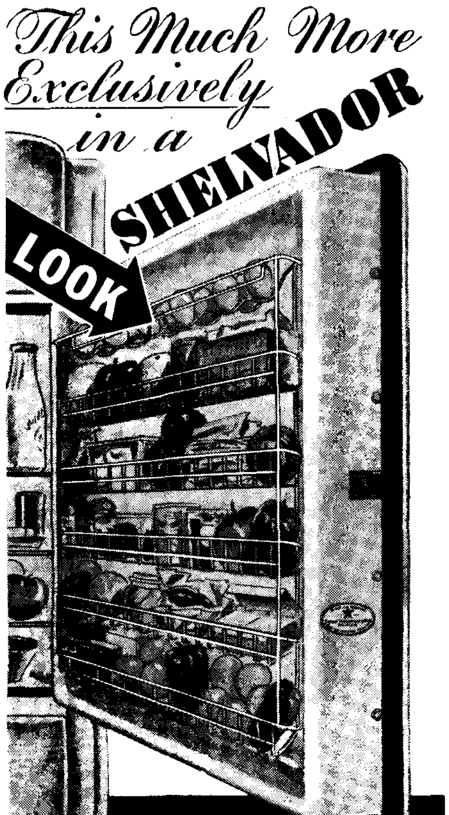
Meloney said, regrettingly: "Cattle and homesteads don't mix. Cattlemen hate the hoemen creeping into their range. It is a touchy situation along the Silver Bow. But cattlemen hate Gordon Robards worse. For he was a rider—and then he settled on a piece of government land the Durbin ranch always used. It is his right, though God knows why a single puncher without kith or kin would want to take up the hoe. But the Durbins remember they used to pay him as a rider and they figure he's betrayed his own kind in turnin' nester. You see that little man yonder? His name is Richeson and he's got the Durbin orders to put Gordon on the three-o'clock train today—or kill him. It is Gordon Robards' choice."

She had turned back to watch Gordon Robards. She said in a soft and musing voice: "He won't leave."



"He says you should shadowbox a while. The champ's gonna be a little late!"

A. ROSS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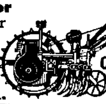
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Clark Meloney said in a puzzled fashion, "How's that?" On that street, day's light got stronger and smokier. Gordon Robards lifted his hand to pull the wide brim of his hat downward. Giles Overton drove a buggy up to the hotel's porch and stopped his two leggy gray horses there—and then looked toward Laura Gale's window.

Meloney said: "You got time hanging on your hands and maybe you'd like to see the Silver Bow. Giles there is waitin' to take you."

Laura Gale turned out of the room, preceding the hotel man down the stairs. Out on the porch Clark Meloney made his brief introduction. "This is Giles. He's a kind of real-estate man."

GILES was out of the buggy, handing Laura Gale to the seat with an uncertain gallantry. He took his place again, his customary ease absent. It made Clark Meloney grin and lift his eyes to the girl, to find that her attention had gone across the street to Gordon Robards. For a minute it was like that, a glance going between them, exclusive and prolonged, shutting out all other sights and sounds in the street. Presently Giles Overton touched the whip to his team and ran out of Prairie.

It was nine, then. It was half past ten when Giles drew his buggy to a promontory overlooking the Silver Bow's canyon and stopped. He had spoken no more than six words during the trip, embarrassment making a wall between. He said now, in a suppressed way: "A pretty sight." Down there, two hundred feet or more, the river unwound its silver strip in cool semishadows, with cottonwoods and alders clinging to the water's edge. Directly to the fore she could see the faint shapes of homestead houses; over on the right, low hills lifted to create a border for the Silver Bow's valley.

Giles Overton blurted out: "I have a rather respectable income—and a good house in town. Would you be interested in marrying me?"

She looked at him, knowing how long he had been in preparing that proposal. Excitement showed its sparkle in his eyes but he wasn't a bold enough man to keep them lifted to her steady glance. She said: "I can remember how nice a compliment it is. Will you take me back to town?"

She was remembering then—and all through the homeward drive—what the hotel man had said about Gordon Robards: "He'll take the train, or be killed." And she watched Prairie City rise up from the dun earth with a growing anxiety, with a tension pulling at her nerves. When, at noon, Giles dropped her before the hotel, she went directly to her room.

Giles Overton sat on the buggy seat, watching Mark Wales and Clark Meloney close in. He stared at them with a dismal eye. "No," he said.

Mark Wales smiled. "It's my turn."

Giles shook his head. "There's something in her I can't reach—and neither will you."

SHE had her dinner and returned to the room, and was there, sitting on the edge of her bed with her hands quietly folded, when Mark Wales knocked at her door. He opened it at her command, stopping exactly at the threshold and removing his hat. He was a better setup man than Giles Overton and knew it; he had a quieter and more educated way about him and his perceptions were deeper. Yet when her eyes met him and he saw the blue depths mirroring things he could not quite put a name to, sudden confusion destroyed the exactness of what he had to say.

"If we were in the East it would be improper for me to say this. It is different out here. I want to emphasize that, because I would not wish you to think me lacking in respect. There are so few women here. All women are desirable." He halted, knowing he paid her no compliment in saying that, and went on with a sudden gust of feeling: "I have never seen a woman quite like you. I am not the worst of choices. I understand you may go back on the train, and that you may not. If it is your intention to make a home here—which is what I presume you came for—I should like to offer you that home." He paused, and afterward added with a touch of intensity, "Believe me, this is not casual."

She said gently: "When does the train leave?"

"In two hours."

She rose, her expression unsmiling, with shadows at once deepening across her features. His proposal had sent a little color into her face and he could see a faint regret there, a touch of sympathy for him. It was his answer and he bowed his head to it, saying, "I should have considered it more luck than I deserved," and left the room.

She went to the window, pulled there by a sense of excitement that got stronger and stronger. The foreshortened shapes of men passed idly below. A wagon crawled into Prairie and stopped across the way and a man wrapped the ribbons around the brake handle and stepped down, leaving a woman waiting for him. The woman wore a full faded dress with a long sunbonnet and held a child in her arms, intermittently rocking it.

Laura Gale watched that child and that woman, thinking: "The life here is hard. But she has her child. Where is mine?"

Gordon Robards came from a saddle shop adjoining the saloon and stopped by the wagon, smiling at the woman as he talked. At the head of the street she could see the whip-figured Payt Richeson watching all this.

SHE retreated from the window, her breath strengthening and color coming again to her face. Day's heat swelled the room's dead air. She thought of Jack Spain, but only as she would think of something out of the far past. For she knew that her girlhood love had long ago died—leaving her only with a loyalty that had carried her through two lost years. It was this sense of waiting, this fruitlessly spent time that hurt so much now. There was a hunger in her to be awake, to be alive—to feel her strong hands at work, to be needed by a man, to look at the world through the window of her own house.

She stopped, her oval cheeks smooth from an excitement that would not die; and then she abruptly left her room and walked down the stairs. There was a man coming in from the street and for a moment the light of the doorway was in her eyes and she couldn't see. But he was tall and his shoulders had a way of restlessly turning. There was nobody else in the lobby. And then she found herself before Gordon Robards, looking up to him. He had removed his hat with the blond hair dropping its unruly edges across the sun-darkened forehead: and it seemed to her that there was a touch of laughter or of wildness behind his eyes.

"I suppose," he said, "you will be taking the train out, today."

She looked at him carefully. "Will you?"

He pulled a watch from his vest and held it cupped in a bronzed hand. "Forty-five minutes," he murmured. "I don't know."

She said: "You are single. You are free. Why did you want a homestead?"

He looked at her, puzzled by the question; bothered by it. "I don't know," he

(Continued on page 66)

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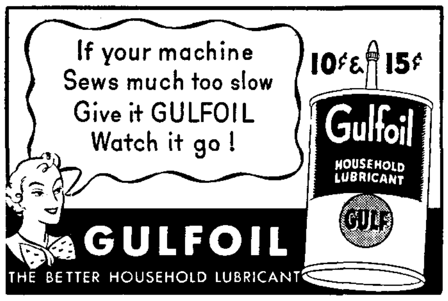

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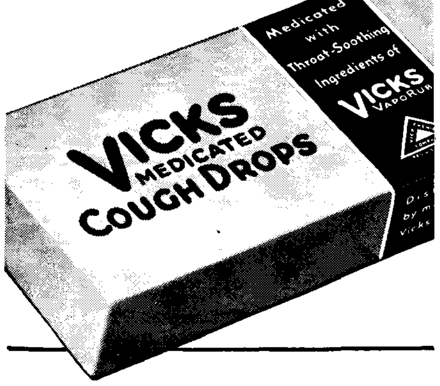
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(Continued from page 65)

admitted. “Sometimes a man does these things. I recall looking at the lights of the German settlement one night. They looked pretty. They made me feel like a stray. That night I got the idea to settle. I don't know why.”

She spoke to him in the same careful and exact tone: “I was engaged to Jack Spain in Omaha two years ago. He intended to come back. Two years is a long time out of life. And so at last I came here, to see if he was the same—and if I still felt the same.”

“I regret the ending.”

She said: “If I loved him I should be grieving now. It is cruel to think it, but I am not grieving.”

He said: “So I reckon you'll go back?”

She looked at him, straight and long and soberly: “Is there ever anything to be gained by running? Or by going back?”

A voice said in an excited tone, “Robards—Robards,” and Mark Wales put his head into the doorway and said: “Come out here, Gordon.”

Gordon Robards' glance was quick and bright. It touched Laura Gale like heat. Silence droned through the lobby while both of them stood straight and still and immersed in a feeling that whirled its sudden circle around them. Laura Gale turned then and went up the stairs, walking with her shoulders straight, the folds of her dress rustling against the stair risers.

Gordon Robards wheeled around and stopped, seeing Mark Wales come quickly in with Clark Meloney and the marshal, Emerett Bulow. All of them showed an instant worry. It was Emerett Bulow who said:

“Half an hour till train time. Payt Richeson is standin' at the foot of the street. Two other Durbin boys are by the stable. You take that train, Gordon. You can't come out of a fight with three men. Even if you did, the Durbins would come again. I've seen a lot of dead men along the Silver Bow. I don't want to see you dead.”

GORDON ROBARDS let it sink into the heated stillness. Emerett Bulow had a touch of asthma and his breathing sawed up and down. They were watching Robards with an extreme care; and it came to him then that they were stronger friends than he had thought, and afterward he was ashamed to recall that he had believed them faint-hearted.

“I've ridden the Silver Bow when there wasn't a soul to be seen for fifty miles,” he said. “But that day is done and the cattlemen will soon be gone. The homesteaders will make a pretty land of it.”

“Maybe,” said Mark Wales. “But not yet. You take that train.”

“I don't know,” said Gordon Robards in a puzzled way, “why I took up a homestead in the first place.”

He went out of the hotel and strolled along the shaded strip made by the board awnings. Fritz Dykemyer sat on an empty keg in front of Hammerstein's. A man came from the saloon and saw Gordon Robards and then walked over to speak a word to Mrs. Gebhart, who sat so patiently on the wagon seat with her baby. Mrs. Gebhart turned and threw Robards a quick glance and afterward reached for the reins and tooled the wagon full around in the street and drove into the stable. Robards, crossing the dust to the front of LaTouche's barbershop, heard Mrs. Gebhart's baby wailing in the stable. Payt Richeson stood down the street, halfway to the depot—and Richeson's three riders were slouched behind him, in the sulky shade of the board awnings.

Out of the prairie he heard the long-spaced whistling of the Omaha-bound train, arriving before its time, and then afterward silence closed down upon Prairie City and life seemed to stop. He threw one more glance at Richeson, seeing that little man's thin body go straight beside the street post; and looking up along the hotel his eyes came to the window of Laura Gale's room and he found her standing there, watching him. He pulled his eyes away, but he was thinking of what she had said: “Is there anything to be gained by running?”

INTO this long stillness Mark Wales' voice arrived: “So long, Gordy.” Wales was in the hotel doorway and his face had turned dim and queer. There were other faces here, but Gordon Robards saw them only vaguely. The train's bell began to roil the hot still air and Fritz Dykemyer got deliberately off his nail keg in front of Hammerstein's and retreated to the store's doorway. Gordon Robards put a shoulder to one of the board awning posts and stared at the dust, considering all of it with one last thought. The train slid by the foot of the street and stopped, and Payt Richeson was suddenly in the street's middle.

There was still time for him to reach the train. Head down, Gordon Robards heard the engine's bell toll off the seconds as from a great distance. His nerves were turning into cold strings and this town gradually faded out, and then he knew he would never make the train. He didn't know why he had turned hoeman; he didn't know why he stayed here now. His head came up then and he saw the girl standing at her room's window, her shoulders small and square and her face darkened with an emotion he couldn't make out. The train, he suddenly realized, had left Prairie; and Payt Richeson was saying:

“Robards.”

This town had no other life and no other motion. The sun burned down on Robards' skin and dust smell was ranker and ranker. He looked carefully toward Payt, calculating the distance and remembering the little man's excellence with a gun. The two other Durbin men had risen. They were plastered against the wall of the hardware store. He saw how Payt Richeson's arm hung awkwardly down and thereafter he moved into the street and faced Richeson across a hundred-foot interval. At that instant Richeson's arm broke at the elbow joint.

The sound of Richeson's gun was a dynamiting explosion through the stillness. Robards ears were mauled by that roar and then a banner of dust jerked up beside him and Richeson's small figure was a swaying target and Robards' shot howled brutally between the buildings and reached its mark. It tore the life out of Richeson; he saw the man flinch and stiffen in a last erect attitude. The two other Durbin men were rushing away from the wall, one of them lacing a shot wildly at Robards, whose second bullet dropped that one to his knees. The third man suddenly stopped and spread his arms away from his sides and began to bawl: “That's enough! That's enough, Gordy!”

Richeson had fallen and was dead. The second Durbin man rolled over and over in the dust with his smashed leg, and the third had quit and was howling for mercy. The pounding echoes dimmed out in the hot upper sky, and for a little while the silence of this town was the silence of a hundred hidden citizens staring at what had been done. Dykemyer abruptly moved out of the store and afterward Emerett Bulow appeared and walked without haste toward the dead Richeson. Afterward Prairie people filled the walks. Mark Wales hurried across the dust and hauled Robards around with both his arms. “You damn' fool,” he cried, “it was too long a chance! And now Al Durbin will never rest till he tries again.”

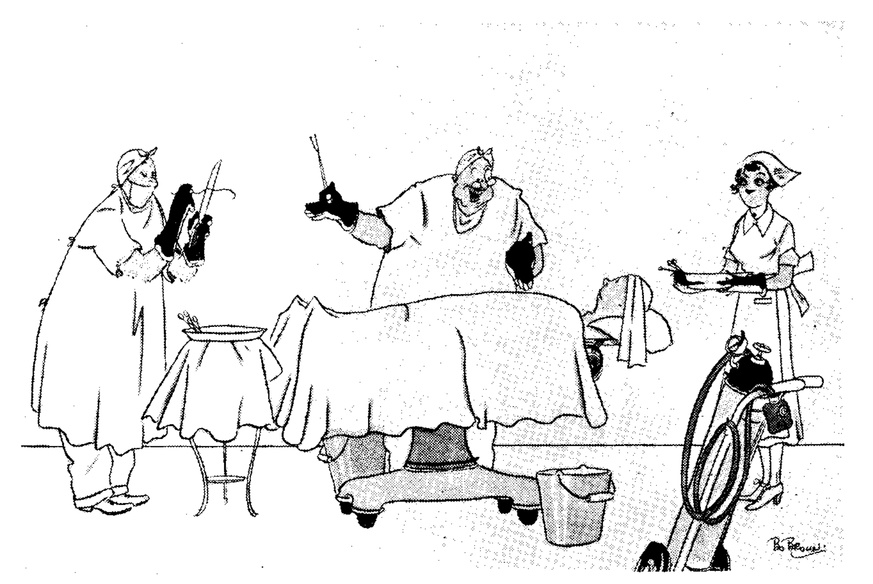
Laura Gale had disappeared from the window of her room. Robards looked at Mark Wales' excited face. Men were coming up to make a ring around Robards, to stare at the coolness of his eyes and to listen to the even run of his voice.

He said: “I gave Payt the first shot. Tell Al Durbin I'll never give another man that favor. Tell him I'll take my first shot at him, if he means to go on with this.”

But he was smiling when he turned through the crowd, his long legs carrying him into the lobby. Laura Gale had come down the stairs and was waiting there. The light of the room was dim and sultry but he saw the fear and the strain in her eyes go suddenly away, leaving her lips long and soft—and drawn faintly apart as if waiting to answer him when he spoke.

He said, in a voice half gay and half humble: “I have nothing much to offer.”

SHE looked at him long and carefully, a rose stain breaking the composure of her face. It ran on like this, the silence a deeper quality all around them; and then she raised her arms and at once he saw the arch of her breasts and the strong and almost violent life shining in her straight glance. When she spoke her words were full, and proud with a feeling in them like relief, like hope fully found. It hit him hard; it set off that restlessness which so long had troubled him, which he could never explain. “We will never be poor,” she said, and remained still when he came toward her.



“Would you mind counting sheep? We're out of ether!” BO BROWN

I Love You Again

Continued from page 21

"I never approved of Rita. Perhaps I was never quite fair—though I tried to be. But now something has happened to her. She's like a frightened child."

"Have you any idea why?" asked Kay tensely.

"I don't understand, except that it must be shock. So the only way I can interpret her fright is to figure that she really loves Duncan—and has just waked up to that fact."

"That's possible." Kay pursued her point. "Or there could be another man."

"Who? Her name was never linked with that of anybody except Ted."

"She knows every eligible man in Habersham."

"Who? Intimately, that is. Charley Watterson as a golf partner. Eddie Ransom in the swimming pool. Warner Blane for horseback riding. And Larry, of course."

"Yes . . . Larry . . ."

"It's as absurd to connect her—in that way—with any of the others as it would be to connect her with Larry."

"Is it?"

"Of course. But we're wasting words." Mr. Campbell turned back to Larry. "Has the district attorney talked to you yet?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He agreed to wait several days before questioning me."

"But good Lord! Man—that will be fatal."

"There's nothing else I can say. Now."

"Will you talk to Duncan?"

"I'd rather not."

"If you're considering lying to shield him—"

"I'd rather you didn't take anything for granted, sir."

Mr. Campbell made a gesture of defeat.

"You won't talk to Duncan. You won't tell me anything. I have one other hope."

"What is that, sir?"

"Rita wants to see you. Will you talk to her, alone?"

Larry felt his wife's cool gray eyes on him. He knew that he flushed.

"Tell Rita I will not talk to her now," he said in a low voice.

"Yes, tell her," repeated Kay quietly. "Perhaps she will understand."

THE citizens of Habersham were interested in many things, but of all the diversions the most popular was gossip.

In the week which followed the return of Larry Wilson to Habersham, the good citizens reveled. And they had plenty to revel about. There had been plenty, in fact, since the day—more than a year since—when Duncan Campbell had returned from New York with the wife who was known from coast to coast as Public Torso Number One.

Autoists gossiped of her startling riding habits and the funny hats she wore along the bridle paths with Warner Blane, who was the business agent of the extensive Campbell stables. They did not know that she had been almost totally unfamiliar with horseback riding when she arrived in Habersham and that she was deriving a naïve enjoyment out of the fact that it impressed her as being very, very swank.

Of course, Warner Blane did not usually teach riding. He didn't teach anything. He was a gentleman born and he had a college degree and he was not a trainer, as some folks in Habersham persisted in believing. He was Mr. Campbell's business agent; Mr. Campbell's *alter ego* in the buying, selling, racing and breeding of horses. He belonged to the Country Club, the Athletic Club and the Town Club. He taught Rita to ride because she wished to learn and because Mr. Blane's job was an excellent one and he wished to make as good an impression as possible on his employer.

Rita was public property. Her comings and goings, her moods and actions, her interests and casual comments, were things to be discussed gravely and at length. They said that she wouldn't stand it long. They said that they heard from So-and-so, whose cook had a cousin who worked on the Campbell estate, that she was carrying on scandalously with somebody. They linked her name with those of a half dozen men, prominent in the Habersham social register . . . and, when a scandal actually did start between this vivid creature and Ted Courtney, nobody suspected it for a long, long time. In fact, people didn't really suspect it at all until somebody killed Ted Courtney.

IT WAS then that Habersham drew a long, deep breath and plunged into an orgy of gossip and conjecture unsurpassed in local history. They held a faint regret that Rita herself could not be directly connected with the homicide, but were forced to concede that, since she was known definitely to have been drinking cocktails with no less than twenty estimable ladies—more than half of whom would have welcomed the chance to pillory her—at the very moment when Mr. Courtney was killed, she could not very well have committed the actual crime.

Of course they thought of Duncan Campbell first. With his record of New York and college exploits, the town regarded him still as a wild, crazy kid. But a gentleman and just the sort of person who would avenge a little matter of that sort in precisely that manner. They heard now what they had not known before: That Duncan had made threats against Ted Courtney — frequently. They agreed that something should have been done about it, and wondered what would happen to Duncan.

But nothing had been done. Duncan had stated quite simply that at the moment when Mr. Courtney had come to an untimely end he had been parked with Larry Wilson on the airport road, discussing personal matters. That seemed to be that. Larry Wilson, it appeared, was a young man of unassailable probity and it was conceded that as soon as he returned from his West Indies trip and went through the formality of endorsing Duncan's story, young Mr. Campbell would fade instantly and permanently from the list of suspects. Which of course reopened the question of who could have done it, since it was known that Ted Courtney was incontrovertibly dead.

And then, just when Habersham had resigned itself to a thing which was half scandal and half murder mystery, Larry Wilson returned. The town waited for the statement that would automatically free Duncan from suspicion. It waited—and it waited some more. It became anxious, then interested — and then downright excited.

As an item of gossip, this was stupendous, colossal, gigantic. It was unbelievable. It opened a thousand new avenues of thought. It was a pity, agreed certain nice ladies, that the Wilsons' three servants were so tight-lipped. Cooks and maids reported to their mistresses: "No'm, cain't get nothin' out of Cashus nor neither Ernestine."

There were inexplicable developments.

(Continued on page 68)

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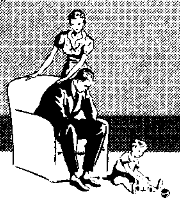

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(Continued from page 67)

Jason Rountree, for instance—"You know, my dear—he's the little bald-headed man who's staying with the Wilsons. The one who wears the eyeglasses on a black ribbon. He says Larry saved his life, but personally, I believe he's a detective."

Nobody quite knew what Jason might be detecting, but they did know that he listened avidly, that he divulged no information whatsoever and that he seemed worried. Except, of course, when he was with Ella Morrison, which was almost constantly. "And there's something to *that*, too," would come the virtuous statement. "No man on earth could need as much dental work as he's having done. And by that terrible Dr. Masters."

The town made guesses. Wild guesses. Guesses which were not wild. Everybody knew that Duncan Campbell, Senior, had befriended Larry when that young man, a stranger, had arrived in Habersham eight years before. They knew that Mr. Campbell's sponsorship had given Larry's native ability a chance, and that Mr. Campbell was therefore directly responsible for Larry's meteoric rise in the Habersham business and social world. They figured that Duncan must have counted on Larry to lie for him—and that Larry could not quite go that far. People who subscribed to this theory applauded Larry, although some few of them said that there wasn't anything he could do for the Campbells which would be too much, and that nobody blamed Duncan anyway, even if he had shot Ted.

THERE were some who believed that Larry merely did not know anything about the killing. There were others who thought that he had been a witness to the actual killing, and that he had gone on his cruise because to have changed his plans at the last moment would have aroused suspicion.

There was a small group which professed to believe—and some of them actually did believe—that there had been an affair between Larry Wilson and Rita Campbell. They adduced circumstantial evidence: Hadn't Rita and Larry been together just lots; hadn't they been intimate friends—oh, *very* intimate; hadn't Rita been with him more than ever just before Larry had gone away; and why hadn't he taken his own wife on the cruise with him? Was it natural that a man who was still almost a bridegroom would have gone off alone on a sea trip unless there had been friction between himself and his wife . . . and if there had been, what could have caused it except jealousy? Jealousy of Rita.

There was the retort, of course, that such an idea was absurd because Duncan was Larry's best friend—sort of like a brother, and this inevitably elicited a response, made with tongue in cheek and eyes slanted to the corners . . . a response such as "Best friend! Hmm, it always is!"

The whole city knew that up to this moment Larry Wilson had said precisely nothing. That, it was claimed, was tantamount to proclaiming Duncan's guilt. "And perhaps Duncan's story was true," exclaimed one excited theorist. "Perhaps he didn't do it. Perhaps Larry did it himself."

"He couldn't have. Duncan's own story clears Larry."

"Well, Larry might have had it done."

"It doesn't sound reasonable."

"Murder never does. Suppose Larry was in love with Rita and jealous of Ted Courtney. Suppose he hired somebody to do the killing—"

"You've been reading too much gangster stuff. Sane people don't act that way."

"Hmmph! Somebody killed Ted Courtney. And there's got to be a reason why Larry Wilson isn't saying anything."

"His doctor says he's suffering from shock."

"Shock! That doesn't last forever."

"No, but you've got to admit that he could have been badly upset by what happened on that ship."

"Not so severely shocked that he couldn't talk to *anybody*. I have it straight that he won't even discuss the case with the district attorney."

"Who says so?"

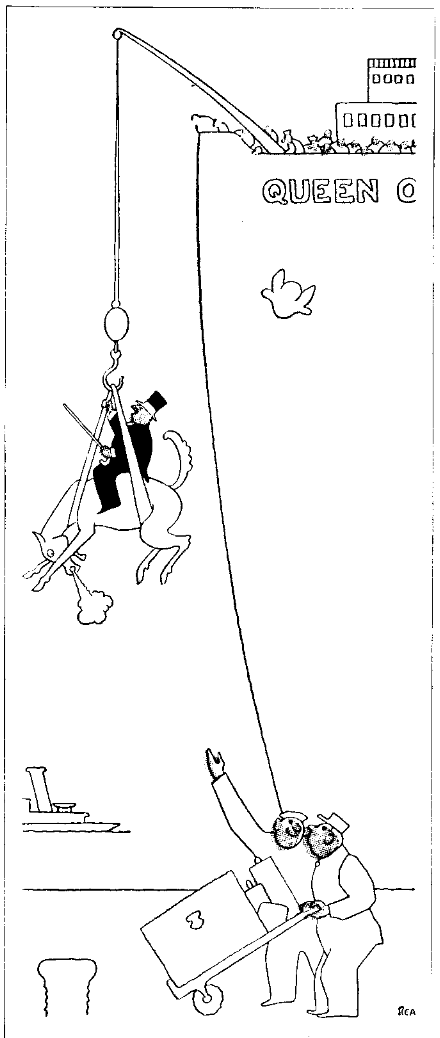
"Oh! I heard it. From a dozen places. It seems that first of all he asked for a few days. Then he refused point-blank to talk to him. It looks very suspicious to me."

"Aren't the police doing anything about it?"

"Yes. All they can. But they haven't even found the gun."

"Do they suspect anybody besides Duncan?"

"I don't know. They say they're working on the case, but they're not giving out any information."



"He says he wants to drain the cup of life to the dregs"

GARDNER REA

There was comment about Kay. Folks remarked that she looked a bit peaked, that there were shadows under her eyes. This seemed to lend color to the jealousy theory. It was agreed that Kay was the kind of girl who would keep her chin up. She wouldn't whine. Folks were sorry for Kay.

They wondered why Larry stuck so close to home. Here it was more than a week, and he hadn't been downtown. Not even to business—and Habersham could not understand anything short of a major catastrophe keeping a man away from business.

Larry was avoiding people. Of course he claimed to be suffering from shock, and his family physician verified the claim—but hadn't lots of people seen him sitting on the porch these mild April evenings. Smoking, no less. Oh, sure, he could go downtown if he wanted to.

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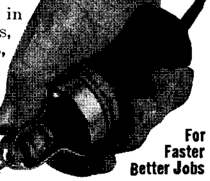

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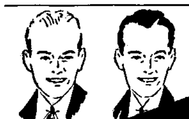

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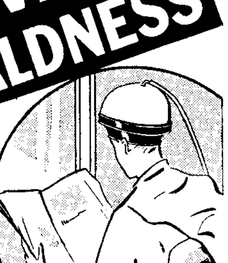

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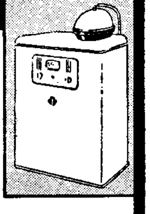

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Just some good reason why he's keeping away from everybody.

There were so many conflicting theories that none of them assumed very definite shape or acquired much force. Habersham loved it. Of course, a majority of the citizenry now believed that Ted Courtney had been killed by Duncan. It was the simplest and most logical thing to believe.

That, too, aroused comment on a very fine point. The Campbells were incredibly rich. They were powerful in the city, the county, the state. Nothing would, or could, be done against Duncan. He was Mr. Campbell's only child. Above process of law. Nobody would dare to do anything.

And then something happened. It happened when Habersham had gossiped itself into a state of exhaustion, when it felt that no further thrill could possibly be forthcoming.

Newsboys poured out of the newspaper plant, shrieking hysterically: Extree!

There was an eight-column headline, direct, graphic and astounding:

DUNCAN CAMPBELL, JR.,
INDICTED FOR MURDER

"IT SUMS up to this, Mr. Wilson," explained Mickey Hogan; "you're in a tough spot."

Larry's eyes were narrow. He said, "You investigated everything in Warwick?"

"Everything I could without tipping my hand. You see, it would never do if they was to get wise what I was after or that I knew anything about you. That's why you didn't hear from me sooner. I had to go slow and easy."

"I understand. And you found out—what?"

"A warrant was issued for George Carey eight years ago, right after his disappearance with the pay roll. A true bill was returned by the Grand Jury, and he was indicted. Charge: Embezzlement. And it's my hunch that if they knew where you were, they'd arrest you first and talk later."

"In other words," diagnosed Larry, "they'd take the play away from me."

"You said it that time, Mr. Wilson."

"And," inquired Larry, "you don't think they'd talk turkey?"

"Not unless they really believed the amnesia story—and I've got my doubts there. If you was still really Larry Wilson, you could maybe get away with it because you wouldn't just be playing dumb. But now that you're Carey again—in thoughts, that is: they'd point to all the cases in their books on medical jurisprudence and say 'Aw hell, lotsa guys have used that alibi. He's just trying to pull a fast one.' "

"You're pretty discouraging."

"I mean to be. But I've got a plan." Mickey hitched his chair closer and lowered his voice. "I've been getting in pretty strong with a bird from the indemnity company—a dick. He's a good egg, and he'll probably listen to reason—if I've got your permission to use my own judgment. Of course they'd want the dough back, but you say you've got that. I couldn't bust right out with the news. It might take me another week or two . . . feelin' him out and sizin' him up—because, once I spill the beans, there ain't no pickin' 'em up."

"Suppose you figure this chap wrong?" suggested Larry.

"Then it's just too bad for you. I'm bein' honest . . . you're employin' me, and there's no use kiddin' you. It shapes up this way: They can make it as easy or as hard as they want. But none of them birds want to slough an innocent man, so the job is to make 'em know that you really was on the level."

"And you think you can do it?"

"If I ain't rushed. But even then I'm not promisin'."

"Suppose," asked Larry, "that I told the truth, returned the money and faced trial: What do you think would happen?"

Mickey Hogan shook his head. "That story of yours would sound awful screwy in court. Especially if there was a smart lawyer prosecutin'—which there would be. Now look, Mr. Wilson; gimme a free hand, and a little more time. Sit tight here in Habersham. You gotta take some sort of a chance . . ."

Larry nodded. "Okay, Hogan. But work as fast as you can." He made a nervous gesture. "Frankly, the strain has gotten me pretty close to the point where I don't give a damn."

He escorted Mickey Hogan downstairs and to the front door. He watched the broad, stocky figure clump down the steps and off toward the corner where the Mountain Avenue car would pick him up. He lighted a cigarette and stepped onto the tiled veranda. Kay looked up, her face vaguely discernible in the yellow glow from the living-room window behind her. Larry was startled. He said, "Sorry, Kay. It's dark out here. I didn't see you."

Kay's voice was brittle. "That's quite all right, Larry." She rose and came toward him. She stood facing him on the veranda; slim and beautiful and determined. He sensed a difference in her manner, a hostility which he had never before encountered. Even in the semi-darkness of this April night he could see that her lips were unsmiling, that her eyes were level and serious.

She said, "I must talk to you, Larry."

"Certainly."

"Not here. We'll be interrupted. Let's take the car."

Larry knew a moment of panic. It occurred to him that he couldn't drive his own car because he knew nothing about this city where he had lived for eight years. His unfamiliarity with streets and avenues would betray him. He shook his head.

"Believe it or not, Kay—I'm not up to driving—yet."

Her reply was curt. "I'll drive."

She took a wrap from the back of her chair and flung it around her shoulders. Larry understood what it meant: That she had planned this thing; that the idea of a ride with him where they might talk without interruption was not sudden inspiration. Her voice remained edgy as she said, "Better get your topcoat. I'll bring the car around from the garage."

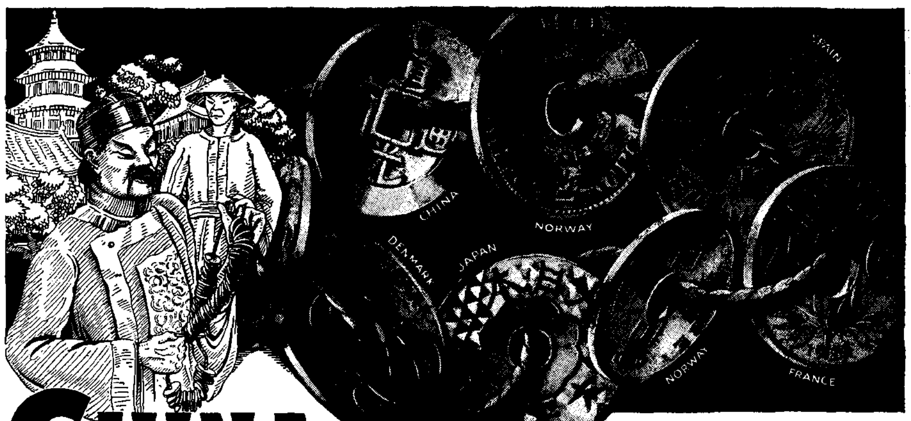
HE WAS at the curb when she rolled up. She made a right turn and commenced to climb the broad avenue which twisted upward to the crest of the mountain. He was vaguely disturbed. He realized that this was the first time he has been out of his house since returning to Habersham. He was interested in viewing, for the first time, the city in which he had lived for almost a decade.

They reached the top of the mountain and he saw—briefly—spread below him in the valley a vast panorama of jewel-studded velvet. He had not known that Habersham was so large or so impressive: he had not, in fact, known anything at all about Habersham except from Jason's reports.

Kay drove steadily on a broad concrete ribbon which wound off toward a lesser mountain farther south. They passed a huge, rambling, graystone structure and saw vaguely in the night well-tended fairways and velvety greens. Must be the Country Club, reflected Larry—and then grinned briefly as he remembered that he was a member.

The road along which they drove was bounded on both sides by homes which were beautiful, homes which were pretentious and a few homes which were magnificent. There were gardens which

(Continued on page 70)



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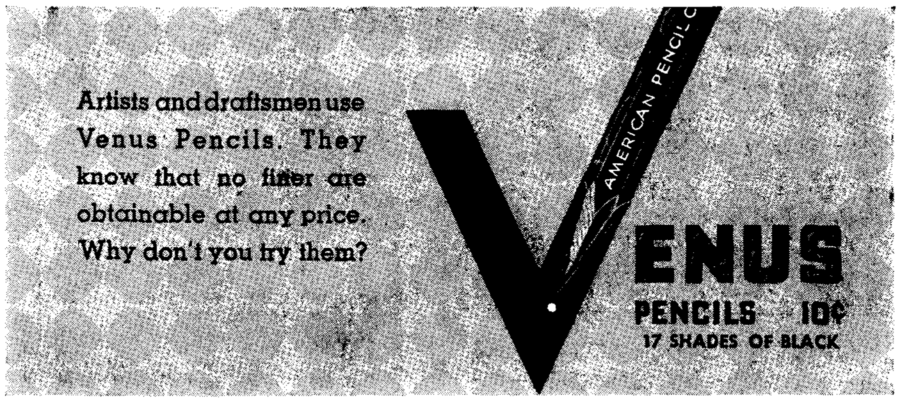

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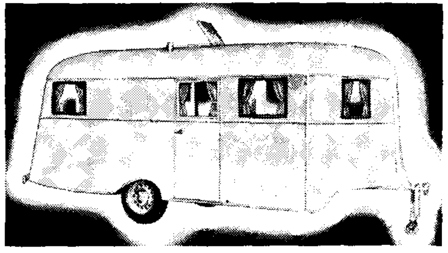

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MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR CO.
Bridgeport, Conn.

(Continued from page 69)

yielded a fragrance to the night air, through the trees he glimpsed great ghostly patches of dogwood, and his nostrils were assailed occasionally by the odor of honeysuckle. He heard snatches of laughter, and bursts of music from radios. They skirted a huge estate halfway up the next mountain; a place of magnificent dimensions bounded by a low stone wall. Kay said, "We should turn in there."

"Why?" he asked.

She flicked him with a glance. "Mr. Campbell would probably be glad to see you."

The Campbell estate. Larry was properly impressed. It was both tremendous and beautiful. The great, sprawling home which bulked against the yellow moon was partially screened by trees, but he saw that it was of English architecture; that it was homelike as well as being large. He saw a tremendous sweep of lawn and well-tended gardens; he caught a brief glimpse of crystal which he correctly guessed to be a swimming pool. They rolled on past a private tennis court and past long, low, white stables. Inside the stone wall there was a miniature track for the training of running horses. Then the woods closed in on them and they were alone in the country, well beyond the last of Habersham's residences.

IT WAS not until then that Kay spoke, and once again her tone was curt and her words close-clipped. She said, "I presume you know what I want to say, Larry."

"I suppose it's about Duncan."

"Naturally." She was not gentle tonight. She said, "I used to be proud of you."

"And now . . . ?"

"I'm ashamed."

"Is that quite fair, Kay?"

"It's more than fair. I've kept silent ever since you landed from that cruise. There were a thousand things I had a right to know, and about which I didn't question you—because you asked me not to. I accepted your word that there was a sound explanation and that you would give it soon. I have shielded you against people you didn't care to meet. I have lied about your condition. I argued for an hour with the doctor to convince him that he should protect you by telling people you were suffering from shock. But you may as well understand that I'm more than a little fed up with it."

Larry said, "I can't blame you for that."

"You've apparently gotten to the point where you don't blame anybody for anything—even yourself. Oh, Larry, don't you realize the damage you've already done?"

"What—specifically?"

"This: When you kept silent about Duncan, you virtually proclaimed that you knew—or believed—that he killed Ted."

"Do you think I'd have done that if it hadn't been necessary?"

"Necessary . . . ?"

Headlights whirled toward them from the rear. Larry grabbed the wheel suddenly and wrenched it to the right. The car which overhauled them had veered in sharply, almost, it seemed, deliberately. Larry called, "Hey, there!" and righted his own car on the very edge of a deep ditch.

The car which had almost wrecked them whizzed past. Larry said tensely, "The guy's drunk—or crazy."

Her face was white. She slipped out of gear and stopped the car. She said, "You worked fast, Larry."

"Instinct." He spoke again, slowly. "That was queer."

"What was?"

"The chap who almost ran into us. His car had no license plate."

She shrugged as she started the car again. "Probably been celebrating too heavily . . ."

"He turned around and looked at us as he went by."

"Did you recognize him?"

"No," said Larry, "I didn't." And he failed to explain that there was virtually nobody in all this section of the country whom he could recognize.

They drove on deeper into the country. Some distance ahead they could still see the taillight of the car which had so nearly crowded them into the ditch.

Kay said, "To go back to what we were saying . . ."

"There's no need." Larry spoke positively. "I'm no more pleased with the situation than you are. Up to this moment, I have thought you were checking in with me. Tonight you're almost hostile."

"I'm keenly disappointed in you."

"Which is neither fair nor right. You'll have to accept my word for this, Kay—whether you want to or not. I'm doing the best I can. If you're fed up with me, I'm sorry."

She was a woman, and she was in love. She said, in a gentler voice, "If you would only trust me, Larry—"

"I will. But not now."

"Very well." He saw her straighten behind the wheel. "There's just one more thing I insist on getting off my chest. Since you came back from the cruise you've acted like a stranger. You've let me strictly alone—"

"Do you suppose I wanted to?" The words broke from him impulsively. "Don't you know I love you?"

He stopped. Suddenly. He scarcely heard her low-voiced answer, "I have had plenty of reason to doubt it," and he wanted to cry out that because he was a gentleman, that because he did love her, he could not presume upon a situation so incredible that even yet he could not grasp it.

"I love you again," he said gently. "Right at this moment, you neither believe nor understand that. Some day—soon—you will."

Her defenses crumbled. She said, "If things could only be like they should be. If I could only understand just enough to make me believe . . ."

THE taillight ahead of them whisked off the road. They were alone on the broad concrete. The motor purred quietly, and their car moved slowly, neither speaking; both conscious of a new tension.

They reached the side road into which the other car had veered. Then suddenly something happened.

There was a faint recollection later of a car bulking into the shadows of that side road, of a vague figure standing behind the darkened headlights. There was the glint of moonlight on blue steel. The night was punctured by the sharp bark of a revolver. There was a tinkle of broken glass and the windshield in front of Larry spread into great cracks in the center of which was a little round hole. A hole made by a bullet.

Then the night was brilliant. Brilliant with the headlights of the other car. They saw the man leap into the car, heard the clashing of his gears, saw the car leap into the road and turn toward the city. They heard the roar of motor and whir of wheels.

Larry asked anxiously, "Are you hurt, Kay?"

"No . . ."

Larry leaped out of his car. He raced around to the other side and clambered into the driver's seat, shoving Kay aside.

She gasped, pallid and frightened, "Larry! What are you doing?"

He said grimly, "I'm going to catch that man. He was shooting at me."

(To be continued next week)

No More Glamor

Continued from page 15

up. Ethel Knight was like a queen. She was still handsome. She still played young women. But by daylight she looked worn.

"No," she said, "I shan't sit down. I only wanted to tell you, Mr. Brickley, that I've read the Thurston play."

"Already?" Jimmy said.

"I'm too old for it," Ethel Knight said. "But I'd like just one more fling."

"You mean that you'll do it?" Jimmy cried.

"If you like," Ethel Knight said.

"Why," Jimmy said, "you'll make the play. You'll make Thurston. You'll make me."

"Very well. I'm closing here tonight. Let's put it in rehearsal."

"We can start next week," Jimmy said.

Ethel Knight turned to Mary Jones. "Is this man trying to persuade you to go to Hollywood?"

"Not at all," Mary Jones said. "He thinks I'd be a flop in Hollywood."

Ethel Knight patted her shoulder. "I hope," she said, in a voice that still had magic in it, "I hope he keeps on thinking that. I want you to be a real actress and you won't be that in Hollywood."

"I never said I thought you'd be a flop in Hollywood," Jimmy said, when Ethel Knight had gone. "I said I thought you'd be a star."

"I remember what you said. But that isn't what you think. If you really believed I'd be a star you would be trying to persuade me to go to Super-Art. That's your job—to find talent for Super-Art."

"There are times," Jimmy said, "when a man thinks about other things than his job."

He walked with her to the Barchester Red Barn, but the air was thick.

"Am I seeing you tonight?" Jimmy asked.

"I'm working tonight."

"I could drive you home after the show."

"It isn't necessary."

"I'd like it," Jimmy said.

"I wouldn't like it," Mary Jones said.

Jimmy walked back to the Barchester House. Of course she was annoyed with him for not sending her out to Super-Art and the more so because she knew he was sending Florence Meacham. But she would get over it. She would get over it as soon as he made her see that he really did think she was too good for Hollywood.

The clerk at the desk was concerned. "We have three telegrams for you, Mr. Brickley," he said, "but the boy insisted you did not wish to be disturbed."

Jimmy took the telegrams and remembered the two he had got at lunch and hadn't looked at. He opened a telegram and read:

WHO ASKED YOU ABOUT MEACHAM STOP THE GIRL WE HAD THE TIP ON IS MARY JONES BLUMGART

Jimmy opened another yellow envelope and read:

DID YOU CATCH JONES OR DIDNT YOU BLUMGART

The other telegrams asked the same question in different words. Jimmy walked down the street to the telegraph office and sat at a little table with a blank in front of him and a pencil in his hand. He printed the address most legibly. Then he wrote:

NICE KID CANT ACT BRICKLEY

"That," Jimmy said to himself, "will hold him." Blumgart never questioned Jimmy's adverse reports.

He saw the play again that night. He dashed backstage and asked her if he could drive her home. She looked at him as if he were something she would like to step on.

"Yes," she said. "I've got something I want to tell you."

She didn't say a word on the way. Jimmy stopped the car in front of her house.

"Well?" Jimmy said.

"I'm going in," she said. "I want to get to bed early. I'm going to New York first thing in the morning to look for a job."

"In the theater?"

"Naturally."

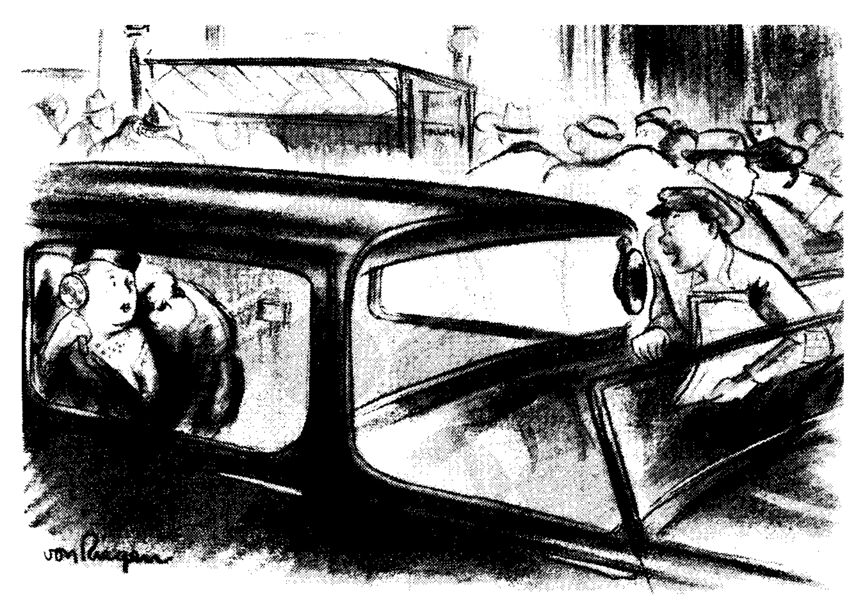
"You don't know what it's like. It's heartbreaking to walk Broadway looking for a job."

"I don't expect to do much tramping," Mary Jones said. "I'm going in with introductions from Ethel Knight."

Jimmy knew he should have thought of that.

"You don't really mind my tramping

(Continued on page 72)



"He just stepped out, lady. Wanna leave a message?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Add SARÁKA to your DAILY DOZEN

Exercise and strengthen the intestinal muscles

This is the story of a young lady who was *determined* to be healthy. Every morning, she did her setting-up exercises. Over the week-end—tennis and swimming. Yet, she still suffered from habitual *constipation.*

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After breakfast and dinner, she takes a teaspoonful of Saráka.* Its principal ingredient is bassorit, sap of an East Indian tree. In Saráka, this comes in tiny granules which are easily swallowed with a glass of water. During the next two hours, these granules undergo an amazing change. Gradually they e-x-p-a-n-d. And turn into soft BULK.

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In fact, laxative is the wrong word for Saráka. Its results are so natural yet thorough that most users have no sensation of having taken a laxative. They are reminded of healthy childhood when chronic constipation was unknown.

Before changing to a new laxative it is wise to consult your family physician. We suggest that you ask your doctor about Saráka. We are confident he will tell you that it is safe and non-habit-forming. You will find this modern laxative at your druggist's. Save money, by buying the new "Hospital Size." Or mail the coupon today for the free trial-size tin.

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Please send me a free trial-size tin of Saráka.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

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(Continued from page 71)

Broadway looking for a job," Mary Jones said. "That's just another of your lies."

"But I tell you I can't bear it."

"If you couldn't bear it you'd give me a part in the show you're doing."

Jimmy couldn't tell her he didn't want to give her a part in his show for fear Max Marchant, or some other talent scout, would see her.

"There isn't a part in it for you," he said. "There are only two women in the cast — the lead and her maid. You wouldn't want to do the maid."

Mary Jones got out of the car. Jimmy jumped out too.

"At least," he said, "I can drive you to New York in the morning."

"No, you can't."

Jimmy took a step toward her. "Why not, Mary?"

"Because you bore me," she said.

"Yesterday at lunch you seemed to like me almost as much as I liked you."

She stood there, half in the light of the headlamps, half in shadow, and it was warm and still.

"Yes," she said, "I liked you. I thought you were a nice college boy. I thought you were honest. I didn't know you—then."

She started up the walk.

"Mary," he called out to her retreating back. "Mary!"

SHE paused and turned her head.

"You said you had something to tell me," Jimmy said.

"I wanted to tell you," she said, "that I don't like you because you're so dumb. You've seen me twice and you don't know that I'm better than Florence Meacham. You've seen me and you're too dumb to know that I can act."

"Mary!" Jimmy protested.

"And that's all right. Why should you know? Dumb people bore me. But they can't help being dumb and so you put up with them as long as you can. The thing I can't forgive you for is being such a liar. You told me how good I was. You said things about my work that would be exaggerated if you said them about the greatest actress in the world. And all the time you were afraid to send me out to Super-Art. You think I wouldn't make good. You would have been perfectly safe in offering to send me because I wouldn't have gone. If I ever go to Hollywood it'll be after I've made a place on Broadway and not before. But you didn't know that. You're so dumb that you wouldn't even give me a walk-on part in the show you're doing."

"Why do you think I told you how good you were if I didnt believe it?" Jimmy asked.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I wouldn't know," she said, "unless it was for the usual reason."

"What is the usual reason?" Jimmy demanded.

"Oh," she said, "the usual thing is for a man to think if he flatters the girl enough she'll let him kiss her."

"Listen," Jimmy said, "I thought you were a hell of a nice girl. But you're just an actress. And if there's anything I despise it's an actress."

He might have gone on raving but Mary Jones was no longer there.

Jimmy drove slowly back to the Barchester House. He had to do something and do it quick. If Mary Jones went to Broadway with introductions from Ethel Knight it wouldn't be long before Blumgart would be asking what Jimmy meant by wiring him that Mary Jones was just a nice kid who couldn't act.

He picked up the telephone. Ethel Knight would be awake. He called her up. She said she had gone to bed but was it anything they couldn't discuss over the telephone?

Jimmy said he guessed they could discuss it over the telephone.

"What is it you want to ask me about Mary?" Ethel Knight said.

"I don't want her to go into the movies."

"You don't?" Ethel Knight said, and there was a chuckle in her voice.

"No," Jimmy said. "Let's keep her away from Hollywood as long as we can. What do you think of making her your understudy?"

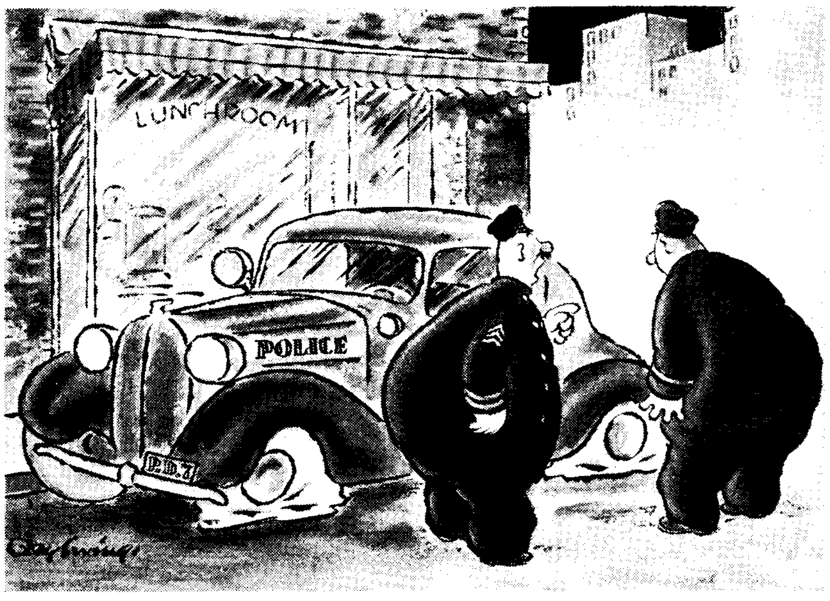
"She wouldn't have any chance to appear in the part. She wouldn't like that."

"She'll take the job if you ask her to."

"Oh, very well," Ethel Knight said. "I'll ask her."

JIMMY drove back to New York alone and told Thurston of their luck in getting Ethel Knight and got the five thousand he needed from the first man he asked. Mary Jones came in to New York with Ethel Knight. Jimmy took Thurston with him when he went up to get their contracts signed.

They sat around and talked afterward. At least Jimmy and Ethel Knight talked. Mary sat there ignoring Jimmy.



"I told yuh we shoulda give those kids the dime!"

JAY IRVING

Thurston was silent on the way downtown. He sat silent for a long time after they got back to Jimmy's apartment.

"Jimmy," Thurston said, "can this girl act?"

Jimmy got up and walked back and forth across the floor. "Yes," he said.

"I wish she were going to have the lead," Thurston said.

"I didn't say she was an Ethel Knight."

"She isn't forty or fifty years old either," Thurston said. "She looks the part. She's a natural for it. She's so forthright."

"Yes," Jimmy said, "she's forthright."

Jimmy Brickley worked hard with Ethel Knight at rehearsals. But she could not play the part. She couldn't be a modern young woman. She was too old. She had too much manner.

"She knows as well as we do that she can't do it," Thurston said to Jimmy in Jimmy's apartment after the fourth day. "She knows she's made a mistake. You'll have to go and see her. I think you'll find her glad to withdraw."

"And then what?"

"We'll put Mary Jones in there and go to town."

Jimmy thought how triumphant Mary would be. Jimmy thought what Blumgart would say.

"We can't do that," he said.

"We can and we will," Thurston retorted.

Jimmy argued it with Thurston. But he knew Thurston was right.

"That girl has got me licked," he said. "I might as well admit it."

Jimmy went to see Ethel Knight. Thurston was right. She was glad to step out.

Thurston wrote in new lines at every rehearsal after that to make the part more like Mary than it had been. Jimmy admitted that they had something. But even Thurston did not anticipate the triumph that was Mary Jones' when they opened on Broadway. The audience stood in the aisles and cheered after the curtain came down on the second act. They called Mary Jones back again and again.

Jimmy was back there when she came off to change for the third act. She didn't smile.

"Well?" she said.

"You're wonderful," Jimmy said.

"It's a good word," she said. "I hope it means you think I'm good enough to get a day's work as an extra at Super-Art."

Jimmy knew what would happen when the play was over. All the talent scouts in that audience, and there were dozens of movie men out there, and a lot of radio people, would rush back to congratulate Mary Jones and ask her to consider an offer. He stood looking at the house through the peephole before the curtain went up for the last act. He saw Max Marchant. And then he saw Blumgart's broad, shining face. Blumgart had got a tip. Jimmy knew he was in for it.

He stayed backstage through the last act. He stood in the wings and watched Mary play that last scene. She had defied man and fate from the beginning until the last. Now she was yielding to love.

"Yes," Jimmy Brickley said to himself, "you can do that on the stage. But in real life you'd never yield."

HE WAS standing at her dressing-room door when the final curtain came down. He intended to hold the talent scouts back. She paused and looked at Jimmy.

"I've already told you that you were wonderful," he said.

She went into the dressing room. Jimmy stepped in after her and was closing the door when somebody tore it out of his hand.

Blumgart slammed the door behind him and locked it and leaned his heavy body against it. He had led the pack and he was so out of breath with the effort that he could not speak. He stood there gasping while men pounded on the door behind him.

"So," Blumgart said to Jimmy, between gasps for breath. "So—you—you—you are a talent scout." He coughed until he choked. But even while he choked he was fumbling in the pocket of his dress coat. He pulled out a crumpled yellow sheet "You see our Mary act in Barchester and I wire you is she hot and you wire back this," he yelled and waved the telegram at Jimmy. "You wire me she is a nice kid but can't act."

Blumgart turned to Mary Jones. "Read it. Read it and see."

Mary Jones bent her lovely head over the yellow sheet. She looked up at Jimmy Brickley.

"Why did you do it, Jimmy?" she asked.

"He done it because he don't know no better," Blumgart yelled. "He don't know a great actress when he sees her. He has to have a whole theater full of people shouting their heads off for her before he knows it."

"I don't know what you're kicking about," Jimmy said. "You've got the usual option on this play and the usual option on every member of the cast."

"My boy," Blumgart roared, "I know that. I know you ain't a double-crosser. I ain't accusing you of that. I'm saying you wire me she ain't no good when all the time she's the best there is. You saw her. You saw her act and then you wire me that."

He shook the telegram in Jimmy's face.

"Why did you do it?" Mary Jones was asking. "Didn't you know any better?"

"Yes," Jimmy Brickley said, "I knew better. I did it because I had fallen in love with you."

"So," Blumgart yelled. "So—that is the way you treat the woman you love. You tell me who only wants to make her a Super-Art star that she ain't no good."

"I thought," Jimmy said, "that if you went out to Hollywood I might never see you again."

THE noise at the door drowned his words. The door was cracking under the pressure behind it. Blumgart called out to the men who were trying to get in to ease up so he could unlock the door. Blumgart got the door unlocked. He opened it with a sweeping gesture.

"Gentlemen and talent scouts," he said, "allow me to present you to the new Broadway star—Mary Jones—on whom Super-Art has got an ironbound, double-riveted option in case she goes into pictures. You are one and all invited to the party Super-Art is giving in her honor beginning in the next few minutes."

Jimmy slipped away. Jimmy walked up Broadway and then down Broadway. He couldn't face a party. He went home and sat in his living room and smoked one cigarette after another and wished he hadn't been such a fool. If he had offered to send Mary out to Super-Art she might not have gone. In any case she wouldn't have been angry. He would still have had a chance.

He was still sitting there when he heard Thurston's voice in the hall. Thurston sounded happy. Jimmy jumped up and made sure the latch was on. He didn't want to see anybody, not even Thurston. He heard Thurston say, "That door—right there."

Somebody tapped on the door. Jimmy stood motionless waiting for them to go away. And then, as plain as plain, he heard Mary say, "Do you suppose he's asleep?"

Jimmy opened the door. Thurston called out, "Good night, Jimmy." Mary stepped into the room. Jimmy closed the door behind her. They stood there looking at each other.

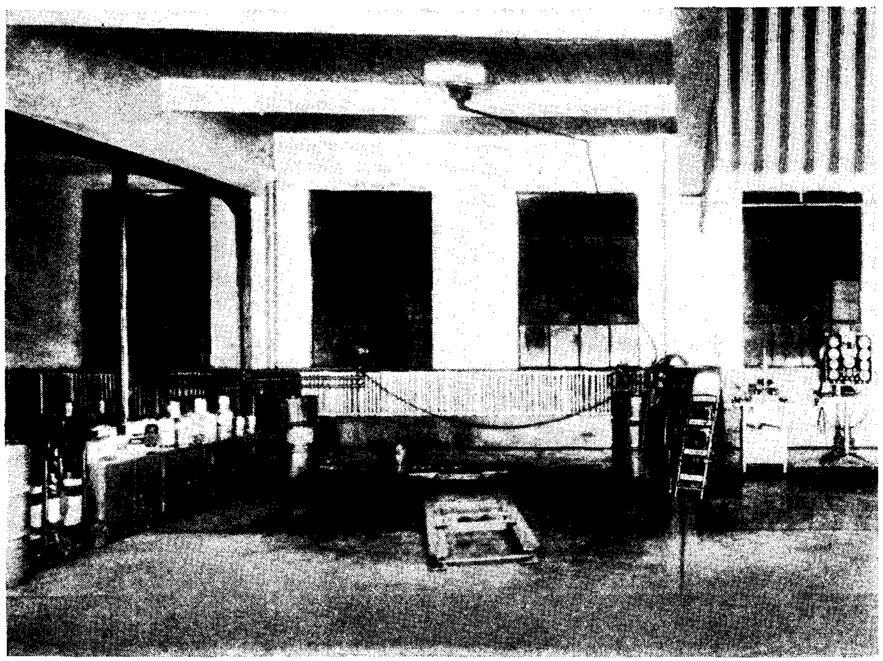
"You didn't come to my party," she said. "So I—I had to come here." She smiled at him, at the same time contriving to look as if she were about to cry.

"I—I wanted to ask you if—if you despise all actresses—all the time."

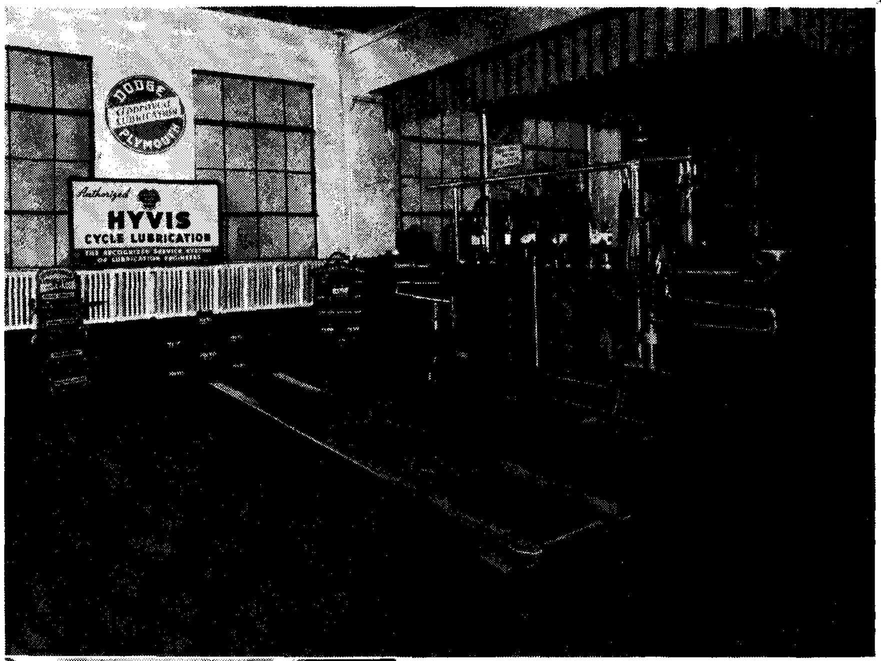
"I love you," Jimmy Brickley said.

She was in his arms then. She was in his arms and he was kissing her.

"I don't care what you think of me," she said, "as long as you love me."



The Old Place



The New Place . . . Ralph W. Austin, Inc., Dodge-Plymouth Dealer, Jamestown, N. Y. *The kind of a place to go.*

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Oakridge Buick Co., Inc., Tuckahoe, N. Y. *Excellent equipment here . . . and skill.*

Few people break bones on the ordinary grease-rack. But the "ordinary" grease-rack *murders* many a fine car, and assaults the pocketbooks of plenty of motorists! Improper lubrication causes damages that cause repairs you hate to hear about. Here are the gory details—which good lubrication helps to eliminate. Replace water pump, $10.00. Repair generator, $7.50. Repair starting motor, $10.00. Replace clutch release bearing, $16.00. Replace broken rear spring, $16.00. These figures are conservative, and the list goes painfully on and on.

Two simple rules will lead you away from bad lubrication and the headaches that follow it. *Rule No. 1:* Take your car where HYVIS Mileage-Metered Lubricants are used. *Rule No. 2:* Take your car where they have the equipment to do a good job. On this page are illustrations of the type of place we're talking about.

The Why and Wherefore of Rule No. 1

HYVIS is the only complete line of automotive lubricants in which a finished, highly refined, Pennsylvania Motor Oil is used. HYVIS Mileage Metered Motor Oils and Lubricants are *not* by-products of the manufacture of other materials. They are highly specialized automotive lubricants designed for the sole and specific purpose of making your car operate more smoothly. For every moving part of your automobile, there is a HYVIS lubricant specially made to permit that particular part to operate without a hitch. When you use HYVIS lubrication, you know that your car receives the kind of lubrication its manufacturer would prescribe.

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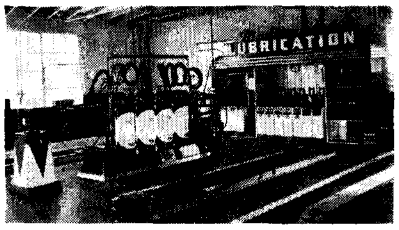

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Motor City Sales Corp., Buick Dealer, Detroit, Mich. *Take your car here and you'll avoid lubrication headaches.*

Look at the pictures on this page and you will see the type of place where HYVIS Mileage-Metered Motor Oil and Lubricants are sold. These places are owned and run by men who know their business. Fortunately, there are thousands of these places throughout the country. Every motorist who cares about his or her car has access to them. Although space does not permit us to list them all, we have made an attempt to indicate the locations of some of them. If none of these dealers is near you, write to HYVIS Oils, Inc., Warren, Pa., for the address of a dealer convenient to your home.

A few of the 15,000 places to go to get HYVIS Mileage-Metered Lubrication. This partial list is typical of the outstanding dealers featuring HYVIS.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO	The North Ohio Motor Co.
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LITTLE ROCK, ARK.	Young Tire & Battery Service
MCCOOK, NEBR.	Valley Motor Co
MEDFORD, MASS.	J. H. Motor Co.
MITCHELL, S D.	Western Chevrolet Co.
MT. VERNON, N. Y.	Franklin Ave. Ser. Sta.
NASHVILLE, TENN.	R. L. Parnell Co.
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PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.	Dewees F. Kirchner, Inc.
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Frances Perkins
Katharine Cornell
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
Margaret Mitchell
Mae West
Josephine Roche
Nellie Tayloe Ross

Women are Human

WOMEN, according to the grand jury indictments, were as conspicuous as men in the frauds perpetrated in Kansas City's election last November. Republicans and Democrats with equal prominence also appeared in the lists of those accused of tampering with the ballots.

Seventeen years of woman suffrage seem to have accomplished little more than to increase the number of voters. The gross record appears to show that women are neither more nor less honest, intelligent or public-spirited than men.

So far as the national government is concerned, women have not played star roles since the adoption of woman suffrage. A few women have found their way to Congress as regularly elected representatives. Widows of deceased members have been conspicuous. Voters or governors have sent the needy relicts of popular congressmen to Washington on the apparent theory that office is a form of public charity.

A few women of real character and brains have been elected to Congress. None has remained long enough or been sufficiently gifted to become an important leader.

Several women have been bureau heads at Washington. Two, the late Julia Lathrop and Miss Grace Abbott, headed the Children's Bureau. They made the Children's Bureau one of the truly effective agencies in Washington. The sole woman member of the Cabinet, Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, has not fulfilled the expectations of a brilliant early career.

The most widely-known woman governor, "Ma" Ferguson of Texas, was famed chiefly as the agent of her husband, who had been driven from the same office.

All this has obviously no bearing on woman's right to vote. Men subscribe to no oath to vote wisely and always for the public good.

In other fields women have attained brilliant successes. The most famous American actress is Katharine Cornell. The brightest names on the stage and in motion pictures are women. As writers certainly American women stand in the first rank. As editors, artists, scientists and teachers they are equal to the best competition of men. In business, for the most part, they are lieutenants rather than captains or generals.

Their relative failure in politics may be a reflection of their status in business. After all, the big political issues center around economic questions. The chief agencies which affect governmental policy are business organizations, farmers' associations and labor unions. One year business organizations are in the ascendant. At another time labor unions and farmers are more cordially heard at Washington. But with all the swings from conservatism to liberalism or radicalism, leaders of economic opinion make governmental policies.

Men are at the helm in business, in labor unions and among the farmers. So, in politics women have minor responsibility. Women have not accomplished more with the vote because the facts of our national life are against them.

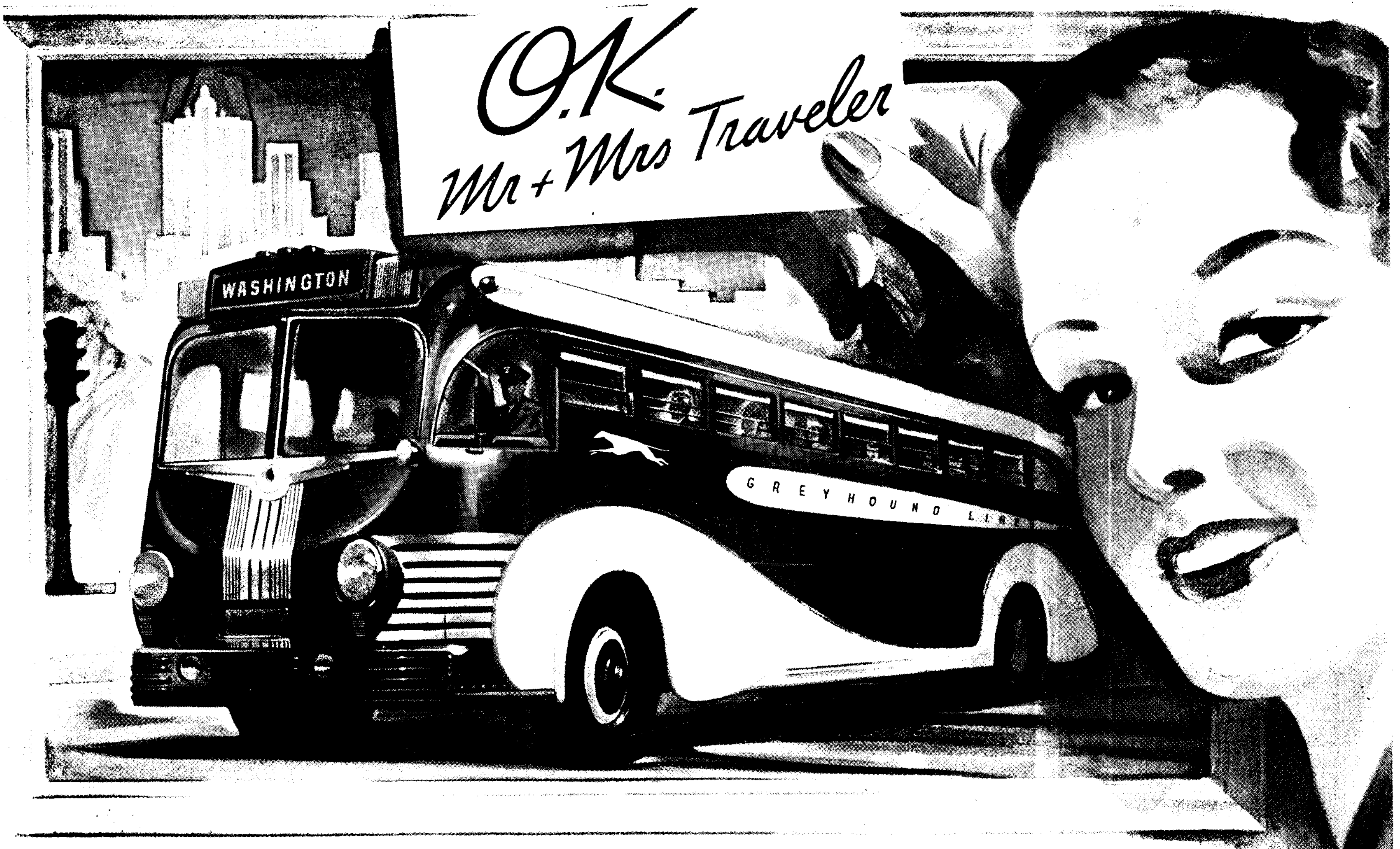
This need not always be true. Women are good speakers. The experienced clubwoman is much more articulate than her husband. Women are persuasive over the radio. They are shrewd commentators. Once women have become the acknowledged spokesmen of powerful labor unions, of vast associations of consumers, or of any other well-knit body of voters, they will come to maturity in politics.

Certainly where they work at professions women have had to ask no favors of men. Mae West's earnings show her place in Hollywood. Margaret Mitchell's prodigious success was due to the interest of her novel. Malvina Hoffman was chosen to make statues illustrating the races of man because of her skill as a sculptor and not because of her sex. Women are rising in business for the same reasons which push men forward and their opportunities are expanding.

Sometime, doubtless, women will turn to politics because their vital interests drive them. When women actually care as much about governmental policy as men do, their influence may be as potent. Woman suffrage has not helped much and it has not hurt. It has merely proved that women are human—if that required proof.

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director*   WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*   CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



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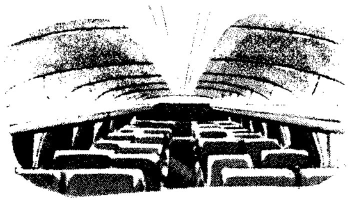
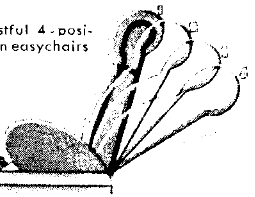
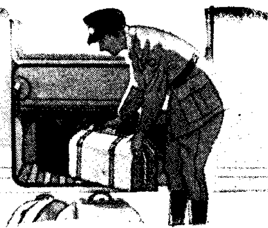
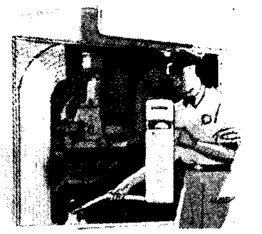

Diffused light glows from frosted tubing

Pull-down aluminum sunshades


Restful 4-position easychairs


Baggage stored safely underneath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GOOD NEWS TRAVELS FAST! Never has any vehicle received more spontaneous and pleased acceptance by the traveling public than the new Greyhound Super-Coach. A great fleet of these brilliantly designed modern buses now rolls along every principal highway in America. Hundreds more are being built and placed in daily service.

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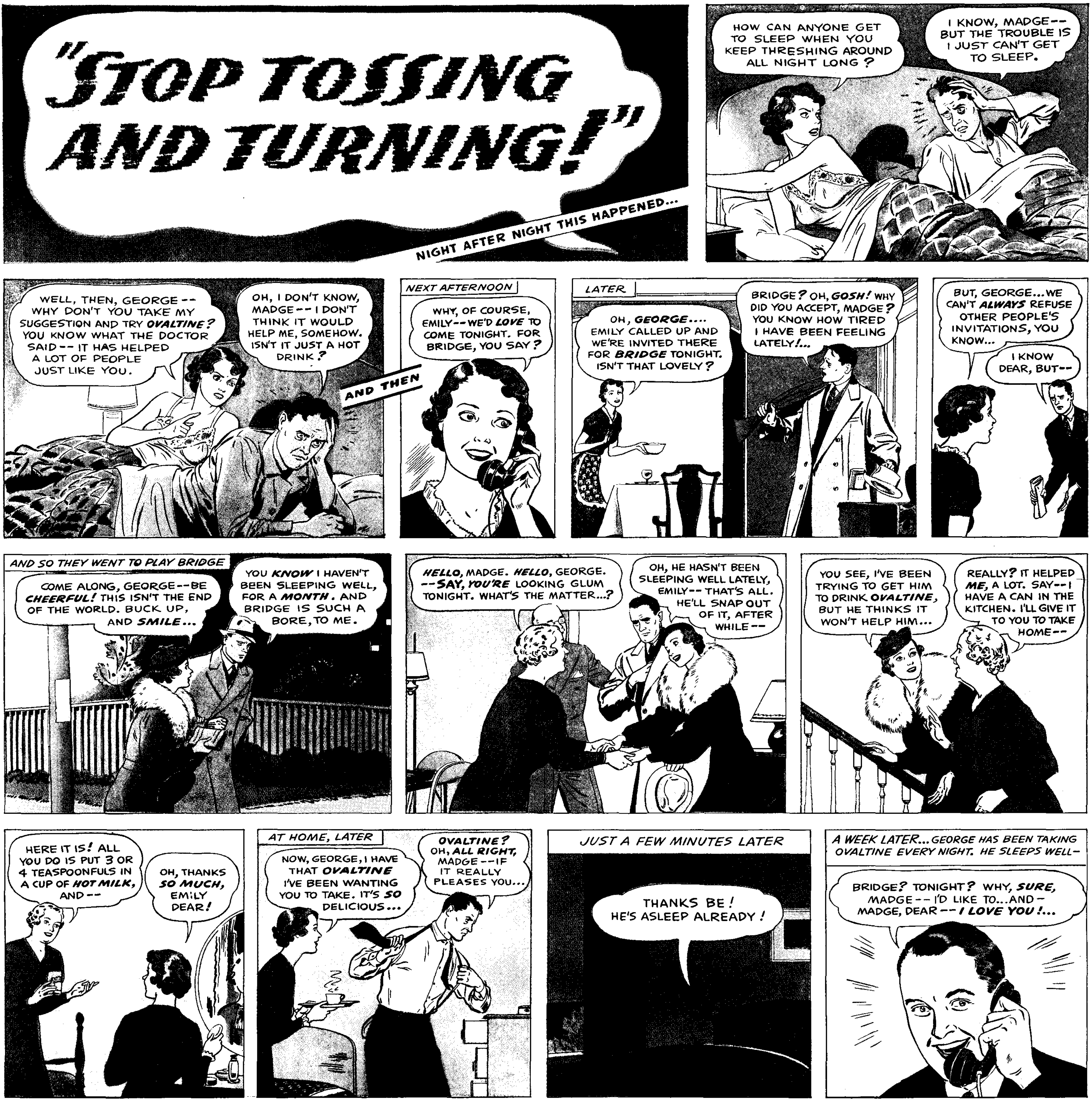
"STOP TOSSING AND TURNING!"
NIGHT AFTER NIGHT THIS HAPPENED...
HOW CAN ANYONE GET TO SLEEP WHEN YOU KEEP THRESHING AROUND ALL NIGHT LONG?
I KNOW, MADGE-- BUT THE TROUBLE IS I JUST CAN'T GET TO SLEEP.
WELL, THEN, GEORGE -- WHY DON'T YOU TAKE MY SUGGESTION AND TRY OVALTINE? YOU KNOW WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID -- IT HAS HELPED A LOT OF PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOU.
OH, I DON'T KNOW, MADGE -- I DON'T THINK IT WOULD HELP ME, SOMEHOW. ISN'T IT JUST A HOT DRINK?
AND THEN
NEXT AFTERNOON
WHY, OF COURSE, EMILY--WE'D LOVE TO COME TONIGHT. FOR BRIDGE, YOU SAY?
LATER
OH, GEORGE.... EMILY CALLED UP AND WE'RE INVITED THERE FOR BRIDGE TONIGHT. ISN'T THAT LOVELY?
BRIDGE? OH, GOSH! WHY DID YOU ACCEPT, MADGE? YOU KNOW HOW TIRED I HAVE BEEN FEELING LATELY!...
BUT, GEORGE...WE CAN'T ALWAYS REFUSE OTHER PEOPLE'S INVITATIONS, YOU KNOW...
I KNOW DEAR, BUT--
AND SO THEY WENT TO PLAY BRIDGE
COME ALONG, GEORGE--BE CHEERFUL! THIS ISN'T THE END OF THE WORLD. BUCK UP, AND SMILE...
YOU KNOW I HAVEN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL, FOR A MONTH. AND BRIDGE IS SUCH A BORE, TO ME.
HELLO, MADGE. HELLO, GEORGE. --SAY, YOU'RE LOOKING GLUM TONIGHT. WHAT'S THE MATTER...?
OH, HE HASN'T BEEN SLEEPING WELL LATELY, EMILY-- THAT'S ALL. HE'LL SNAP OUT OF IT, AFTER WHILE--
YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HIM TO DRINK OVALTINE, BUT HE THINKS IT WON'T HELP HIM...
REALLY? IT HELPED ME, A LOT. SAY--I HAVE A CAN IN THE KITCHEN. I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU TO TAKE HOME--
HERE IT IS! ALL YOU DO IS PUT 3 OR 4 TEASPOONFULS IN A CUP OF HOT MILK, AND--
OH, THANKS SO MUCH, EMILY DEAR!
AT HOME, LATER
NOW, GEORGE, I HAVE THAT OVALTINE I'VE BEEN WANTING YOU TO TAKE. IT'S SO DELICIOUS...
OVALTINE? OH, ALL RIGHT, MADGE --IF IT REALLY PLEASES YOU...
JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER
THANKS BE! HE'S ASLEEP ALREADY!
A WEEK LATER...GEORGE HAS BEEN TAKING OVALTINE EVERY NIGHT. HE SLEEPS WELL--
BRIDGE? TONIGHT? WHY, SURE, MADGE -- I'D LIKE TO...AND -- MADGE, DEAR -- I LOVE YOU!...

It may help you get to sleep, too–

OVALTINE is that delicious pure-food concentrate created in Switzerland and now made in this country. When taken as a hot drink at bedtime it has helped literally thousands upon thousands of people to get to sleep quickly, and to sleep soundly. Here is the way its action in this respect is explained:—

1. It tends to draw excess blood from the brain down to the stomach. This helps compose the mind for sleep.

2. By giving the stomach a light digestive task to do it relieves that hollow, restless feeling which so often keeps people awake.

We have files full of letters from users reporting that they not only get to sleep more quickly but also enjoy a more restful *quality* of slumber when they drink Ovaltine at night. They say they wake up feeling more *refreshed.*

Ovaltine, you see, isn't a drug. It doesn't leave you with a "dopey" feeling ... May we urge that you try it, to see if it won't help you.

See if you don't drop off to sleep more quickly than you have in weeks. See if you don't sleep more soundly, with less tossing and turning. See if you don't wake up with a sense of much greater energy.

Get a can of Ovaltine at your grocery or drug store. Directions are on the can.

Ovaltine
OVALTINE

Make a 2-nights' test of Ovaltine. Many people have been converted to it by this test. But we urge you to give it a *thorough* trial. It's not habit-forming...but it's a good habit to form.

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SAMPLE CAN

... FOR A 2-NIGHTS' TEST

USE THIS COUPON

OVALTINE, Dept. 2-C-S7
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c, to cover handling and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine. (*Wrap dime in a piece of paper, please.*)

Name..........

Address..........

Town..........*State*..........

OVALTINE

(Only one can will be sent to a person)